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THE

WORKS

OF

SIR WILLIAM JONES.

WITH

THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR,

BY

LORD TEIGNMOUTH.

IN THIRTEEN VOLUMES.

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CONTENTS

TO

THE THIRTEENTH VOLUME.

PAGE

HITO'PADE'SA OF VISHNUSARMAN.

The Introduction - - - -
Book I.—Mitralaba, or the Acquisition of Friends 6
Book II.—Suhridbheda, or the Breach of Friendship 62
Book III.—On War - - - - 118
Book IV.—On Peace - - - - 170

The Enchanted Fruit; or, The Hindu Wife: an Antediluvian Tale - - - - 211
A Hymn to Camdeo - - - - 234

TWO HYMNS TO PRACRITI.

The Argument - - - - - 242
The Hymn to Durgá - - - - 250
The Hymn to Bhavání - - - - 261
A Hymn to Indra - - - - - 267
A Hymn to Surya - - - - 277
A Hymn to Lacshmí - - - - 289
A Hymn to Náráyena - - - - 293
A Hymn to Sereswaty - - - - 311
A Hymn to Gangá - - - - 321
The First Nemean Ode of Pindar - - - 335
An Extract from the Bhúshandá Rámáyan - - 343

PAGE

EXTRACTS FROM THE VEDAS.

Extract from a Dissertation on the Primitive Religion of the Hindus - - - - - 365
The Gayatria, or Holiest Verse of the Vedas - 367
Ísávásyam; or, an Upanishad from the Yajur Veda 374
From the Yajur Veda - - - - 378
A Hymn to the Night - - - - 380
Fragment from a Sanscrit Work, entitled, The Ignorant Instructed - - - - - 382
The Seasons; a Descriptive Poem - - - 385
Lailí Majnún, a Persian Poem - - - 387
A Catalogue of Sanscrit Manuscripts presented to the Royal Society by Sir William and Lady Jones 401

HITÓPADÉSA

OF

VISHNUSARMAN.

“ We are told by the *Grecian* writers, that the *Indians* were the
“ wiſeſt of nations; and in moral wiſdom, they were certainly emi-
“ nent: their *Níti Sáſtra*, or *Syſtem* of *Ethicks*, is yet preſerved;
“ and the Fables of *Viſhnuſarman*, whom we ridiculouſly call
“ *Pilpay*, are the moſt beautiful, if not the moſt ancient, collection
“ of apologues in the world: they were firſt tranſlated from the
“ *Sanſcrit*, in the *ſixth* century, by the order of *Buzerchumihr*, or
“ *Bright as the Sun*, the chief phyſician and afterwards *Vezír* of the
“ great *Anúſhireván*, and are extant under various names in more
“ than twenty languages; but their original title is *Hitópadéſa*, or
“ *Amicable Inſtruction*: and, as the very exiſtence of *Eſop*, whom
“ the *Arabs* believe to have been an *Abyſſinian*, appears rather
“ doubtful, I am not diſinclined to ſuppoſe, that the firſt *moral*
“ *fables*, which appeared in *Europe*, were of *Indian* or *Ethiopian*
“ origin.”—See the Third Diſcourſe on the Hindus, Vol. I.

HITÓPADÉSA*.

THE

INTRODUCTION.

Praiſe to GA'NESA'.

MAY ſucceſs attend the actions of good men, by the favour of that mighty God, on whoſe head a portion of the moon appears written with the froth of the Gangà !

---

* *Hitópadésa* is compounded of *hita* and *upadésa*. *Hita* signifies *fortune*, *prosperity*, *utility*; and *dear*, or *beloved*: the compound may therefore mean (since *upadésa* is *advice*) either *salutary*, or *amicable*, instruction. The *Pandits* say, the word has those two meanings. بيد پاي *bídpai* is the proper word, but has been mistaken for پيل پاي *pílpai*, by some ignorant copyist. In *Persian* the word *bídpai* means *willow-footed*, which is nonsense, and *pilpai*, *elephant-footed*, which is not much better; but *Cáshafi* says that, in *Sanscrit*, the word signifies *beloved*, or *favourite physician*; and that is certainly the meaning of *baidyapriya*, from which *bidpai* is formed; the author having been, it is supposed, of the *baidya*, or *medical* tribe, and a *favourite* of his *Rájá*.

This *amicable inſtruction*, exquiſitely wrought in *Sanſcrit* phraſes, exhibits continually, when heard, a prodigy of wiſdom and the true knowledge of morals.

The learned man may fix his thoughts on ſcience and wealth, as if he were never to grow old or to die; but when death ſeizes him by the locks, he muſt then practiſe virtue.

Knowledge produces mildneſs of ſpeech; mildneſs a good character; a good character wealth; wealth, if virtuous actions attend it, happineſs.

Among all poſſeſſions knowledge appears eminent; the wiſe call it ſupreme riches; becauſe it can never be loſt, has no price, and can at no time be deſtroyed.

Knowledge acquired by a man of low degree places him on a level with the prince, as a ſmall river attains the irremeable ocean; and his fortune is then exalted.

The ſcience of arms, and the ſcience of books, are both cauſes of celebrity; but the firſt is ridiculous in an old man, and the ſecond is in all ages reſpectable.

As a freſh earthen veſſel is formed by the potter, and (education is nothing elſe) thus we may ſay are children formed here below to morality.

The *acquiſition of friends*, the *breach of friendſhip*, *war*, and laſtly *peace*. Theſe four parts are here written, extracted from the *Tantra* and other works.

BOOK THE FIRST.

Mitralaba, or the Acquiſition of Friends.

THERE is near the *Bhágiráthi*, a city named *Pátáliputra*, in which lived a prince named *Sudérſana*, adorned with every kingly virtue: one day he heard a perſon read theſe couplets:

"Learning diſſipates many doubts, cauſes "things, otherwiſe inviſible, to be ſeen, and is "the eye of every one who is not abſolutely "blind.

"Youth, wealth, dominion, inconſiderate "actions, each of them occaſions danger: Oh! "what muſt all four of them do where they are "united?"

Having heard this, the *Rájá* being afflicted by the conduct of his ſons, who knew no books, and were continually walking in evil ways, thus thought within himſelf:

"Of what uſe is it, that a ſon ſhould be born, "who has neither learning nor virtue? Of "what uſe is a blind eye, except to give pain?

"Again:

" A ſon is born, and the family is increaſed; " but in this revolving world, who dies without " having been born?

" Why ſhould the mother of that ſon, whom " the chalk marks not in the firſt enumeration " of the virtues, have complained, had ſhe been " childleſs?

" Of a child unborn, dead, or ignorant, the " two firſt are preferable, ſince they make us " unhappy but once; the laſt by continual degrees: one virtuous ſon is a bleſſing, not a " hundred fools; as one moon diſſipates the " darkneſs, and not a number of ſtars. May " the man, who performs the duty of devout " pilgrimage, a duty in every place difficult, be " bleſſed with an obedient, wealthy, virtuous, " and wiſe ſon.

" The continual acquiſition of wealth; freedom from diſeaſe; a beloved wife, with tender " ſpeech; an obedient ſon; and learning, producing riches; theſe are the ſix felicities of " living creatures.

" A father who contracts debts; a mother " who is unchaſte; a wife who is too handſome; " and an ignorant ſon; theſe are dangerous " enemies.

" Knowledge not committed to memory, is " poiſon; food is poiſon to him who cannot

" digeſt it; a numerous family is poiſon to an " indigent, and a young wiſe, to a decrepid old " mate: alas! my child, by not paſſing the " night wiſely in reading, when thou art among " the learned, thou ſtickeſt like a calf in the " mud.

" Why then ſhould not theſe, my ſons, be " now made virtuous?

" Since, as the poet ſays;

" Life, action, property, knowledge, death; " theſe five were formed for every body that lies " in the womb!

" The future condition of great beings is deſtined with certainty; both the nakedneſs of " MAHA'DEVA', and the bed of VISHNU on a " vaſt ſerpent.

" What is not to be, that will not be; and if an " event be foredoomed, it cannot happen otherwiſe. This doctrine is a medicine, which heals " the venom of ſorrow; why is it not univerſally drunk?

" Proſperity attends the lion-hearted man " who exerts himſelf; while we ſay deſtiny " will enſure it. Laying deſtiny aſide, ſhow " manly fortitude by thy own ſtrength; if thou " endeavour, and thy endeavours fail of ſucceſs, " what crime is thine in failing?

" This is the language of idleneſs, uſed by

" men incapable of action: as a chariot runs " not on one wheel, ſo the acts of man proſper " not without favourable deſtiny.

" Yet:

" The potter forms what he pleaſes with " moulded clay, ſo a man accompliſhes his works " by his own act.

" Beſides:

" A man ſees a precious thing before him, " and gains it as rarely as the fruit of the " *Tála* falls by a crow ſhaking it: his own " deſtiny gives it not, it requires his manly " exertion.

" Thus it is ſaid:

" Proſperity is acquired by exertion, and " there is no fruit for him who doth not exert " himſelf: the fawns go not into the mouth of a " ſleeping lion.

" A child forced to read by his parents, attains " virtue; an infant is not learned when he leaves " his mother's womb. That mother is hoſtile, " and that father malignant, by whom a child " is not made to read; he cannot appear well " among the learned, but muſt be like a heron " among the flamans."

Conſidering this, the king gave orders for an aſſembly of learned men, and ſaid, " Hear, O " ye Pandits! is there any man qualified to give " a new life, by moral counſel, to my ſons, who, "unacquainted with books, ſtray continually "from the right path?

"It is ſaid:

"By the company of gold, even glaſs acquires "the brightneſs of a ruby: thus, by the ſociety "of good men a blockhead attains eminence.

"And it is written:

"Knowledge, O Father! is deſtroyed by aſſociating with the baſe; with equals equality "is gained; and with the diſtinguiſhed, diſtinction."

Among the reſt was a great philoſopher named *Viſhnuſarman*, who knew the principles of ethicks, and thus, like *Vrihaſpati*, ſpoke:

"O king! the princes, who are ſprung from a "great family, may be made to acquire a knowledge of morals; but no pains beſtowed on "worthleſs objects can be ſucceſsful: the heron "cannot by a hundred efforts be made to talk "like a parrot; but in this family, no offspring "without virtuous principles can be born: how "ſhould glaſs be generated in a mine of lotus-"coloured rubies?

"In ſix months, therefore, I will make your "ſons acquainted with morality."

The king ſaid again, with mildneſs,

"The inſect, by aſſociating with a flower, "aſcends the head of excellent perſons. The "ſtone when conſecrated by holy men, acquires

" divine honour; as in eaſtern mountains every " common thing blazes by its vicinity to the ſun; " thus, by the company of the good, a man of " ignoble condition attains brightneſs.

" Virtues to thoſe who know their value are " virtues; yet even theſe, when they come in " the way of vicious men, are vices: as rivers " of ſweet water are excellent, but when they " reach the ſea are not fit to be taſted.

" Be you, therefore, the director of my ſons in " true virtue:" ſaying this, he mildly delivered his children to *Viſhnuſarman*, who while they ſat with pleaſure before him on the top of the palace, thus began: " The time of the wiſe is " paſſed in the delights of poetry; that of the " fooliſh, in vice, in idleneſs, or in quarrelling.

" Chuſe, therefore, to live with true delight; " and I will tell you the admirable ſtory of the " crow, the tortoiſe, and their friends." The princes ſaid, " Tell it, Sir;" and *Viſhnuſarman* continued his diſcourſe: " Hear then the book " called *Mitralaba*, or the *Acquiſition of Friends*; " of which this is the firſt verſe:

" Without equipage, without wealth, yet, " wiſe and united by friendſhip; the crow, the " tortoiſe, the antelope, and the rat, performed " great actions with celerity." " How was " that?" ſaid the princes.

Viſhnuſarman ſaid: " Near the *Gódáveri*

" ſtands a large *Salmali*-tree, on which birds, " coming from all quarters, rooſted at night. " One day when the gloom had juſt departed, " the moon being ſtill in his manſion un- " perceived—that moon, who is a friend to " the night-flowers worſhiping God—a raven " named *Laghupatanaca*, or *light-wing*, being " awakened, ſaw a fowler approaching, like the " genius of death, and alarmed at the ſight, ſaid " to himſelf: This morning an enemy appears: " I know not what noxious fruit is ripening; ſo " ſaying, he flew off by degrees; and the " fowler, paſſing by and ſcattering grains of " rice, fixed his net: in this very point of time, " a prince of pigeons named *Chitragriva*, or " *painted-neck*, with many others fluttering in " the air perceived the rice. The pigeons, " eagerly deſiring to pick up the grains, their " prince ſaid to them: How, when no perſons " are here, could grains of rice be collected? Let " us deliberate: I like it not. I ſee no reaſon for " touching them: doubtleſs from this coveting " of rice, the ſame evil will happen, as when, " through coveting a bracelet, the traveller had " a fall in the deep mire, and thus periſhed in " the claws of an old tiger. How was that? " ſaid the pigeons. One day, anſwered *Chitra-* " *griva*, in a grove of the *Dacan*, or South, I " ſaw, as I flew along, an old tiger waſhing

“ himſelf with ſome *Cuſa*, or holy graſs, in his hand. Hola, travellers, cried he, receive this, my golden bracelet: upon this a traveller eagerly deſiring it, began to conſider, and ſaid, By good fortune has this been offered; yet in ſeeking it danger appears.

“ Surely it is no wiſe thing to covet, what cannot be attained without peril; ſince, even nectar in heaven, with which poiſon is mixed, is fatal to life. Neverthleſs, in all deſires danger may be feared.

“ A man who meets no peril, ſees no good things; he ſees them, if he live, who boldly encounters danger: let me conſider this fully. Then he cried aloud, Where is thy golden bracelet? The man went upon this to bathe himſelf in the pool, but fell into deep mire, out of which he could not eſcape; this the tiger knew, and when the traveller began to apprehend that he was caught, the beaſt violently ſeized and devoured him: thus I may admoniſh you, remembering the fatal deſire of gaining the bracelet, that no inconſiderate act ought to be attempted.

“ Since it is thus ſaid by wiſe men:

“ He who reſtrains his appetite, a dutiful ſon, a prudent and good wife, a prince who reigns many years, he who ſpeaks adviſedly, and he

" who acts conſiderately, for a long time give
" birth to no misfortune!

" One pigeon hearing this, in great anger exclaimed, Ah! why doſt thou talk thus? To mind the ſpeeches of the old befalls us in an evil hour, not to eat, not to aſſociate with females.

" Thus too it is written:

" By diſregarding terrors, food, and water, all things on earth are attained.

" If a man does nothing becauſe of his fears, by what means can he live?

" Hearing this, all the pigeons deſcended on the rice.

" Through covetouſneſs comes anger; through covetouſneſs comes luſt; through covetouſneſs comes fraud and illuſion: covetouſneſs is the cauſe of all ſins.

" They were all made captives in the meſhes of the net; and all began abuſing him, by whoſe diſcourſe they had fallen into the ſnare.

" *Chitragriva* hearing their cenſure of him, ſaid, It is no fault of his: danger ariſing, a friend ſo acts as to encreaſe it; as a calf is tied by a ſtick to the leg of her mother (when ſhe cannot otherwiſe be milked).

" In a time of diſaſter, and of dread, a baſe

" man is diſcerned: here act circumſpectly; de-
" liberate; think.

" Thus it is ſaid:

" Circumſpection in calamity; mercy in great-
" neſs; in aſſemblies, good ſpeeches; in adver-
" ſity, fortitude; in fame, reſolution to preſerve
" it; aſſiduity in ſtudying the Scriptures: theſe
" are the ſelf-attained perfections of great ſouls.

" Again:

" Six faults muſt be abandoned by a man
" ſeeking proſperity: ſleep, drowzineſs, fear,
" anger, lazineſs, loitering.

" Now, do thus, all of you being united, lift
" up the net and fly away, ſince the union of
" ſmall minds performs great works; as by
" blades of graſs twiſted together, an elephant
" is tied faſt.

" The union even of the ſmall and weak is
" beneficial; as rice ſtripped of its huſk will not
" ſpring from the ground.

" Thus, having conſulted together, all the
" birds took up the net and flew off: the fowler
" ſeeing from a diſtance the net caught up by
" them, ran after them, and after ſome thought,

" Said,

" Theſe birds, by a joint effort, have taken
" away my net; when they fall down, then they
" will be in my power.

" Then the birds diſappeared from before his " eyes, and the fowler deſpaired of retaking " them; on ſeeing which, the pigeons exclaimed, " What is now to be done?

" *Chitragriva* ſaid:

" A mother, a friend, and a father, are all " three dear to themſelves; and doing good " works for another, their underſtandings are " uſefully exerciſed.

" Again:

" The ſmall birds deſert a tree with little fruit; " the *ibis's* a dry pool; the bees deſert flowers, " gathered yeſterday; the antelopes, a burnt " thicket; women leave an indigent man, domeſtics a ruined land; in all affairs men connect themſelves with thoſe, from whom ſome " profit may be derived.

" Such a friend, a rat named *Hiranyaca*, dwells " near the *Gandaca*, in a wood called *Chitravan*; " he will cut our cords aſunder.

" Conſidering this, all of them went towards " the dwelling of *Hiranyaca*; who, always being " in fear of death, had made a hundred doors to " the hole in which he lived: being aſtoniſhed " at the noiſe made by the pigeons, he ſtood " ſilent.

" Friend *Hiranyaca*, ſaid *Chitragriva*, why " doſt thou not ſpeak to us?

" The rat hearing that extraordinary addreſs, " came forth, and ſaid, Ah! what good fortune, " my deareſt friend *Chitragriva!*

" Then ſeeing them tied with cords, he was " amazed; and having ſtopped a little, ſaid, My " friend, what is this?

" What elſe can it be, anſwered *Chitragriva*, " but the effect of our ſins in a former life? " How canſt thou, who art a Pandit, aſk ſuch a " queſtion?

" From what cauſe, by what inſtruments, at " what moment, in what manner, by what means, " in what ſpace of time, in what place, a man's " actions, good or bad, are performed: from that " cauſe, by thoſe inſtruments, at that moment, " in that manner, by thoſe means, in that ſpace " of time, in that place, it pleaſes *Brama*, that " the man who performs them ſhall be rewarded, " or puniſhed.

" Again:

" Diſeaſes; the death of parents; pains; bonds; " and uneaſineſs; theſe are the fruits of the " trees, which are planted by a man's own ſins.

" *Hiranyaca*, having heard this diſcourſe, be- " gan to gnaw the threads that faſtened *Chitra-* " *griva*, and was departing. Not ſo, my friend, " ſaid the chief of the pigeons, cut alſo the bonds " of my comrades. I am but weak, and my " teeth are ſmall, ſaid *Hiranyaca*, how ſhall I be

" able to cut all their cords? As long as my " teeth remain unbroken, ſo long will I continue " to cut thy ſtrings. It is true, ſaid the chief, " but, as long as you can, cut their's alſo.

" *Hiranyaca* replied: To abandon our own, " which is eſpecially put under our protection, " is not the conduct of ſkilful moraliſts. Let " a man, for the ſake of relieving his diſtreſſes, " preſerve his wealth; by his wealth let him " preſerve his wife; and, by both wife and " riches, let him ever preſerve himſelf.

" The ſouls of ſuch as deſire to promote the " juſtice of a ſtate, and to pleaſe GOD, are fit " objects of preſervation; when ſuch a ſoul is " corrupted, what will it not corrupt? When it " is preſerved pure, what will it not preſerve?

" My friend, ſaid *Chitragriva*, ſuch indeed is " the rule of morality; but I am unable to endure the pain of thoſe who are under my protection.

" A virtuous man ſhould abandon both riches " and life for the ſake of others: for the ſake of " the good he ſhould quit his own good, ſince " death will certainly come.

" May the greatneſs of the noble-minded of my " tribe, my ſtate, my countrymen, ever accompany me. You ſay, that it is the fruit of my " own greatneſs; at what time will it be ſo?

" Let me be even without life, not having

" abandoned thoſe who are dear to me; let that " life be my death, provided my companions " remain alive.

" Still more: the body conſiſts of bones, and " ſubſtances, provided from the fleſh: how can " this be preſerved from death? Oh! my friend, " preſerve thy good name.

" Since that which remains, muſt be ſeparated " from that which decays; a pure ſoul from a " filthy carcaſe; ſeek fame in preference to " bodily honours: Oh, valuable acquiſition! " what will it not acquire?

" The interval is immenſe between corporeal " qualifications and ſciences; the body in a moment is extinct, while knowledge endureth to " the end of time.

" The rat on hearing this was delighted; and " with his hair erect with joy, ſaid, Well, well, " my friend, through thy kindneſs for theſe " companions, the Creator of the three worlds " will clear thee of evil. Saying this, and " having gnawed the ſtrings of them all, he received them as gueſts; and, altogether, having " performed their adoration, he ſaid, my dear " *Chitragriva*, certainly they who have experienced the pain of captivity in a net, ſhould " not be ſecure from the fear of committing ſome " great crime.

" It is written by the poet:

" The bird, who from the diſtance of many " hundred leagues, can diſcern his food; he, " only, even in the hour of death, ſees no ſnare.

" Obſerving, that the ſun and moon are put " to pain by the dragon, that elephants and ſerpents " are confined with cords, and that the " moſt learned men are often the moſt indigent; " I confine my deſire of knowledge to the ſtupendous " and all-powerful God.

" The birds traverſe remote regions of air, " and fly together towards diſtreſs; the fiſh are " caught by fiſhers from deep waters, even from " the depth of the ſea.

" What difference is there? What avails a " good heart? What ſkill is there in chooſing a " fixt ſtation? Death, ſtretching forth his hand, " ſeizes from the greateſt diſtance.

" Having thus inſtructed and entertained " them hoſpitably, *Hiranyaca* embraced and diſmiſſed " them. *Chitragriva*, and his companions, " then flew to their own country, and the " rat retired towards his hole.

" When *Laghupatanaca* had ſeen all theſe " events, he was amazed, and ſaid, Oh! *Hiranyaca*, " thou art an excellent creature; perceiving " which, I deſire to cultivate thy friendſhip: " I too am able to aſſiſt a friend. The rat " hearing this addreſs, ran into his hole, and " ſaid, Who art thou? A crow, ſaid the other,

" named *Laghupatanaca.* How, cried *Hiranyaca,* " laughing, can I contract friendſhip with thee? " When a man has deſerved well of his country, " a wiſe perſon aſſociating with him, partakes his " merit; but I am food for thee, and thou my " devourer, how can intimacy ſubſiſt between " us? The friendſhip of a devourer is a great " cauſe of danger; yet a fawn was ſaved by a " crow from being caught by a ſhakàl. How " was that? ſaid the crow.

" The rat anſwered: In the country of *Ma-* " *gadha* there is a foreſt, named *Champaca Vati,* " in which an antelope and a crow had long " dwelt in great friendſhip. This antelope, hav- " ing roved at liberty, was grown fat; which " being obſerved by a ſhakàl, he ſaid within " himſelf, Ah! by what means can I feaſt on " yonder delicate fleſh? It may be accompliſhed " if I gain his confidence. Thus meditating; " and going towards him he ſaid, Thou art in " excellent health, my friend. Who art thou? " ſaid the antelope. I am a ſhakàl, ſaid he, " named *Cſhudrabuddhi,* and here live friendleſs, " like a dead creature; but now having gained " thy friendſhip, I ſhall live again as thy com- " panion among the living, ſince I ſhall ever be " thy ſervant. Now, when the many-rayed god " was ſetting, the ſhakàl arrived at the manſion

" of the antelope: there, under the branches of " a champaca tree, dwelled the crow, named " *Subbhudi*, the friend of the antelope: Who, " ſaid the crow, is this comrade of thine? He " is a ſhakàl, ſaid the antelope, my choſen friend. " Oh! my beloved, ſaid the crow, it is not right " to place confidence with too much celerity.

" For thus it is written:

" To a perſon of an unknown tribe, or temper, " no one ſhould give his houſe: by means of a " cat, the vulture *Jaradgabah* was ſlain. Both " ſaid, How happened that? The crow an- " ſwered: There ſtands near the *Gangá*, on a " mountain called *Gridhracuta*, or Vulture-fort, " a large pracati tree; in the hollow of which, " his ſight dim with the fear of danger, lived a " vulture, named *Jaradgabah*; by little and little " he ſupplied his young with ſuſtenance from " his own prey, and thus the other birds of " his ſpecies were ſupported.

" It happened that a cat, named Long-ears, " uſed to devour the young birds, and then to " depart. The young ones perceived her coming, " and, confounded with fear, made a noiſe. *Ja-* " *radgabah* heard it, and ſaid: Who is coming? " The cat ſeeing the vulture was alarmed, and " ſaid: Alas! I am deſtroyed; I cannot now " retreat far from this enemy; therefore, as my

" laſt reſource, let me approach him. Having
" reſolved on this, ſhe went near him, and ſaid,
" Great ſir, I am thy ſervant.

" Who art thou? ſaid the vulture. A cat,
" ſaid he. Depart far off, ſaid the other, or thou
" ſhalt be chaſtiſed. Hear me, however, replied
" the cat, and if I deſerve chaſtiſement, then
" chaſtiſe me.

" Thus it is written:

" Among different ſects it is eſtabliſhed, who,
" and for what, is at any time to be puniſhed, or
" reſpected; but he who knows the diſpoſition
" of another, can beſt determine whether he de-
" ſerves puniſhment, or veneration.

" Speak on, ſaid the vulture. I live here, ſaid
" the cat, near the *Ganga*, in which I daily bathe
" myſelf; eating neither fiſh nor fleſh, and per-
" forming the difficult taſks of a devout perſon:
" thou who art well acquainted with juſtice, art,
" therefore, an object of confidence to me. The
" birds continually pray before me; therefore I
" came hither to hear a diſcourſe on juſtice from
" thee, who art eminent in age and ſcience. And
" thou who art ſo learned, why ſhouldſt thou be
" prepared to beat me, who am a ſtranger?

" Thus ſays the poet:

" Even, towards an enemy coming to our
" houſe, the offices of hoſpitality muſt be exer-

" ciſed, as the tree impedes not even the wood-" cutter, who ſtands under its ſhade! Straw, " earth, water, and pleaſing words: theſe four " are never abſent from the houſes of good men.

" A ſtranger who deſpairs of reception, de-" parts from the houſe; he goes away, leaving " the crime of inhumanity in its owner, and " bearing himſelf the merit of a good action.

" The good are indulgent to ignorant minds, " as the moon withdraws not her light from the " manſions of a Chandal (or Hindu of the loweſt " caſt).

" Shall cats, anſwered the vulture, who love " delicate fleſh, dwell here with young birds? " On that account I forbid thee. Then, the cat, " ſtroking her ears, and touching the ground " with her head, thus ſpoke: I who have learned " the *Dermáſáſtra*, am without appetite for " fleſh. I am performing the difficult offices of " religion; and regardleſs of the claſhing doc-" trine of the *Purándás*, am perfect in juſtice, " and ſpeak nothing but truth.

" He who bears no depraved paſſion, but " ſuffers all things patiently, and gives equal pro-" tection to all, that man ſurely riſes to heaven.

" The true, and only real friend, is he who " follows even in death; all friendſhip elſe, " periſhing with the body, ſoon departs.

" Mark the ſituations of him who eats, and of " his food ; ſee the ſhort friendſhip of the one, " and the total deſtruction of the other.

" How greatly is a man's pain increaſed by " dying ! Confirm thyſelf by this reflection, in " a reſolution to preſerve all other animals.

" Since man, while the woods abound with " delicacies, may be filled with vegetable pro-" ductions, Who would commit a deadly ſin for " the ſake of his burning appetite ?

" Thus being truſted, he abode in the cavern ; " but ſome days having elapſed, he aſſailed the " young birds, carried them off, and devoured " them : during this cruel repaſt, on their plain-" tive cries, a queſtion was aſked, What he was " doing ?

" The cat, perceiving the diſcovery, left the " cavern, and run away. The birds, having " examined the place on all ſides, took up the " ſcattered bones of their young, and ſuſpecting " that the vulture had eaten them, united all " their force, and by their firſt onſet the vulture " was killed. For this reaſon I ſay, of an un-" known tribe and temper, &c.

" The ſhakàl hearing this, ſaid with anger, My " friend, on the firſt ſight of this antelope, when " you alſo were of an unknown tribe and tem-" per, I contracted a friendſhip which continually " encreaſes ! Hear another verſe that ſays, Such

" a one is his relation, or a ſtranger ; this is the
" reckoning of a weak minded man: but to a
" man of a noble diſpoſition, the whole earth is
" related ; and ſince this fawn is my friend, be
" you alſo dear to me. What need is there,
" ſaid the antelope, of this debate, while all of you
" converſe with confidence in one place of abode,
" live in the enjoyment of pleaſures.

" Be it ſo, ſaid the crow, ſince it is thy will.
" The next morning he departed for a different
" part of the country.

" My beloved fawn, ſaid the ſhakàl, one day
" in a ſoft whiſper, at one ſide of the wood is a
" field full of corn, I will take thee and ſhew it;
" this was done ; and the fawn, going thither
" daily, regaled himſelf.

" The owner of the field, having perceived
" his loſs, ſpread a net there ; and afterwards the
" antelope, venturing further into the field, was
" caught in the ſnare. Who, thought he, but a
" friend, has power to extricate me from this
" net, which reſembles the net of death. In the
" mean while the ſhakàl went to the ſpot, and,
" as he approached, thought within himſelf, It has
" befallen as I wiſhed, and my purpoſe is effected
" by my device: thus ſhall I glut my appetite,
" and feed on the fleſh of the mangled antelope,
" mixt with his blood and bones. As ſoon as the
" fawn diſcerned him, he was elate with joy,

" and exclaimed, Oh! my friend, gnaw theſe " bonds, and quickly deliver me.

" As the poet ſays:

" In perils we prove a friend; in battle a hero; " in wealth a religious perſon; a wiſe man in " contracted fortunes; and in calamity kinſ" men.

" The ſhakàl having looked from time to " time on the net, ſaid to himſelf, Happily this " faſtening is ſtrong. And then ſpoke aloud: " My beloved! the net is made of leather, How " can I touch it on the ſun's day? O my friend! " no other advice can be given; but to-morrow " morning what thou deſireſt ſhall be done by " me.

" After this, on the morrow, when the crow " perceived that his friend had not returned, he " ſearched for him; and, having found him " caught in a ſnare, ſaid: My dear fawn, what is " this? The conſequence, anſwered he, of re" jecting friendly counſel.

" As it is written:

" The man who liſtens not to the words of " affectionate friends, will give joy in the mo" ment of diſtreſs to his enemies.

" Where is the ſhakàl? exclaimed the crow. " He is at hand, ſaid the fawn, watching for my " fleſh! This, replied the crow, I predicted; " ſuch calamity I eſcape, becauſe I place no ſuch

" truſt: the wiſe are continually in dread of the " wicked. Then, with a ſigh, he added: Oh, " baſe ſhakàl! What, O cruel ruffian, haſt thou " done!

" Thus it is truly ſaid:

" What circumvention is this of companions " entertained by thee; obliged by thy civilities; " expecting thy favours; deceitfully polite!

" A friend who mars thy buſineſs in thy abſence, yet ſpeaks affectionately to thy face, " ſhould be ſhunned as a vaſe of milk with poiſon " at its brim.

" Contract no friendſhip, or even acquaint" ance, with a guileful man: he reſembles a " coal, which when hot burneth the hand, and " when cold blacketh it.

" Him who injures his benefactor, his depo" ſitor, or any well-natured man, O earth! O " world! how canſt thou ſupport? He is a " monſter of injuſtice!

" Thus may the character of a treacherous " perſon be deſcribed. At firſt he falls at your " feet, and then drinks your blood; he hums a " ſtrange tune in your ears with ſoft murmurs, " but meditates miſchief; and having found an " opening, enters without remorſe: thus, the " falſe friend and black gnats practiſe alike every " mode of treachery.

" In the morning, when the crow ſaw the

" farmer advancing with a ſtaff in his hand, he " ſaid to the antelope, My beloved! feign thyſelf " to be dead, and remain motionleſs; but as ſoon " as thou heareſt me make a noiſe, run away " ſwiftly.

" The owner of the corn, his eyes expanded " with joy, ſaw the fawn, who pretended to be " dead: Ah! ſaid he, the animal has died of " himſelf—So ſaying, he took away the toil, and " was diligent in preſerving his nets. Immediately, the antelope hearing the noiſe agreed " on by the crow, ran off at full ſpeed; when " the countryman aiming at him, threw his ſtaff, " and killed the jackàl, who lay concealed in a " buſh.

" Thus it is written:

" In three years, in three months, in three " fortnights, in three days, the fruit of great " vices, or great virtues, is reaped even in this " world!

" So much for thoſe two!

" *Lagupatanaca* anſwered:

" Beſides, it would not be for my advantage " to feed on thee; even as *Chitragriva* lives, " thus I live in thy life.

" The wiſdom of confiding in beaſts who " act with probity, is clearly ſeen; in thoſe " eſpecially, who like *Chitragriva* and thou, are " good, and have good diſpoſitions.

" The mind of a virtuous being cannot be " changed, any more than the water of the ocean " can be heated with a fire of ſtraw.

" Thou, ſaid *Hiranyaca*, art vicious, and with " the vicious no friendſhip ſhould ever be con- " tracted; a cat, a buffalo, a ram, a crow, and a " bad man, gain their own advantage by being " truſted; it is not prudent, therefore, to con- " fide in them.

" Beſides, you crows are naturally enemies of " our race.

" And wiſe writers ſay:

" Make no league with an avowed enemy, " but cleave to an approved friend.

" Water, though well warmed, would quench " neverthelefs, the fire that warmed it.

" An impoſſible thing cannot be done, but that " which is poſſible may be attempted: a chariot " goes not on the water, nor can a ſhip ſail on " dry land.

" Whoever, from ſolemn treaty, places con- " fidence in enemies, and enraged wives, reduces " his life to nothing through his folly.

" All has been overheard by me, ſaid *Lagu-* " *patanaca*, and I promiſed myſelf the happineſs " of your friendſhip: without obtaining which, " I will ſuffer my body to decay through hunger, " and fall dead before thy door: then wilt thou " remember too late, that the friendſhip of the

" bad, like an earthen pot, may eaſily be broken, " but cannot with eaſe be repaired; while that " of the good, like a veſſel of gold, cannot without difficulty be diſunited, but may with little " pains be reſtored to its former ſtate.

" By melting, metals are united; for mutual " benefit, antelopes and birds; through fear of " danger, and love of gain, ignorant men; but " the virtuous are attached at firſt ſight.

" If the friendſhip of the good be interrupted, " their minds admit of no long change; as when " the ſtalks of a lotus are broken, the filaments " within them are more viſibly connected.

" Piety, charity, forbearance, participation of " pains and pleaſures, goodneſs of heart, reputation, and truth; theſe are the ſciences of " friendſhip: by theſe arts, what other advantage " can I acquire?

" The rat then leaving his hole, ſaid: I am " delighted with thy ſweet converſation.

" As it is written:

" To bathe in cool ſtreams, delights not ſo " much a man affected by the ſun; nor a necklace of pearls, or veſts, perfumed with ſandal, " give ſo much pleaſure to the body which they " decorate, as the converſation of a virtuous man " (which almoſt ſurpaſſes all things), with friendſhip fixt in his heart; or that of the learned, " which good advice renders venerable, and to

" which the application of holy ſentences, pre-
" ſerved in their memory, adds new graces.

" Not to follow advice; to break a promiſe;
" to beg money; cruelty; abſence of mind;
" wrath; untruth; and gaming; theſe are the
" vices of a friend: by this diſcourſe, not one
" of theſe faults is diſcerned in thee.

" As the poet ſays:

" Goodneſs and truth are diſcerned by a
" man's diſcourſe; but cowardice, and a variable
" mind, are eaſily diſcovered by his conduct.

" It is one thing to hear the language of a
" friend, whoſe heart is pure as water, and an-
" other to hear the words of a baſe diſſembler.

" Be it ſo then, I comply with thy requeſt.

" This being ſaid, they contracted a mutual
" friendſhip. The rat then, having regaled his
" new friend with a variety of food, and vowed
" conſtant amity, re-entered his hole; and the
" crow flew to his own ſtation.

" Thus, a long time paſſed in daily entertain-
" ments, friendly ſalutations, and confidential
" diſcourſe. One morning, my dear friend
" *Hiranyaca*, ſaid the crow, this place is not
" convenient for the regular acquiſition of food;
" I am therefore deſirous of changing it, and
" removing to another. Whither ſhould we
" go, my friend? ſaid the rat.

" The poet ſays:

" A wiſe man walks on one foot, ſlowly and " circumſpectly, and lives in one place; nor, " having ſeen another ſtation, ſhould he deſert " his former abode.

" There is a place, anſwered the crow, well " conſtituted for our purpoſe! What is that? " ſaid *Hiranyaca*. The crow anſwered: In the " wood *Dandac* is a pool named *Carpuragára*, " where lives an old friend of mine, a tortoiſe, " named *Menthar*, virtuous and juſt.

" As it is written:

" It is eaſy for all men to diſplay learning in " inſtructing others; but it is the part of one " endued with a great mind, to form himſelf by " the rules of juſtice. He will favour me with " fiſh, and other food. What, ſaid the rat, will " become of me who remain here?

" Let a wiſe man leave that country where he " has neither honour nor friends, nor kinſmen, " and in which no learned perſon reſides.

" Again:

" Let no man fix his abode where five advantages are not found; wealth, a divine teacher, " a magiſtrate, a river, and a phyſician.

" Take me, therefore, with you. Immediately " the crow and his beloved friend, amuſing " themſelves with a variety of converſation, " went towards the pool.

" When *Menthar*, from a diſtance, perceived

" *Laghupatanaca*, he roſe, and having greeted " him, reſpectfully ſaluted the rat.

" As it is written:

" Whether a boy, a youth, or an old man, " come to a houſe, he muſt be ſaluted by its " owner, with as much reverence as a ſpiritual " preceptor.

" The crow then began: O *Menthar!* receive " us both with diſtinguiſhed honour; this gueſt " is *Hiranyaca*, the prince of rats, virtuous, " noble, and in kindneſs, like the gem-producing ocean; if the king of ſerpents were " able to deſcribe his virtues, he muſt ſpeak with " two thouſand tongues!

" He then related the ſtory of *Chitragriva:* " and the tortoiſe having paid his reſpects anew " to *Hiranyaca*, ſaid: You are beſt able to inform us of your reaſon for inhabiting the " wood.

" I will inform you, ſaid the rat; be attentive. In a town called *Champa*, is a place full " of religious mendicants; one of them called " *Churacarna*, has his abode there, and is uſed " to ſleep, having depoſited on a beam the " remnant of his food given in charity; this " food, I having run up the beam, uſed to devour. One day an intimate friend of his, " named *Vinacarna*, one of the religious fraternity, came to ſee him, and ſat down by him,

“ and relating a number of adventures; while “ he, through fear of my voracity, continued “ waving a piece of cane: his gueſt ſaid, Why “ are you diſpleaſed with my converſation, and “ intent on other things? I am not diſpleaſed, “ my good friend, ſaid the other, but ſee what “ a conſtant enemy yon rat is to me; he never “ fails to devour the food, which I preſerve in a “ leaf. When *Vinacarna* had looked at the “ beam, How, ſaid he, can ſo feeble an animal “ as a rat leap up ſo high? This muſt proceed “ from ſome cauſe.

“ As it is ſaid:

“ When a young wife took her old huſband “ by the locks, kiſſing and embracing him, there “ was certainly ſome reaſon for her fondneſs.

“ What was it? ſaid the other. And *Vinacarna* ſaid:

“ In the province of *Goura* is a town called “ *Canſanti*, where lived an opulent banker “ named *Chandanas*; when he grew old, relying on his wealth, he married a banker's “ daughter named *Lilawati*: ſhe was a girl like “ the fiſh on the ſtandard of *Cámadevá*.

“ And the poet ſays:

“ As thoſe who have caught cold, take no “ pleaſure in moon-ſhine, or thoſe who have a “ fever in the heat of the ſun, ſo the mind of a “ woman delights not a huſband, where there is “ great diſparity of years.

" The old banker, however, loved her paſſionately.

" For it is ſaid:

" All who have ſouls deſire wealth and life; " but a young wife is dearer to an old man than " his very ſoul.

" Soon after this, *Lilawati*, elate with youth, " loſing her dignity, good diſpoſition, and honour, became enamoured of a certain banker's " ſon.

" Thus the moraliſt ſays:

" To follow their own inclinations in the " houſe of their father; to join in ſports; to " mix in aſſemblies of women before men; to " ſojourn abroad without end; to aſſociate with " harlots; to be always prodigal of their wealth: " theſe cauſe the ruin of women.

" Drinking with ſtrangers; converſing with " bad perſons; infidelity to huſbands; walking " in public; too much ſleep; dwelling in the " houſes of others: theſe are the conſtant faults " of women.

" A father ſecures a woman in infancy, a huſband in youth, children in old age; but a " woman who follows her own inclination, " cannot be ſecured.

" One day *Lilawati*, ſitting in amorous converſation with the banker's ſon, on a pink bed, " ſhining like a necklace of pearls, perceived not " the approach of her huſband; but when ſhe

" ſaw him ſhe roſe haſtily, took him by the hair, " and embraced him, while the lover ſlipped " away. A woman who lived cloſe by, and " ſaw this, repeated in her own mind: When a " young wife, and ſo forth.

" Now, in my opinion, the encreaſed ſtrength " of this rat muſt proceed from ſome cauſe. Con- " ſider a little, the cauſe may be important; per- " haps a treaſure is collected there.

" Since it is written:

" Every rich man, and every bad man, in all " places, and at all times, gains pre-eminence, " and encreaſe of dominion, by his wealth.

" So ſaying, the religious mendicant took a " ſpade, and having dug up my hole, ſeized my " long-collected hoard; after which I was deſti- " tute of ſtrength, and *Chudacárna* having weak- " ened me with pleaſure to himſelf, and ſeeing " me unable to obtain food, timidly creeping by " little and little,

" Thus ſaid:

" Every man abounding in wealth, becomes " by that wealth a man of learning; ſee, for " this reaſon, how this wicked rat ſtands on a " level with his whole race collectively.

" A man who has no ſubſtance, can have but " little underſtanding; all his actions die away " like rivulets in the ſultry ſeaſon.

" He who has wealth has friends; he who has

" wealth has relations; he who has wealth is a " hero among the people; he who has wealth is " even a ſage.

" Empty is the houſe of a childleſs man; as " empty is the mind of a batchelor; empty are " all quarters of the world to an ignorant man; " but poverty is total emptineſs.

" After all:

" Theſe members are not impaired; this " name alſo remains; this voice alſo continueth; " this knowledge is not weakened! By the arrogance, which wealth occaſions, a man is " ruined; ſo much for him! Another ſucceeds, " and has the ſame end. What wonder is there " in this?

" All this being heard and conſidered, a " longer abode in that place, then appeared " improper for me; and what this man had ſaid " to the other on the ſubject, was equally diſagreeable.

" Therefore, as it is written:

" A prudent perſon ſhould not diſcover his " poverty, his ſelf-torments, the diſorders of his " houſe, his uneaſineſs, or his diſgrace.

" When the Divine diſpleaſure is incurred, " and human life is expoſed to vain diſquiet, " whence, except from the thickeſt wood, can " an indgent man derive comfort.

" The man of virtue may die, yet he becomes

" not avaricious; as fire may be extinguiſhed, " but cannot be cooled.

" A ſcholar, like a cluſter of flowers, muſt " remain in one of two conditions, either at the " head of men, or in the deſert.

" And ſince a life of beggary, in that place, " would have been extremely ridiculous, there" fore,

" According to the verſe:

" A mind haraſſed by indigence, would re" ceive more content from the body being con" ſumed with fire, than from a greedy graſping " niggard!

" From poverty comes diſgrace; from diſ" grace, want of courage; from imbecility, ruin; " from ruin, deſertion of the world; from that " deſertion proceeds anguiſh; from anguiſh, loſs " of underſtanding; from loſs of underſtanding, " loſs of all things. Strange that poverty ſhould " be the ſource of all evils!

" Silence for the remainder of life, is better " than ſpeaking falſely.

" To depart from life is better than taking " pleaſure in the words of an inſidious man; " and to ſubſiſt on alms, than to live luxuriouſly " with another's wealth.

" It is better to abandon life, than flatter the " baſe.

" Servitude takes away all honour, as moon-" light diſperſes the darkneſs, and as old age " deſtroys the bloom of beauty; and as piouſly " naming God removes ſin, ſo beggary extin-" guiſhes a multitude of virtues!

" How then could I ſubſiſt on the cates of " another perſon? Wretched would be that ſuſ-" tenance! And as bad as the gates of death.

" Superficial knowledge; pleaſure dearly pur-" chaſed; and ſubſiſtence at the will of another; " theſe three are the diſgrace of mankind.

" Miſerable is he who reſides in a foreign " land, he who eats the food of another, and he " who dwells in another's houſe: whoever lives " muſt die, and whoever dies finds reſt in " death!

" Having remarked this, I again endeavoured, " through deſire of gain, to acquire new riches!

" And repeated the lines of the poet:

" Through avarice a man loſes his under-" ſtanding; and by his thirſt for wealth, he " gives pain to the inhabitants of the other " world, and of this.

" Then, terrified by the piece of ſplit cane " which *Venacarna* held, I thought within my-" ſelf; a covetous, diſcontented man, is always " his own enemy; and called to memory this " couplet.

“He who poſſeſſes a contented mind poſſeſſes “all things; as the ſnake who is covered with “his ſkin, has no need of ſlippers for his feet.

“How can that delight, which the godly-“minded feel, who taſte the nectar of content, “be felt by thoſe who covet wealth, and flutter “about from place to place.

“That man has read, has heard, has practiſed “every thing, who, laying expectation aſide, “ſeeks refuge in his deſpair of worldly enjoy-“ment.

“Not to attend at the door of the wealthy, “and not to uſe the voice of petition, theſe con-“ſtitute the beſt life of a man.

“An hundred long leagues is no diſtance for “him who would quench the thirſt of covetouſ-“neſs; but a contented man has no ſolicitude “for graſping wealth: the ſeaſonable termina-“tion of buſineſs, therefore, is always beſt.

“How great a duty is it to take a tender care “of our ſouls! How great a delight is good “health to all creatures!

“How great a ſatisfaction is friendſhip!

“How high a gratification to the wiſe, is the “completion of works well begun!

“Let a man deſert a ſingle perſon for the ſake “of his tribe; his tribe for the ſake of his na-“tive city; his native city for the ſake of his

" country; and the whole world for the ſake of " his whole ſoul.

" Of two things, water drank without pain, " or ſweetmeats eaten with great fear of illneſs, I " ſee by certain experience, whether gives the " more ſatisfactory pleaſure.

" Having conſidered this, I repaired to a wilderneſs, where I was ſupported by a ſenſe of " my own virtue; and having been entertained " by the many favours of this excellent friend, " I now conſider the protection of your good " qualities, as an acquiſition equal to heaven itſelf.

" As the poet ſays:

" The poiſonous tree of this world bears two " fruits of exquiſite ſavour, poetry ſweet as " nectar, and the ſociety of the good.

" Thy exceſſive parſimony, ſaid *Ment'hara*, " was the fault, which cauſed theſe misfortunes.

" It is written:

" A proper neglect of riches is the means of " preſervation; as the canal is preſerved by holding water negligently on its boſom.

" He who ſeeks wealth, ſacrifices his own " pleaſure; and like him who carries burdens " for others, bears the load of anxiety!

" Why are not we enriched with that wealth, " which fills the coffers of thoſe who employ it " neither in liberality or food.

" The wealth of a covetous man is the ſame, " with reſpect to others, as money never enjoyed; it is his property, and when loſt he be- " cometh miſerable.

" Liberality attended with mild language; " divine learning without pride; valour united " with mercy; wealth, accompanied with a generous contempt of it; theſe four qualities are " with difficulty acquired.

" Frugality ſhould ever be practiſed, but not " exceſſive parſimony; for ſee how a miſer was " killed by a bow drawn by himſelf!

" How was that? ſaid *Hiranyaca*.

" In the country of *Calyánacataca*, ſaid " *Ment'hara*, lived a mighty hunter, named " *Bhairaza*, or terrible; one day he went in " ſearch of game into a foreſt, on the mountains " *Vindhya;* where having ſlain a fawn, and taken " it up, he perceived a boar of tremendous ſize; " he therefore threw the fawn on the ground, " and wounded the boar with an arrow; the " beaſt, horribly roaring, ruſhed upon him, and " wounded him deſperately, ſo that he fell like a " tree ſtricken with an axe.

" Thus ſays the poet:

" Water; fire; poiſon; the ſword; hunger; " diſeaſe; falling from a rock; theſe are accidents, which whenever a man meets, he is " deſerted by his vital ſpirit.

" In the meanwhile a ſhakàl, named *Lougery*, " was roving in ſearch of food, and having per- " ceived the fawn, the hunter, and the boar, all " three dead ; he ſaid to himſelf : What a noble " proviſion is here made for me !

" As the pains of men aſſail them unexpect- " edly, ſo their pleaſures come in the ſame " manner ; a divine power ſtrongly operates in " both.

" Be it ſo, the fleſh of theſe three animals will " ſuſtain me a whole month, or longer.

" A man, ſuffices for one month ; a fawn, and " a boar, for two ; a ſnake, for a whole day ; and " then I will devour the bowſtring. When the " firſt impulſe of his hunger was allayed, he " ſaid : This fleſh is not yet tender, let me taſte " the twiſted ſtring, with which the horns of this " bow are joined. So ſaying, he began to gnaw " it ; but in the inſtant when he had cut the " ſtring, the braced bow leaped forcibly up, and " wounded him in the breaſt, ſo that he departed " in the agonies of death. This I meant when " I cited the verſe : Frugality ſhould ever be " practiſed, &c.

" Beſides :

" What a rich man gives, and what he con- " ſumes, that is his real wealth ; when he dies " other covetous men will ſport with his riches, " and with his women.

"What thou giveſt to diſtinguiſhed men, and "what thou eateſt every day, that, in my opinion, is thine own wealth. Whoſe is the "remainder which thou hoardeſt?

"But let this paſs, what uſe is there in reſuming old topics?

"Wiſe and learned men ſeek not unattainable "things, grieve not for what is loſt, and vex not "themſelves in the hour of danger.

"Follow this practice, my friend, and be content.

"Many who read the ſcriptures are groſsly ignorant; but he who acts well is a truly learned "man.

"The recovery of the ſick is attained by careful meditation, not by knowing only the names "of the patients.

"A man eminent in learning, has not even "a little virtue, if he fears to practiſe it. What "precious things can be ſhown to a blind man "by a lamp, which he holds in his hand.

"My friend, new friendſhip will be contracted with the helps which a new country "will ſupply. The rat ſaid: But this muſt not "be complied with.

"Since it is written:

"A prince, a woman of high rank, a prieſt, "an obedient ſervant, a counſellor, never proſper "by leaving their native places; in this reſpect

" men reſemble their teeth, their hair, and their
" nails. *Ment'hara* ſaid: This however is the
" ſpeech of a weak man.

" Since others write:

" Lions, elephants, and brave men, leave their
" country, and proſper; while ravens, cowards,
" and deer, remain in theirs and periſh.

" Thus, too, it is ſaid:

" What is the buſineſs of a valiant and wiſe
" man? What other country can he know, but
" that which he has ſubdued by the ſtrength of
" his arm?

" In the foreſt of which a lion armed with
" teeth, claws, and a tremendous tail, becomes
" poſſeſſor; even there he quenches his thirſt
" with the blood of the princely elephant whom
" he has ſlain.

" Frogs repair to a ſmall pond, fiſh to a full
" lake; but all the wealth of others, comes to
" a man who exerts himſelf.

" I continually am enjoying preſent pleaſure,
" or feeling preſent pain: thus pains and pleaſures
" revolve like a wheel!

" The goddeſs of proſperity haſtens voluntarily
" to inhabit the manſion of that brave man,
" who lives contented, diſpatches his buſineſs,
" knows the difference of actions, is able to bear
" misfortunes, and is firm in friendſhip!

" A hero, even without riches, attains an en-

" creaſe of honour; but a baſe man, with all his " collected wealth, treads the path of infamy.

" How can a dog, by running away with a " necklace of gold, obtain the noble ſpirit of a " lion, whoſe nature leads to the acquiſition of " eminent virtues?

" What means thy pride, O wealthy man? " When thy wealth is gone thou art miſerable; " and the riches of men are toſſed about, like a " ball from hand to hand.

" The ſhadow of ſummer clouds, the friend-" ſhip of wicked men, green corn, and women, " youth, and wealth, all theſe are enjoyed but a " ſhort time.

" Strive not eagerly to attain proviſions, they " are provided by God: when the new-born " animal falls from the mother, her nipples drop " milk for his ſupport.

" Yet more, my friend:

" He, by whom white flamans, green parrots, " and richly coloured peacocks, were made, will " ſurely find proviſion for thee!

" Hear alſo, my beloved, the wonderful pro-" perty of riches: they who are acquiring them " endure pain; and when they have acquired " them, are haraſſed with perils; whence then " can proceed the delights of wealth?

" Still farther:

" Even with the love of virtue, the purſuit of

" wealth is excelled by poverty: it is better to " ſtand at a diſtance from mud, than to be defiled " by bathing in it. Therefore, as food is acquired by fowls in the air, by birds and beaſts " of prey on earth, and by fiſh in the water, ſo " may a man be in all places rich.

" As death is apprehended by all animals, ſo " the apprehenſions of the rich from kings, from " water, from fire, from robbers, from relations, " never ceaſe!

" In many births is pain; and what pain may " not inſue? When will there be no deſire of " wealth? A deſire which is inſatiable.

" Again, O my brother, hear:

" Riches are not eaſily acquired, and when " acquired, are with extreme care preſerved; " when death comes they are gone, be not therefore anxious for wealth.

" If thirſt of riches be abandoned, who is " poor? But if it continue, and a river of gold " be given to ſatisfy it, yet mean habits of ſervility will remain with it.

" From the attainment of every deſired object, the deſire is ſatisfied; if converſely the " deſire be ſatisfied, a man, rich in himſelf, has " obtained his object!

" Still farther:

" What uſe is there in wealth to him who " neither gives nor enjoys it? What is ſtrength

" to him who ſubdues not his own foes? What " ſignifies a knowledge of the Scripture to him " who fails to practiſe virtue? What is the ſoul " itſelf to him who keeps not his own body in " ſubjection?

" Why ſhould many words be uſed? Let the " preſent time be ſpent in confidential diſcourſe.

" As it is written:

" Friendſhips, even after death; reſentments " before it, appeaſed; and a boundleſs liberality; " theſe are not the qualities of little ſouls.

" Thou art kind, friend *Ment'hara*, ſaid *Laghupatanaca*, and art ever diſpoſed to give a juſt " protection.

" As the poet ſays:

" By means of the good, are the good extricated from difficulties; as elephants who ſtick " in a quagmire, can be drawn out only by " elephants!

" An honeſt man is delighted with an honeſt " man; but the baſe take no delight in the juſt; " as the bee approaches the lotus with a ſoft " murmur, not the frog who ſtays fixed in one " ſpot.

" Again:

" He is the only valuable man, he is the moſt " excellent; he is a man of real worth, from whoſe " preſence neither they who aſk alms, nor they " who ſeek protection, depart hopeleſs or unſucceſsful.

“ The three true friends, therefore, feeding “ and roving at pleaſure, lived with content and “ happineſs. Sometime after, an antelope, named “ *Chitránga*, or painted-hide, ſhewing great “ marks of fear, came to the place where the “ friends were aſſembled; each of them per- “ ceiving his approach, looked back with appre- “ henſion of danger: the tortoiſe entered the “ water, the rat his hole, and the crow flew to “ the top of a tree. The crow, however, look- “ ing round to a conſiderable diſtance, ſaw no “ juſt ground of dread; and on his report they “ all reaſſembled. When the tortoiſe perceived “ the fawn, he ſaid: Welcome, good antelope, “ enjoy here the pleaſure of grazing at will; and “ honour this foreſt by making it your abode. I “ am terrified by a hunter, ſaid *Chitránga*, and “ come to ſeek your protection. He who re- “ jects another, ſeeking his protection, commits “ a crime, ſay the learned, equal to that of kill- “ ing a Brahman. I am deſirous of obtaining “ your friendſhip. A contract of amity with “ you, anſwered *Hiranyaca*, is readily formed “ by us.

“ As the poet ſays:

“ We may diſtinguiſh four ſorts of friend- “ ſhip; that contracted by our ſons, that by our “ kinſmen, that tranſmitted by our anceſtors, “ and that which preſerves ourſelves from “ danger.

" Live here then without any diſtinction between our abode, and your own home.

" When the antelope heard this he was delighted, and having grazed and roamed at his eaſe, drank ſome water from a pool, and ſlept by the ſide of it, under the ſhade of a tree.

" According to the couplet:

" Spring water, the ſhade of the * Bata-tree, and a houſe built with bricks; theſe are warm in the cold ſeaſon, and cool in the hot.

" Friend antelope, ſaid *Ment'hara* when he waked, what can'ſt thou fear in this unfrequented thicket, which hunters ſeldom or never viſit?

" The antelope anſwered, In the country of *Calinga* is a prince, named *Rucmangàda*, who advancing with preparations to ſubdue the adjacent regions, has fixed his ſtation near the river *Chandrabhága*; and a report has prevailed that he will come with a party of huntſmen early in the morning towards the lake *Carpura*, ſo that our ſtay here this morning appears dangerous; ſuggeſt ſome contrivance for our ſafety.

" The tortoiſe hearing this, ſaid, with marks of fear: I will conceal myſelf in this pond.

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* Ficus of Linnæus.

" The crow and antelope ſaid: We will ſeek " a different hiding-place.

" *Ment'hara*, ſaid the rat, laughing, has an " advantage in returning to the water: what " advantage has an animal who lives only on " land?

" Thus it is ſaid:

" Water is the ſtrength of aquatic animals, a " moat of thoſe who inhabit it, their own coun- " try of thoſe who travel on foot, and of princes' " valour: with this admonition, friend *Ment'*- " *hara*, be it as you determine; yet, when the " banker's ſon ſaw the woman ſtrike her breaſt, " he was unhappy, and ſuch unhappineſs will " befall you if we are injured. How was that? " ſaid the company.

" In the country of *Canyacuja*, ſaid the rat, " is a prince named *Viraſena*, and his ſon, named " *Furangabala*, holds the vice-royalty of a large " city called *Virapura*; the prince was im- " menſely rich, and in the prime of youth. As " he was walking in the city, under his com- " mand, he ſaw a moſt lovely girl named " *Lavanyavati*, or (with a fine complexion) the " wife of a banker. When he came to his " palace, his mind being diſtracted with paſſion, " he ſent a female meſſenger to her. *Lavanya*- " *vati*, on her part, was delighted with the ſight

" of the prince, and her boſom was rent with the " arrow of love, ſo that ſhe fixed her mind on " him alone.

" As it is written:

" No man is hated by woman, and none is " truly beloved by them; as cattle in a foreſt " ſeek for paſture freſh and freſh.

" This damſel, therefore, having heard the " diſcourſe of the female meſſenger, ſpoke thus: " I am wholly at the ſervice of my huſband: " how then can this be complied with?

" It is written:

" She is a wife, who is attentive to her fa- " mily; ſhe is a wife, who is the life of her " huſband; ſhe is a wife, who faithfully ſerves " him; ſhe is not to be named a wife, in whom " a huſband is not happy.

" A huſband who has called on the fire to atteſt " his faith, is ſurely the ſole aſylum of his wife; " the beauty of a cocil is his ſong; the beauty " of a woman is obedience to her huſband; the " beauty of the ugly is learning; meekneſs is " the beauty of the pious; but if the lord of my " life ſhall tell me to do ſuch things, I am ready to " commit even this great ſin! Is this true? ſaid the " woman. Perfectly true, anſwered *Lavanyavati.*

" The female emiſſary reported all this con- " verſation to *Turangabala*; and when the prince

" heard it, he ſaid: the man muſt be invited, " and bring his wife here, and then ſhe may " be gained. But how can this be effected, ſaid " the woman, think of ſome contrivance.

" For it is written:

" That may be accompliſhed by a ſtratagem, " which force cannot accompliſh: an elephant " was ſlain by a ſhakàl, who led him into a " quagmire.

" *Turangabada* aſked, How that happened? " and the old woman anſwered:

" In the foreſt of *Brahma* lives an elephant, " named *Carpúratilica*, whom, when the ſhakàls " ſaw, they ſaid among themſelves, If this animal can, by any ſtratagem, be killed we ſhall " be ſupplied with food from his carcaſe for " four months. An old ſhakàl upon this boldly " ſaid: By my ſagacity and courage his death " ſhall be effected. He accordingly went cloſe " to the elephant, and ſaluting him by bending " his whole body, thus addreſſed him: Divine " beaſt! grant me the favour of an interview. " Who art thou? ſaid the elephant, and whence " doſt thou come hither? I am, replied he, a " ſhakàl, ſurnamed Little and Wiſe, and am ſent " into thy preſence by the aſſembled inhabitants " of theſe woods. Since the vaſt foreſt cannot " ſubſiſt without a king, it is therefore deter-

" mined to perform the ceremony of waſhing " thee, as ſovereign of the foreſt; thee who art " poſſeſſed of every princely virtue.

" Thus it is ſaid:

" He who is eminent in birth, virtue, and " piety, ſplendid, juſt, perfect in morals, is ſit to " be a ruler in this world.

" Again:

" Let a man firſt chooſe his king, then his " wife, and then acquire his property.

" If there be no king among mortals, whence " can riches flow? Beſides, a king, like the " clouds, is the ſupporter of all animals: when " the clouds produce no rain, or the king is " vitious, no being can live.

" Farther:

" A man always intent on gain, is bound to " act well in this life, almoſt wholly by the fear " of puniſhment; and an honeſt man is hard to " be found! Thus a woman is obliged by the " dread of puniſhment to take a huſband of her " own family, though he be baſe, or dull, ſick, " or poor.

" Leſt, therefore, the fortunate time for thy " inauguration ſhould ſlip away, come quickly; " ſo ſaying, he roſe, and erecting his tail, ran on; " while the elephant, conceiving in his mind the " deſire of royalty, marched in the ſame road " with the ſhakál, and ſtuck in a deep bog.

" Friend ſhakàl, ſaid he, what can now be contrived for my eſcape? I am fallen into a quagmire, and cannot riſe out of it. The ſhakàl ſaid, laughing: Take hold of my tail, my lord, and get out by the help of it. Such is the fruit, ſaid the elephant, of my confidence in your deceitful ſpeech.

" As the poet ſays;

" If thou enjoyeſt the company of the good,
" then wilt thou thyſelf be happy (good); but if
" thou falleſt into company with the wicked,
" then wilt thou fall indeed!

" Therefore, I ſaid: That may be accompliſhed by a ſtratagem, &c.

" Afterwards, by the old woman's advice, the prince took into his ſervice the banker's ſon, named *Chárudatta*, the huſband of his beloved, and employed him in all confidential affairs. One day the prince coming freſh from the bath, adorned with gold and gems, ſaid to him: I muſt celebrate the * *Gauri Puja* for a whole month; and on each day, beginning from the preſent, thou muſt bring me, in turn, a young woman of good family, who may pray for me to the goddeſs as fervently as ſhe can. *Chárudatta* accordingly brought a young

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* *Gauri*, one of the names of the conſort of *Siva;* alſo, a fair young woman.

“ woman of rank, and delivered to him, and “ then concealed himſelf to diſcover what he “ would do; but the prince, without even “ touching the damſel, decorated her with a rich “ dreſs, paid his adoration together with her to “ the goddeſs, and inſtantly diſmiſſed her with “ a guard. The huſband having ſeen this, with “ an eager deſire of gain, next day brought and “ introduced his own wife to the prince, who “ knowing *Langalavati*, whom he tenderly “ loved, immediately aroſe, and cloſely embraced “ her, and his eyes expanding with joy, led her “ to a couch adorned with gems; whilſt *Charutta*, having written this on his mind, but “ ignorant how he ſhould act, ſtood by afflicted “ and tormented. Thus, therefore, muſt thou “ act and ſuggeſt ſome prudent ſcheme. The “ tortoiſe, however, not regarding this friendly “ diſcourſe, abandoned the lake and ſtole away, “ while the rat, and the other friends, followed “ him. As they advanced a little farther on, a “ huntſman, beating the thicket, found the tortoiſe, and having tied him to his bow, brought “ him in painful agitation to his houſe. The “ fawn, the rat, and the crow, ſeeing this, were “ oppreſſed with grief. The rat mournfully exclaimed: I find no end of misfortunes: like “ a perſon who attempts to traverſe the ocean,

" one calamity is followed by another, and to " this pain many dangers are added.

" Yet more :

" A friendſhip ariſing from nature, grows by " a change of fortune ; and a virtuous being " abandons, not even in danger, a friendſhip " which art has not formed.

" Not in a mother, not in wives, not in a " twin brother, not in a ſon, can men have ſuch " confidence, as in a friend united by conformity of diſpoſition !

" Thus am I extremely miſerable ! Alas, my " unhappy deſtiny !

" It is therefore written :

" Happineſs and miſery are cauſed by each " man's acts in a former ſtate : thus, in this " life even, I ſee the bad fruits of a preceding " birth.

" The body approaches to decay ; and riches " produce danger, in coming and departing : all " things that grow are ſubject to diſſolution.

" Then, being yet more anxious, he ſaid :

" The preſervers from grief, from enemies, " from fear, the ſeat of affection and confidence " is friendſhip, a little word of two ſyllables. " By whom was this precious gem created ?

" An union producing true affection, the delight of both eyes and heart, a precious vaſe,

" in which to depoſit both pleaſure and pain, is " hard to be acquired; but ſuch friends, as in " time of proſperity make a buſtle through deſire " of gain, are every where to be found. Their " ſincerity muſt be tried by the touchſtone of " adverſity.

" Then the rat, with various emotions of anguiſh, thus addreſſed the crow and the fawn:

" As long as the hunter ſhall remain in the " wood, an effort muſt be made to recover the " tortoiſe.

" Both of them ſaid: Tell us quickly what " muſt be done.

" Let the fawn, ſaid *Hiranyaca*, go near the " pond, and, lying motionleſs, make himſelf appear as if he was dead, while the crow, ſitting " on him, pecks him a little with his beak; " when the greedy hunter ſees this, he will certainly leave the tortoiſe, and go haſtily for the " fleſh of the antelope; I, in the mean time, " will gnaw the ſtring which binds our friend! " The fawn and crow both went, and did " immediately as they were directed. The " hunter being fatigued had drank ſome water, " and was ſitting under a tree, when he ſaw the " antelope fall. Then taking a large knife he " went with great joy towards him, while " *Hiranyaca* gnawed in two the ſtring; upon

" which the tortoiſe repaired with all poſſible " ſpeed to the pool, and ſunk in the water. " When the antelope ſaw the hunter approach " he roſe and ran away, while the crow flew " into the air. As ſoon as the rapacious hunter " returned to the tree, he miſſed the tortoiſe, and " with vexation exclaimed: This is the conſequence of having acted unadviſedly.

" He who leaves things certain, and purſues " things uncertain, loſes what he had obtained, " and miſſes what he expects.

" The hunter then returned home, while the " tortoiſe and his friends, all free from danger, " returned to their ſtations, and paſſed their lives " with pleaſure.

" Make friends, both ſtrong and weak, as " you ſee how the tortoiſe was releaſed from " bondage by a rat."

The princes then ſaid with delight: " The " happy union of theſe friends will contribute to " our improvement!"

" Let this then be your great object, and more " than this," ſaid *Viſhnuſarman.*

" As it is written:

" Attach thyſelf to a virtuous friend, and " bring down the goddeſs of abundance on thy " country. Let kings nouriſh and protect the " world; conſtantly fixed in the path of juſtice:

" let virtue be wedded to you, O monarchs! that
" you may give happineſs to the hearts of the
" virtuous; and may the God, who decorates
" his brow with a waning moon, grant felicity
" to all mankind!"

THE END OF THE FIRST BOOK.

BOOK THE SECOND.

Suhridbheda, or the Breach of Friendship.

THE princes then ſaid: "Great ſir, the acqui-
" ſition of friends has been heard; it is our de-
" ſire now to hear a diſcourſe on the breach of
" friendſhip."

"Hear then," ſaid *Viſhnuſarman*, "the book
" *Suhridbheda*, of which this is the firſt verſe.

"The great and encreaſed friendſhip of the
" lion and the bull, in the foreſt, was broken by
" an artful and covetous ſhakàl."

"How was that?" ſaid the princes.

Viſhnuſarman anſwered: "In the country
" of *Dacſhin*, or South, is a city named *Souver-*
" *navati*, where lived a very rich banker, named
" *Verddhamana*; who, with all his wealth, ſeeing
" others very opulent, ſtill reſolved to encreaſe
" his own riches.

"For:

"Whoſe greatneſs is not occaſioned by ſeeing
" others lower and lower than himſelf? All
" men are poor who ſee others higher and higher
" than them.

"He who thinks himſelf well provided for

" by ſmall poſſeſſions, will not, in my opinion, " have them encreaſed by the Creator of the " world.

" *Luchmi*, the goddeſs of proſperity, deſires " not to dwell with a lazy unemployed man.

" May women be unable to bring forth a " ſon, who ſhall not exert himſelf, who is diſ- " contented, weak, and giving pleaſure to his " foes.

" Gain all you can, and what you gain, keep " with care; what you keep, encreaſe, and what " you encreaſe, beſtow on good works.

" The man who neither gives in charity, nor " enjoys his wealth, which every day encreaſes, " breathes, indeed, like the bellows of a ſmith; " but cannot be ſaid to live.

" He who augments not his ſubſtance, " though he ſpends little, waſtes away like a " medicine applied to weak eyes. Riches not " employed, are of no uſe.

" Let a man, who remarks the ſpeedy waſte " of eye-water, and the quick encreaſe of a white " ant's neſt, ſuffer no day to paſs unfruitful in " charity, ſtudy, and good works!

" By the fall of water-drops the pot is filled; " ſuch is the encreaſe of riches, of knowledge, " and of virtue!

" Having thus meditated, the banker yoked " his two bulls, named *Sanjivaca* and *Nandaca*;

" and having laden a waggon with various articles of trade, repaired towards *Caſhmir*.

" Since:

" What burden is too great for thoſe who can " bear it? What is diſtance to thoſe who have " important affairs? What is reſidence in a foreign country to the learned? Who is a " foreigner to thoſe who ſpeak civilly?

" As he was travelling on a mountain, called " *Sudurga*, his bull, named *Sanjivaca*, fell and " broke his knee; which the merchant obſerving, " thus ſaid to himſelf:

" Let a wiſe moraliſt tranſact his buſineſs in " all parts of the world, his reward will be, that " which is fixed in the mind of God!

" Farther:

" The man who poſſeſſes true learning, muſt " act when he is ſent on buſineſs with diſpatch: " knowledge certainly preſcribes diſpatch in the " ſoul of man; but fear, which is the ruin of all " actions, muſt be laid aſide on all occaſions: by " diſcarding fear, and diſcharging our duty, ſucceſs is obtained.

" So ſaying, he left *Sanjivaca*, and having " yoked another bull, packed up his goods and " proceeded. *Sanjivaca*, towards the end of the " day, roſe up, as well as he could, by the help " of his three legs.

" For:

" Of an animal plunged in the ocean, fallen
" from a mountain, or bitten by a ſnake, the
" allotted will of heaven preſerves the life.

" Some days having paſt, *Sanjivaca* was able
" to traverſe the foreſt, where grazing and ſport-
" ing at pleaſure, he was delighted, grew plump
" and ſtrong, and lowed with vehemence.

" In the ſame foreſt a lion, named *Pingalica*,
" was enjoying the delight of dominion obtained
" by his own arm.

" As it is written:

" There is no waſhing in holy water; no
" homage paid by beaſts to a lion who gains
" power by his own ſtrength; his empire is
" from himſelf.

" One day the lion, diſtracted by thirſt, went
" near the *Yamunà* with intention to drink of
" its water, and there the lowing of the bull, a
" ſound before unheard by him, firſt ſtruck his
" ear, like the roaring of a thunder cloud; upon
" which he retired without taſting the water,
" and returned, intimidated, to his own den,
" ſtanding ſilent, and conſidering what it could
" be. In this poſture he was perceived by two
" ſhakàls, ſons of his miniſter, named *Caràtacà*
" and *Damànacà*; the ſecond of whom, ob-
" ſerving it, thus addreſſed the former: Friend
" *Caràtacà*, for what reaſon did the lion, who

" was thirſty, ſtay ſo ſhort a time, that he could " not taſte that clear water? My friend, anſwered *Caràtacà*, it is my opinion, that we " have not attended to perform ſome ſervice; but " why ſhould we ſtrive to gueſs what he wants, " for we have both been long hated by the king, " and yet great pain is endured by us.

" As it is ſaid:

" See what is done by ſervants, who ſeek " wealth by their ſervice; their bodies are under the command of another, and their own " is taken away by fools!

" Again:

" While men, protected by others, bear the " pain of cold, heat, and wind, the learned and " pious are happy in the enjoyment of bodily " eaſe.

" Yet more:

" That life is good which is not ſuſtained by " another: If they who are dependent on others " be truly alive, who are dead?

" Beſides:

" Come, go, fall, ſtand up, ſpeak, keep ſilence: " thus do the rich ſport with their wealth, which " ſwallow up thoſe who are caught by expectation.

" For:

" The fooliſh, through deſire of gain, make

" themſelves like harlots, poliſhing and improv-
" ing themſelves, and offering preſents to other
" men.

" Farther:

" Servants, that their maſter may not be in a
" paſſion, ſtrictly obey his very look, which,
" by its nature, is variable.

" And it is added:

" He ſalutes for the ſake of gain; for the ſake
" of living he reſigns the privileges of life; he is
" miſerable for the ſake of pleaſure.

" Who, if ſuch a one be called wiſe, deſerves
" the name of fool?

" Still farther:

" If he be ſilent, he is called a fool; if elo-
" quent, a madman, or a pratler; at hand, an
" artful fellow; at a diſtance, a bad attendant; if
" patient, a coward; if he cannot endure bad
" treatment, an errant raſcal: the duty of a ſer-
" vant is extremely hard, and not performable
" even by ſaints!

" This, replied *Damànacà*, is not always to
" be ſuppoſed, for why ſhould not the great be
" ſerved for the ſake of their favour? They
" who are ſoon pleaſed, and gratify the wiſhes
" of their ſervants.

" Again:

" Whence ſhould men out of place have
" wealth, which makes others give way to the

“ ſan grooms of their horſes? Whence ſhould “ they procure white umbrellas with long “ ſticks, horſes, elephants, and a troop of at“ tendants?

“ *Caràtacà* rejoined: Yet, what is our ſer“ vice? we ought certainly to leave it.

“ Mark!

“ He who deſires to perform what is not his “ buſineſs, falls dead to the ground, like the “ monkey who took up the timber. How, ſaid “ *Damànacà*, happened that?

“ There is in *Magadhadeſa*, ſaid *Caràtacà*, “ near *Dhermaranya*, a writer named *Subhada*, “ and intending to give an entertainment, a new “ aſſembly room was begun to be built; a car“ penter having ſawed through part of a beam “ it fell on the ground, and a wedge was fixt “ between the two pieces of wood. In that “ place a herd of large monkeys, inhabitants of “ the foreſt, came playing tricks; and one of “ them, againſt whom the ſtaff of death was ſent, “ having taken the beam with both his paws, ſat “ down upon it; when the two pieces of ſawed “ wood caught him, and he was ſo cruſhed that “ he periſhed: therefore, I ſaid, He who deſires “ to perform what is not his buſineſs, &c.

“ Yet, ſaid *Damànacà*, a ſervant muſt indu“ bitably perform the taſk aſſigned by his maſter.

“ And, ſaid *Caràtacà*, a maſter being abſolute

" in the whole extent of his dominion, may ap-
" point a chief counſellor; a ſervant, therefore,
" ſhould never talk of buſineſs which does not
" belong to him. He who talks of what is
" not his buſineſs, even through a regard for
" his maſter, may be beaten, like the aſs, with
" clamorous reproof, and die of pain!

" How, ſaid *Damànacà*, did that happen?

" In *Varanas*, replied *Caràtacà* (or *Baranaſi*,
" not *Benares*), lived a waſherman, named *Car-*
" *purapata*; one night having amuſed himſelf
" with his young wife, he fell faſt aſleep; when
" a thief entered his houſe to ſteal his cloaths.
" In the court-yard an aſs was tied, and a dog
" ſat by him.

" The aſs ſaid to the dog: This is your bu-
" ſineſs; What means this? Why doſt not thou
" bark loud, and wake our maſter? Why ſhouldſt
" thou talk of my buſineſs? ſaid the dog; thou
" knoweſt the whole, and as well as I have long
" guarded this man's houſe; for this reaſon, he
" has long, while he had no fear, ceaſed to think
" of my food, and now wholly neglects to give
" it: ſuch is the neglect of maſters, when they
" ſee nothing alarming.

" Hear, thou blockhead, ſaid the aſs, the ca-
" nine race is by nature impure, and not to be
" touched, and ſee what they become by ſervice;

" for, what ſort of a ſervant, or what ſort of a " friend is he, who begs for food while he is " doing his duty?

" Hear too, ſaid the dog;

" What ſort of a maſter is that, who does not " honour his ſervants while they diſcharge their " duty?

" Since it is written:

" To protect ſervants, to ſerve maſters, and " to diſcharge moral duties, there is no need of " dragging by violence!

" The aſs, in a paſſion, ſaid: Thou art an old " ſinner; but as to what thou ſayeſt of deſerting the buſineſs of my maſter, be it ſo; and " let me take ſuch meaſures as will awaken " him!

" Since:

" With the back a man ſhould venerate the " ſun, with his breaſt the fire, his maſter with " every circumſtance, and thoſe of other worlds " with ſincerity!

" Thus having ſpoken, he brayed aloud; upon " which the waſherman, awakened by the ſound, " and enraged that his lazy ſlumber was interrupted, beat the aſs violently with his " waſhing ſtick. Therefore, I ſay: He who " talks, &c.

" The buſineſs appointed for us both by our

" lord, is the hunting for game, and let us talk " of what belongs to us: but of this incident " there is no occaſion to talk; we are both fed " with a quantity of food, and even a remnant " is left. *Damànacà* anſwered, with anger: " What, doeſt thou ſerve the king for food only! " This was abſurdly ſaid.

" For:

" To benefit friends and puniſh enemies, a " great man ſeeks the favour of a prince; not " merely to fill his belly!

" Yet more:

" Such a life many lead; and let ſuch a man " live: What! does not the crow fill his crop " by means of his bill?

" See:

" With five pana's of ſhells any man may " procure attendance; and any man, by ſtronger " reaſon, with a hundred thouſand! But a ſervant, who acts well, is not acquired by ten " myriads.

" Service is extremely odious in the human " ſpecies, who are all equal: Can he who is not " the chief in it, be numbered among living " creatures?

" Thus too it is ſaid:

" Between a horſe, an elephant, and iron utenſils; between wood, ſtone, and cloth; between " man, woman, and water, there is an extreme

" diverſity; ſee alſo the difference between a " maſter and a ſlave.

" The dog belonging to him who gives him " a cake of boiled rice, wags his tail, bends his " legs, and falls on the ground, ſhewing his " teeth and his belly; while the princely ele- " phant looks ſtedfaſtly, and with an hundred ſoft " words, is, at length, only prevailed on to take " ſuch food as he likes.

" Yet more:

" That courſe which men purſue for a ſhort " time, but with laſting renown, never ſeparated " from learning, valour, and fame, this the " wiſe truly call living; not that of the crow, or " raven, who live, indeed, long, and devour their " food!

" Again:

" What is the diſtinction between a mere " brute, and that man-beaſt who has no know- " ledge or thought of wrong, or right, whom " the aſſemblies of the learned in heavenly wiſ- " dom drive from their company, and who ſeeks " only the gratification of his appetite.

" Both of us now are without authority; " what have we then to do with this conſider- " ation?

" How long a time, replied *Damànacà*, is a " counſellor acquiring reputation, or degrada- " tion?

" For:

" Not every perſon here below becomes great " by his nature, or obedient, or wicked, or ac" quires the rank of ſpiritual guide, or his de" puty; a man's own efforts are what make him " a man!

" Yet more:

" As a ſtone is raiſed with great labour up a " mountain, but is thrown down in an inſtant; " thus are our virtues acquired with difficulty, " and our vices with eaſe.

" What then doſt thou purpoſe? ſaid *Carà*" *tacà*.

" Of this *Pingalaca*, our maſter, ſaid *Damà*" *nacà*, I would know by what fear he was " moved to return and lie quiet. What, ſaid " *Caràtacà*, doſt thou know of it? What, an" ſwered he, may not be known by it?

" A meaning, well explained, is underſtood by " a brute; horſes and elephants, when driven, " carry burdens; but a ſkilful perſon under" ſtands what is not ſpoken; a good under" ſtanding certainly reaps the fruit of knowing " another's intention. I therefore, by ſpeaking " of fear in fit, or unfit diſcourſe, will make this " lion my own.

" Since it is written:

" He is truly wiſe who knows a ſpeech adapt" ed to the occaſion; a friend naturally attached

" to him; and reſentment proportioned to his
" ſtrength!

" My friend, ſaid *Caràtacà*, it has long been
" obſerved by me, that thou art very learned;
" why then art thou unfit for ſervice?

" Since it is ſaid:

" He who enters the chamber of his lord without being ordered; who talks much without being aſked; who conſiders himſelf as a favourite, has a dull underſtanding.

" My good friend, ſaid *Damànacà*, why ſhould
" I be unfit for ſervice?

" Obſerve:

" What is there in its nature which is fair, or unfair? What is pleaſing to any one, that is beauty to him?

" Thus:

" Whatſoever is the nature of any man, by means of knowing that, a wiſe perſon enters into his heart, and ſoon lays him under an obligation.

" Yet more:

" He who ſays, Here am I, and order me in every thing; and he who performs what is ordered, as well as he is able, attaches his maſter to him.

" Further:

" He who diſobeys the commands of princes, who pays no attention to Brahmans, who

" ſleeps with different women, is wounded and " ſlain without a weapon.

" Still farther:

" A miniſter, who is ſincere, learned, not " covetous, continually attending, like a ſhadow, " not refuſing any taſk impoſed, he dwells in the " palace of a prince.

" If thou goeſt, ſaid *Caràtacà*, at any unſea- " ſonable time, our maſter will be diſpleaſed with " thee.

" Be it ſo, ſaid the other, yet a ſervant ought " certainly to preſent himſelf.

" Since:

" To begin no work for fear of doing wrong, " is the way of a bad man: What man, my bro- " ther, would abandon food for fear of indi- " geſtion?

" Again:

" A prince favours a man who is neareſt to " him, though void of learning, of rank, and of " probity.

" To ſum up all:

" A king, a woman, and a creeping plant, " alike twine round him who ſtands by their " ſide.

" Let us ſee, ſaid *Caràtacà*, what thou wilt " ſay firſt, my friend, when thou haſt gone thi- " ther.

"Firſt, ſaid *Damànacà*, I muſt know whether "he is favourably, or unfavourably, diſpoſed. "What means are there, ſaid *Caràtacà*, of "knowing this? Hear, he anſwered.

"By ſeeing him ſmile at a diſtance; by the "great regard ſhewn in queſtions; by praiſing "the abſent; by bringing agreeable events to "remembrance.

"Again:

"Favourable diſcourſe to a ſervant; preſents "that denote affection; even in blaming faults, "taking notice of virtues; theſe are the manners "of a kind maſter.

"It is alſo ſaid:

"By taking up the whole time of a ſervant; "by encreaſing expectation; by denying reward; "a ſenſible man knows this to be the conduct of "an ill-diſpoſed lord.

"When I have well conſidered all this, the "lion will become docile to my purpoſe; then "will I ſpeak.

"Since:

"The wiſe exhibit, as clearly as if it were "diſplayed before our eyes, the doctrine be- "longing to the ſcience of ethicks. That danger "ariſes from pointing out evil, and ſucceſs from "pointing out a remedy.

"Still, my good friend, ſaid *Caràtacà*, it is

" not proper for thee to uſe unſeaſonable diſ-
" courſe.

" Since:

" If *Vribaſpati* himſelf were to ſpeak unſea-
" ſonably, he would meet not only with loſs of
" reputation for ſenſe, but with diſgrace.

Damànacà having conſidered this, ſaid: Fear
" not, friend, I will not ſpeak an unſeaſonable
" word.

" Since:

" In imminent danger, in the purſuit of evil
" objects, in a ſeaſon unpropitious for action, a
" ſervant who ſeeks the love of his maſter, muſt
" ſpeak even without being aſked! If, there-
" fore, I muſt not ſpeak on ſuch a proper oc-
" caſion, my office of counſellor is reduced to
" nothing.

" Since:

" Applauſe is given by good men to him who
" ſhews munificence; and that virtue ſhould be
" preſerved and augmented by him who poſſeſſes
" it. Conſent, therefore, brother: I go, that I
" may proſper in my buſineſs.

" Happineſs attend thee, ſaid *Caràtacà*, and
" may what thou deſireſt be attained!

" *Damànacà* then went towards the lion with
" a timid air; and when *Pingalaca*, from a diſ-
" tance, ordered him, with kindneſs, to enter
" the cave, he made a reſpectful bow with his

“ whole body, and ſat down. Son of my coun-
“ ſellor, ſaid the king, it is long ſince thou haſt
“ appeared before me. Sir, ſaid he, great princes
“ have no need of a ſervant like me, yet every
“ ſervant, on a proper occaſion, muſt preſent
“ himſelf before his lord: for this reaſon I come.

“ But:

“ They, by whom the earth, abounding with
“ ſweet ſcents, and lofty elephants, and cut with
“ an hundred weapons, caſt in fields of battle, is
“ continually delighted, when even they ap-
“ proach their monarch, their words falter as if
“ their great fear had cut them in pieces! Here
“ certainly there is need of ſuch dread, for very
“ good reaſon.

“ As it is ſaid:

“ Great lords have need of a little inſtrument
“ to rub their teeth, and to tickle their ears.

“ Oh! what need muſt they have of a man
“ who has ſpeech and hands?

“ And if my lord thinks, that by my coming
“ late I have loſt my underſtanding; that is not
“ the caſe.

“ Since:

“ A gem is worn on the feet, and glaſs is
“ raiſed on the head: as it is, ſo let it be; yet
“ glaſs is glaſs, and a gem, a gem.

“ Again:

“ Loſs of ſenſe is not to be imagined in a firm-

" hearted man, improperly repulſed: fire may " fall down, but the flame deſcends not with it " for any conſiderable time.

" Sir, a maſter muſt make diſtinctions; when " a prince, without diſtinguiſhing good ſervants " from bad, behaves equally to all, then is the " ſatisfaction of thoſe who worked with content " reduced to nothing.

" Three ſorts of men, O king! the higheſt, " the middle, and the loweſt, let their maſter " exerciſe alike in three ſorts of employment.

" Thus too:

" Men employ ſervants, and wear ornaments " in a proper place; a jewel for the head, is " not fixed on the feet: thus is the matter un" derſtood.

" Still more:

" If a gem, aptly made for an ear-ring of gold, " be ſet in braſs, it neither moves with a pleaſing " ſound, nor makes a beautiful appearance, but " brings reproach on the jeweller.

" Obſerve:

" This man is wiſe, or well affected; here " are both qualities: this is a fool: a prince, " thus knowing how to conſider his ſervants, " abounds with good ones.

" Yet:

" A horſe; a weapon; a book; a lute*;

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* Vina.

" ſpeech; a man; and a woman; all theſe, according to the diſtinction of the perſons in whoſe hands they fall, are uſeleſs, or valuable.

" Beſides:

" What uſe is there in a favourite without valour? What in a hero without good conduct? Me, who am both dear to thee, and able to ſerve thee, O king! thou ſhouldeſt not deſpiſe.

" Since:

" From the prince's diſregard, his family of attendance become unintelligent; then, on this account, not one man of ſenſe remains near him: when a prince is deſerted by the wiſe, his morals are not virtuous; and when his morals are corrupted, the whole nation is enfeebled, and receive detriment.

" Yet more:

" All countries conſtantly reſpect thoſe who are reſpected by the prince; but he who is diſgraced by the king, is diſgraced by all.

" Farther ſtill:

" Apt words muſt be taken by the wiſe even from a child: when the light of the ſun diſappears, what is not the luſtre of a torch? We are true ſervants, favoured by great monarchs, and our conduct is not altered.

" My good friend, ſaid *Pingalaca*, why doſt thou ſay this? Thou art the ſon of my chief miniſter, and yet, from ſome bad report, haſt

“ not come to me for ſo long a time; now, ſince
“ thou art come, ſpeak as thy mind prompts
“ thee. Sir, ſaid *Damànacà*, I aſk one queſtion:
“ When thou ſoughteſt the river, why didſt thou
“ return without drinking water, like an affright-
“ ed perſon?

“ The lion anſwered: It is aptly ſaid, my
“ good friend; who of my people is there to
“ whom my ſecret ſhould be told? Where is
“ there a place to ſpeak with confidence?

“ Nevertheleſs:

“ I tell thee; hear: This foreſt is inhabited
“ by large beaſts, and ſhould therefore be for-
“ ſaken by us. Was not a loud noiſe heard by
“ thee? The animal muſt be of enormous force,
“ if his ſtrength be equal to the ſound of his
“ voice.

“ Sir, ſaid *Damànacà*, this is certainly a great
“ cauſe of dread, for I have heard the noiſe;
“ but what ſort of a counſellor would he be,
“ who ſhould immediately adviſe a deſertion of
“ the country, or a commencement of hoſti-
“ lities?

“ Beſides:

“ It is the duty, ſir, of ſervants, to find a re-
“ ſource; for a man knows the pre-eminence
“ and ſuperior goodneſs of a friend, a woman, a
“ ſet of ſervants, his own underſtanding and

" ſtrength, by trying them with the touchſtone " of danger.

" My friend, ſaid the lion, a great fear made " me indiſpoſed. If it were not ſo, ſaid *Damà-* " *nacà* to himſelf, how wouldeſt thou, leaving the " delight of reigning, converſe with me. Then " he ſaid aloud: Sir, as long as I am alive, ſo " long there is no ground of fear; but *Caràtacà*, " and your other ſervants, may alſo be depended " upon, ſince a multitude of men could hardly " be found more ſerviceable in avoiding danger. " The king ſaid: Go thyſelf, and bring *Carà-* " *tacà* with thee. *Damànacà* did ſo; and both " of them were honoured by the king with all " ſorts of precious gifts; and having determined " on the means of avoiding an alarm, they de- " parted. *Caràtacà* going along, ſaid to *Damà-* " *nacà*, How this danger can be avoided, or " whether it can at all, is unknown to me; yet, " how elſe can the great promiſed favour of the " king be attained? For without having done a " good act, let no one take a preſent, eſpecially " from a king.

" Obſerve:

" A prince, whoſe favour is proſperity, in " whoſe valour is conqueſt, and in whoſe anger " is death, is all glorious.

" A king, whether a man or a child, muſt not

" be treated with contempt; in him certainly a " great divinity appears in human ſhape.

" My friend, ſaid *Damànacà*, laughing, take " the protection of ſilence, and be ſtill.

" The cauſe of this alarm was even before " known to me; it is the lowing of a bull, and " bulls are food for us; I might ſay, of a lion " alſo.

" If it be ſo, ſaid *Caràtacà*, why is our lord " broken down with fear?

" We muſt not ſpeak in this manner, ſaid " *Damànacà*; if we quiet his fear, how are we " to acquire this ſingular kindneſs?

" Yet more:

" A maſter muſt never be allowed to think " the aſſiſtance of his ſervants unneceſſary. A " ſervant who allows a king to perceive this, " would be like *Dedtucarna*. How, ſaid *Caràtacà*, was that?

" There is, ſaid *Damànacà*, in the mountain " called *Arbuda*, a lion, named *Mahavicarma*, " or great in valour; when he was aſleep in the " hollow of that mountain a rat gnawed the ends " of his hair, which the lion having perceived, " was enraged, but could not catch the rat, who " returned to his hole; he therefore ſaid within " himſelf, What muſt be done? Since it is ſo, be " it ſo: it has been heard by me, if an enemy be "little, let him go, he is not an object for valour; "to kill him, let a combatant equal to himſelf be "appointed.

"Having ſettled this, he went, at night, to "the village, brought back, with great care, a "cat named White-ear, to whom he gave meat, "and kept with great attention in his den. The "rat, through fear of the cat, never came out; "and the lion, from that time, without having "his hair gnawed, ſlept comfortably: whenever "he heard the rat cry, he indulged the cat with "excellent meats, and other gifts. One day, "when the rat, periſhed with hunger, came out "of his hole, he was caught, and killed by "White-ear: ſome time after, when the lion "had not for a long time heard the voice of the "rat, his indulgence for the cat was at an end, "and he gave him no more food, ſo that White-"ear became feeble, languid, and like a dead "animal: for this reaſon I ſay, A maſter muſt "not be independent of his ſervants.

"The two ſhakàls then went to *Sanjivaca*, "and *Caràtacà* ſeated himſelf in ſtate under a "tree, while *Damànacà* went to the bull, and "ſaid: O bull! art thou placed here by king "*Pingalaca* to guard the foreſt? The general "requires your attendance, come ſpeedily, or "depart from this wood, otherwiſe thou wilt

" gather unpleaſant fruit. The bull, ignorant how the country was governed, went " with fear, and ſaluted *Caràtacà.*

" Thus the wiſe man ſays:

" Wiſdom is greater than ſtrength; by not " poſſeſſing it, the condition of the elephant is " ſuch, that even the drum ſounds, proclaiming " that the elephant is beaten by his driver.

" General, ſaid *Sanjivaca*, how muſt I act? " Adviſe. If thou haſt any deſire, anſwered " *Caràtacà*, to remain here in the foreſt, go and " bow before the lotus of our monarch's foot. " The bull replied: Tell me, then, there is no " danger in doing ſo, and I go. Your apprehenſion is vain, ſaid *Caràtacà.*

" For:

" The violent guſt tears not from the roots the " ſoft graſs which lies low, and bends beneath it; " while it ſhatters lofty trees: great ſtrength is " exerted on the great.

" Then, both ſhakàls, making *Sanjivaca* ſtand " at a diſtance, went towards the lion, and ſaluting him, were treated by him with regard, " and ſat down. Have you ſeen him? ſaid the " king. We have, ſir, anſwered *Damànacà*; he " is gentle, but, as our lord imagined, exceſſively " ſtrong, and he now deſires to ſee the foot of our " ſovereign; therefore, adorn thyſelf, and ſit in " ſtate.

" Since:

" The bank is worn away by the river-water; " and a ſecret not kept, is diſperſed; affection is " overcome by treachery, and a timid mind by " bold words!

" Thy ſtrength, formerly exerted, is not fit " for this purpoſe.

" For:

" A noiſe only, when the cauſe of it is un- " known, muſt not be dreaded; yet by diſ- " covering the cauſe of an alarming noiſe, a " woman of evil fame acquired reputation.

" How, ſaid the lion, was that?

" In the middle of *Sriparvata* mountain, ſaid " *Damànacà*, is a town called *Brahmapura*, and " on one ſide of its ſummit, (according to the " popular ſtory) lived *Guatacarna*, or Bell-ear, a " *Rac'ſhaſa* (or cruel demon). One day a thief, " eſcaping from a houſe in which he had ſtolen " a bell, was killed, and eaten by a tiger on the " top of this mountain; and the bell, which had " dropped from his hand, was taken up by ſome " monkeys, who from time to time made it " ſound.

" The people of the town having diſcovered " that a man had been killed, and hearing con- " tinually the noiſe of the bell, ſaid, that *Guata- " carna* had in his rage eaten him, and they all " fled from the town. It came into the head

" of a female pander, that the bell was only " ſounded by monkeys; and ſhe went to the " prince, ſaying, If you will advance me a large " ſum of money I will make the demon quiet. " The king gave her a treaſure, and ſhe, having " paid adoration to a certain quarter of the " globe, made idols, and formed circles, acquired " great reputation for ſanctity; ſhe then took " ſuch fruits as monkeys love, and having " entered the foreſt ſcattered them about, which " the monkeys perceiving, quitted the bell, and " eagerly devoured the fruits. The woman took " up the bell, and went with it to the palace of " the king, where all the people did her reverence. Hence I ſay: A noiſe, &c.

" *Damànacà* then introduced the bull to the " lion, and for ſome time he lived there in amity " with the other favourites. One day a brother " of the king's, named *Stabdacarna*, or Bent-" ears, came on a viſit, and the monarch having " deſired his gueſt to ſit down for a time, " afterwards propoſed going out to kill ſome " deer for their food. Sir, ſaid *Sanjivaca*, where " is the fleſh of all the deer that were killed this " morning?

" The king anſwered: *Caràtacà* and *Damà-" nacà* know beſt. Is there any, or is there " none? ſaid the bull. There is none left, ſaid

“ the lion, laughing. Why, ſaid *Sanjívaca*, could “ they two have eaten ſo much fleſh? They “ have eaten and given away liberally, and “ waſted the reſt: this is their daily practice. “ Why, ſaid the bull, is this done without the “ permiſſion of their lord? It is ſo, ſaid the “ lion, what of that? Sir, ſaid *Sanjívaca*, this is “ a great fault.

“ For it is written:

“ Let not a ſervant do any act without the “ knowledge of his maſter, except it be to deliver “ a prince from death!

“ Again:

“ A king's miniſter is like a flagon, he receives “ much, and lets out little; if he ſays *another* “ *time*, he is a fool; if, what is a cowry, he muſt “ be poor.

“ Yet more:

“ His miniſter is ever the higheſt, who encreaſes his ſtore with twenty croire: wiſe men “ have called the king's treaſure his life, and his “ vital ſpirit, no life.

“ Beſides:

“ A man of worth acquires ſervice from “ worthy men; a poor man is deſerted even by “ his own wife, much more by ſtrangers!

“ This too is a great fault in princes:

“ He who ſpends much, not obſerving it, and

" acquires wealth by iniquity, while he keeps the " treaſure in a remote place, is called the trea- " ſury's bane!

" For:

" He who perceives not the treaſure that is " quickly amaſſed, and conſumes it at his plea- " ſure, moſt certainly would reduce it to nothing, " if he were as rich as *Vaiſrava!* (Cuvera) " Plutos.

" Then *Stabdacarna* ſpoke: Hear, brother:

" Theſe two ſhakàls have long been protected " by thee: they were appointed for the affairs " of peace and war, and ſtationed for that " buſineſs, not for the purpoſe of amaſſing " wealth. On the ſubject of miniſters, I will " now repeat whatever I have heard.

" 1. A ſervant, a ſoldier, a kinſman, are not " fit to be at the head of every employment; a " prieſt, even with torture, gives not money to " any one.

" 2. A ſoldier employed in pecuniary mat- " ters, inſtantly ſhows his ſabre; and a kinſ- " man, on that account, ſwallows up all thy " wealth.

" 3. A ſervant, though he hate his maſter, " acts the part of a blameleſs man; if he has " once done good, and continues in his place, he " thinks not of his offences.

" 4. He who points out the good he has done, " ſnatches every merit away.

" 5. While a miniſter, O king! is playing with " ſand, he, in fact, governs; from his familiarity, " no doubt, averſion is conſtantly produced.

" 6. When a miniſter, wicked in heart, " is employed, he no doubt cauſes all ſorts of " evils.

" 7. A ſervant, however culpable, is yet void " of fear, if he be long employed. Let every mi- " niſter, how rich ſoever, be himſelf without " power. This is the advice of great men: " wealth overcomes the mind.

" 8. To receive favour, and to alienate the " property of the prince; to obtain friendſhip, " and then to deſert him; to act without wiſdom " in his affairs; and to eat his bread; theſe are " the faults of a miniſter.

" 9. To think of acquiring the employment " of a fellow-ſervant; to be always watching " the prince, that his wealth may be ſecurely " diſſipated; this is wicked conduct.

" 10. Bad ſervants do not, without torture, " vomit up the precious things of their lord, " which they have ſwallowed; in ſhort, they " are like obſtinate tumours, that muſt be preſſed " before they will properly diſcharge.

" By wringing a bad ſervant, the dominion

" of kings may yield ſomething, as a cloth that is " waſhed, yields plenty of water when it is " wrung.

" When *Pingalaca* heard theſe maxims, he " ſaid: Be it ſo; whenever theſe two ſervants " ſhall ceaſe on all occaſions to obey my word. " This, ſaid his brother, is always a fooliſh rule, " for a king muſt not pardon even his ſons, who " diſobey his orders: What elſe is the difference " between a living and a painted king?

" And it is added:

" Let a king who has arbitrary power, preſerve " his people, like a father, from robbers, from " his miniſters, from enemies, and from the " royal family.

" Brother, let all my advice be followed, I " have had my food to-day; let this *Sanjivaca* " be employed to provide his own food of graſs. " This being done, they deſerted all other con- " nections, and their time paſſed in cordial " friendſhip; but the other ſervants, ſeeing their " allotment of food diminiſhed, *Caràtacà* and " *Damànacà* talked privately with each other. " My friend, ſaid *Damànacà*, what is to be done? " This is our own fault! And vexation is abſurd, " on account of evils which ourſelves have oc- " caſioned.

" As it is ſaid:

" I, having touched *Swarnarecha*, the bad

" woman having tied up herſelf, and the good " man trying to take the jewel, were all three " miſerable by our own fault. How, ſaid *Caràtacà*, was that?

" In the city called *Canchanapura* (Golden " Town), ſaid *Damànacà*, was a king named " *Viravicrama*; when he was in his court of " juſtice, a certain barber was taken, by his " order, to the place of execution; at that time, " a devout man, named *Candarpacata*, accompanied by a man of worth, cried out: This man " muſt not be put to death; and ſeizing the ſkirts " of his cloaths, he drew the criminal away. " The king's officers ſaid: Why ſhould he not " be killed? He anſwered; Hear, and then repeated this verſe. I, having touched *Swarnarecha*, &c. &c. The officers aſked how that " happened?

" I am, anſwered he, *Candarpacata*, king of the " iſland called *Sinhaladwipa*; one day ſtanding " in a pleaſure grove, I heard a man aſſert, that " in the middle of the ſea of milk was a damſel, " who, on the fourteenth day of the moon, appeared under the Tree of Ages on a couch of " a ſplendid yellowiſh hue, bedecked like the " Goddeſs of Abundance, with all kinds of ornaments, and playing on the Vina. I therefore embarked in a ſhip, and went to the place " mentioned; where, after a time, I ſaw the

" ſea-nymph riſing, half out of the water; and, " allured by her exquiſite beauty, I leaped behind her. Then, having in an inſtant reached " a golden city, and a palace of gold, I ſaw her " reclining on a couch, careſſed by a number of " fairies, and when ſhe perceived me from a diſtance, ſhe ſent a damſel, who addreſſed me " courteouſly; on my enquiry the damſel ſaid: " That is the nymph *Ritramayna*, or adorned " with gems, the daughter of *Candarpacali*, " queen of the fairies. After this I was married to her, according to the ceremony of the " *Gandarva's* (by exchanging necklaces), and " continued a long time delighted with her. One " day ſhe ſaid to me in private: My beloved " huſband, all things in this palace may be freely " enjoyed by thee, but beware of touching, even " for a moment, that picture of the fairy *Swarnarecha* (or decorated with gold). Nevertheleſs, ſome time after, my curioſity growing to " a height, I was induced to touch the boſom of " the painted fairy; when the picture, becoming animated, ſtruck me with her foot, like a " lotus flower, and I fell down inſtantly on the " earth; ſince which time I have been a miſerable wanderer, travelling over the world, and " at length arrived in this city. Laſt night I " ſlept in the houſe of a herdſman, where I ſaw " this adventure: The herdſman returning at

" night from the ſield where his cattle grazed, " ſurprized his wife in conſultation with a barber's wife, a woman of bad fame; when, having beaten her, and tied her to a poſt, he fell " aſleep. At midnight the wife of this barber " went with deep ſighs to her female friend, and " ſaid: Thy noble lover, conſumed by the fire " of thy abſence, is now like a dead man.

" For:

" As in the night darkneſs is kept at a diſtance, " by the lord of ſhades, (the moon), thus love " by ſeeing, and being ſeen, delights the heart of " the young.

" Let me tie myſelf, and ſtay here while you " go and conſole thy lover with thy diſcourſe. " This was done: when the huſband waking, " ſaid: Why, thou wicked wretch, doſt not thou " now go to thy favourite? The woman making no anſwer, he ſaid in anger: Doſt thou " not give an anſwer to my words? And ſaying " this, he went in a violent rage, and having ſlit " her noſe, returned to his bed, and fell aſleep. " His wife then came home, and ſpoke thus to " the procureſs: My friend, what is the matter? " Look, anſwered ſhe, my face will tell you! " The herdſman's wife then bound herſelf, and " the woman went home. Early in the morning the barber ordered his wife to bring him a " bundle of razors, and ſhe gave only one; on

" which he ſaid: Do you bring me but one " razor? and in a paſſion threw it away. When " ſhe, counterfeiting pain, ſaid; You have cut my " noſe, without my having committed any fault; " and immediately ran to demand juſtice. In the " mean time the herdſman's wife was crying out: " O cruel man, what a crime haſt thou committed! Why haſt thou mutilated me, who " have ever been thy conſtant wife; as the eight " regions of the world know?

" Beſides:

" The ſun and moon, wind and fire, heaven " and earth, and water, together with both day " and night. All theſe with certainty know the " condition of man. If I am faithful, then by " the favour of the genii of thoſe eight regions, " and of the god *Camadeva*, my mangled noſe " will grow again, and my face will become " bright as the pure moon of the cold ſeaſon. " Look at my face: the herdſman took a candle, " when ſeeing her noſe reſtored, fell at her feet, " and was highly delighted in his heart, untied " her, and ſeating her on the middle of the " bed, ſaid: He who poſſeſſes ſuch a wife is " chief among men!

" Hear now the ſtory of the good man: Having ſpent twelve years in travelling, came to " this city, having brought a number of jewels " from the neighbourhood of the *Malaya* moun-

“ tains. Here he ſlept in the houſe of an harlot, “ who kept on the gateway a carved image of “ a devil, on whoſe head was placed a beau- “ tiful gem. The devotee, through a culpable “ deſire of poſſeſſing this gem, roſe in the night, “ and in order to take it, ſtretched out his “ hand; in that inſtant, a ſpring being moved, “ both his arms were caught by the image, “ and he was pulled to the ground: when he “ ſet up a cry of diſtreſs. The woman roſe, “ and ſpoke thus: My ſon, thou art come from “ the *Malaya* mountains: therefore give me all “ thy jewels, or thou wilt never be looſened by “ this malignant devil. Then were taken away all “ the jewels well collected by me. All this being “ heard, the king's officers did juſtice according “ to the merit of each cauſe. Now I ſay: I, “ having touched *Swarnarecha*, and ſo forth.

“ This fault, therefore, was committed by “ ourſelves; and in this caſe, vexation would be “ abſurd. Then having been a ſhort time ſilent, “ As I formed, continued he, the friendſhip of “ theſe two, I muſt break it.

“ For:

“ Good counſellors ſhew what is falſe, as well “ as what is true; as men know an object to be “ painted, whether they are on a level with it, “ or below, or above it:

“ Beſides:

" The man whoſe underſtanding is not diminiſhed, when buſineſs ariſes, wards off difficulties like the herdſman's wife, and her two lovers. How, aſked *Caràtacà*, was that? *Damànacà* anſwered, In the town of *Dwaravati*, there is a certain herdſman's wife who is a harlot, and ſhe is connected, at the ſame time, with an officer of juſtice, and his ſon:

" As it is ſaid:

" The fire is never ſatisfied with wood, nor the ocean with rivers, death with mankind, nor bright-eyed women with lovers.

" Once, as this woman was diverting herſelf with the ſon of the officer, the officer himſelf came to viſit her; ſhe haſtily put the ſon into a cloſet, and then ſat ſporting in the ſame manner with the father. Soon after, the herdſman himſelf came: ſeeing whom, ſhe ſaid, Now, Sir, what muſt be done? take up your ſtaff, and go away quickly, ſeeming to be greatly enraged. This being done, the herdſman aſked his wife, on what account the officer of juſtice had come: He was angry, ſaid ſhe, with his ſon, I know not why; and he, being purſued, came into our houſe, and I have hid him in that cloſet; his father not finding him, is gone away in a rage; ſaying this, ſhe brought out the young man, and ſhewed him to her huſband.

" Thus it is ſaid:

" Women have the appetite of two, the un-" derſtanding of four, the cunning of ſix, and " the deſire of eight.

" Therefore I ſaid, When buſineſs ariſes, &c.

" It is ſo, ſaid *Caràtacà*, but the friendſhip of " theſe two is great by nature: How canſt thou " diſſolve their intimacy? Some expedient, an-" ſwered he, muſt now be contrived:

" And it is ſaid:

" What cannot be atchieved by force, that, " may be performed by ſtratagem, as the black " ſerpent was ſlain by the golden thread of the " female crow.

" How, ſaid *Caràtacà*, did that happen? On " the top of a certain tree, ſaid *Damànacà*, lived " a male and female crow, whoſe young ones " were devoured by a ſerpent living in the hol-" low of it. When the female was again preg-" nant—Huſband, ſaid ſhe, this tree muſt be " quitted by reaſon of this ſerpent; or not one " of our young ones will live:

" Since:

" A bad wife, a deceitful friend, a ſervant " giving ſaucy anſwers, and dwelling in a houſe " infeſted by ſerpents; theſe without doubt are " cauſes of death.

" My beloved, ſaid the male, we muſt not con-" tinue in this fear: from time to time I have

" borne with this horrid crime; but now he " muſt be puniſhed. How, ſaid the female, " canſt thou be a puniſher of ſo powerful an " offender? This apprehenſion, anſwered he, is " vain:

" Hear:

" He who has knowledge has force! What " ſtrength has a fool? See how a lion intoxi- " cated was killed by a ſtag!

" How, ſaid ſhe, did that happen? He an- " ſwered: In the mountain, named *Mandara*, " dwells a lion called *Darganta*, who hunts " the other beaſts, and kills great numbers of " them for his food. All the beaſts being aſ- " ſembled, he was thus addreſſed by them: Why " are ſo many beaſts killed by thee? We will give " you one every day in our turns for your food: " ſo many ought not to be ſlain by thee. Be it " ſo, ſaid the lion, and all of them, one by one, " for his food, daily gave a beaſt.

" On a certain day, when the lot fell upon " an old ſtag, he thus thought within him- " ſelf:

" For the ſake of our own ſouls, and in hope " of life, homage is paid: but if I muſt meet " this fate, what need have I to reſpect the lion! " He moved, therefore, ſlowly, ſtep by ſtep; " and the lion, tormented by hunger, ſaid to " him, angrily, Why doſt thou come ſo late? It "is not my fault, ſaid he; for in the way I was "forcibly ſeized by another lion; 'till I ſwore "to the neceſſity of my coming to you; and "now I approach thee with ſupplication. The "lion having heard this, paſſionately ſaid, Where "is that audacious animal? The ſtag led him "near a deep well, and ſaid, Let my lord behold. "Then the lion ſeeing his own image in "the water, proudly roared, and throwing himſelf "down with rage, periſhed in the well: "thence, I ſay, Who has knowledge, &c.

"I have liſtened attentively, ſaid the female "crow; therefore, now declare what is to be "done. The king's ſon, ſaid the crow, goes "conſtantly to bathe in the adjacent pool; do "thou take up his necklace of gold, which he "will pull off, and lay on the bank, and drop it "into the hole of the ſerpent, who will, in conſequence, "be deſtroyed. It happened, accordingly, "that the prince went to bathe, and the "female crow did as ſhe was directed; ſo that "the prince's attendants going after the necklace, "ſaw the black ſerpent, and killed him: "Hence I ſaid, What cannot be atchieved by "force may be performed by ſtratagem.

"If it be ſo, ſaid *Caràtacà*, go, and may "fortunate events be the companions of thy "way.

"*Damànacà* then approaching the lion, and

“ paying homage to him, ſaid : Having formed “ a very unpleaſant opinion, my lord, I preſume “ thus to addreſs you.

“ For :

“ In danger from going out of the way, and “ when the time of action is nearly loſt, then a “ benevolent friend, though unaſked, gives good “ counſel.

“ Again :

“ A king poſſeſſes fortune, but does not poſſeſs “ the means of acting wiſely : by the ruin of a “ king his miniſter is criminated. See, therefore, “ what is the buſineſs of a counſellor. It is “ better to loſe life by decapitation, than to de“ſert a prince, and criminally ſeek to gain his “ dominion.

“ What, ſaid the lion, mildly, doſt thou wiſh “ to ſay? *Damànacà* anſwered : This *Sanjivaca* “ is not a fit miniſter for thee, ſince, in my pre“ſence, he treated thy three powers (wealth, “ ſtrength, and wiſdom) with contempt, and he “ even aſpires to thy throne. *Pingalaca*, hearing “ this, remained ſilent with fear and aſtoniſh“ment. My lord, added *Damànacà*, thou haſt “ forſaken all thy counſellors, and choſen this “ animal to tranſact all thy affairs ; the blame “ therefore falls heavy on thyſelf.

“ Since :

" Fortune ſtands firm, having fixed herſelf on " two feet, an exalted prince, and a good mi- " niſter; but as ſhe is a female by nature, ſhe " cannot bear the weight on her ſhoulders, and " ſoon leaves one of her two ſupports!

" Again :

" When a king appoints one miniſter to act " in his kingdom, pride, from the error of his " mind, ſeizes him; the deſire of arbitrary " power advances in a high degree in his breaſt, " and through that deſire he proceeds to the " deſtruction of the prince.

" Beſides :

" It is better to pull up by the roots a looſe " tooth, an envenomed ſervant, and a wicked " counſellor.

" So :

" A king who makes Fortune his inſtructreſs, " is as miſerable when he falls into calamity, as a " blind man without a guide.

" It is alſo added :

" A vizir, although not a man of probity, is " always at leaſt rich: this is the rule of ſome " men.

" Riches are gained differently by reaſon.

" This bull acts in all affairs by his own ar- " bitrary pleaſure; let the king, therefore, be a " witneſs of this truth.

" This I know :

" Among men, he is not a man who does not " enjoy fortune.

" The lion ſaid, with uneaſineſs : My good " friend, if it be ſo, yet I have a great love for " the bull.

" Obſerve :

" He who is beloved, and commits faults, is " nevertheleſs beloved ; but that body is cloathed " with many crimes, for which there is no " regard.

" Beſides :

" He who is dear, though he do unpleaſant " things, continues dear.

" Though an excellent houſe be burnt, yet " who doth not venerate fire ?

" But, ſir, ſaid *Damànacà*, that is a grievous " fault.

" Since :

" That man whom the king looks upon with " attention, whether he be a ſon, a miniſter, or " a ſtranger, is honoured.

" Hear, ſir :

" The *end* of pleaſant, or unpleaſant advice, is " full of delight ; but wherever a ſpeaker, and a " hearer of it is, there dangers abide :

" Again :

" Men who ſpeak only, O king ! are eaſily

" found in the world ; but he who both ſpeaks " and hears what is pleaſant and unpleaſant, is " hard to be found !

" Thou haſt forſaken thy former adviſers, " and appointed him their ſucceſſor, and thy " vice-gerent ; which was improperly done ; " for when old ſervants offend, let not a prince " haſtily appoint others ; no one is more adverſe " than a new one, who will ruin the realm.

" How wonderful, ſaid the lion, is this ! He " has given no cauſe for ſuch dread, but was " brought and raiſed by me : how ſhould he be " adverſe to me ?

" Hear, my lord, ſaid *Damànacà :*

" A bad man, though raiſed to honour, always " returns to his natural courſe ; as a dog's tail, " though warmed by the fire, and rubbed with " oil, retains its form.

" Beſides :

" How ſhould promotion and honour occa- " ſion the friendſhip of wicked men ! Although " poiſonous trees were watered with nectar, yet " they would bear dangerous fruit.

" Therefore I ſay :

" A man who deſires not the ruin of his " maſter, will ſpeak what friendſhip requires, " though unaſked : that is the duty of the vir- " tuous : other conduct is a violation of duty.

" Thus, too, it is written:

" He is a friend, who delivers thee from adverſity.

" That is a good action, which is well intended.

" She is a wife, who is an inſeparable companion.

" He is wiſe, who honours the good.

" He is a friend, whom favours have not purchaſed.

" He is a man, who is not ſubdued by his ſenſes.

" If my lord, therefore, being appriſed of the bull's conduct, ſhall not ceaſe from employing him, no fault remains in his ſervants.

" Yet it is true, that a luxurious prince makes no account of good works, or his own advantage; he acts at his own diſcretion, and moves like a drunken elephant; till, having conſumed his honour, and fallen into many miſeries, he caſts the blame on his ſervants, and knows not the fault to be his own.

" *Pingalaca* ſaid, within himſelf: Let not a prince puniſh men from the words of others; let him examine into facts himſelf, and then impriſon, or diſmiſs with reſpect.

" Thus it is ſaid:

" Without diſtinguiſhing virtues, or vices, let neither favour be granted, or ſeverity

" uſed; as a hand placed with pride on the " neſt of a ſerpent occaſions deſtruction.

" Then, ſpeaking aloud, he ſaid: Let *Sanjivaca* be brought before me. *Damànacà* anſwered, trembling: No, ſir, not ſo; by that " ſtep my advice will be broken; it is an improper meaſure.

" Since the wiſe ſay:

" The ſeed of good advice muſt be cheriſhed " by princes with extreme care; it muſt not be " broken ever ſo little, if it be, it will not grow.

" Again:

" Advice is like a woman, ever in motion; " all parts of the body are guarded, if it cannot " remain long fixed, there is fear of defeat from " enemies.

" Beſides, if the bull, ſeeing his fault, ſhould " amend it, no reconciliation muſt take place; " that would be extremely abſurd.

" Since:

" If a man has once offended, and the prince, " through affection, deſires to be reconciled to " him, he meets his fate like a female crab, when " ſhe is pregnant.

" Again:

" A man, completely wicked, employed as a " counſellor, will certainly be the perpetrator of " all evils: *Sacune* and *Sacatara* remain two " examples in the world of this truth.

" Be it known to thee, ſaid the lion, after all, " what he is able to effect againſt us. Sir, ſaid " *Damànacà*, how can there be a certain know- " ledge of ſtrength, without knowing the force " of union? See how the ſea was reduced by a " mere cock! How, ſaid the lion, did that hap- " pen? Near a certain ſea, ſaid *Damànacà*, lived " a cock and a hen; when the hen was near " laying, ſhe thus addreſſed her lord: Let a pro- " per place be procured to depoſit my eggs in. " O! ſaid he, there is nothing to fear in this " place. It is often covered, ſaid ſhe, with " the waves. What! ſaid he, my good friend, " am not I ſuperior to the ſea? Obſerve, I will " contend with this ocean, and remain in my " ſtation. The hen ſmiled, and ſaid: There " is a great diſparity between the ocean and " thee.

" Yet:

" He who knows how to ſubdue his grief, " whether he can relieve it or not, is never tor- " mented by anguiſh.

" Then, by the perſuaſion of her lord, ſhe " laid her eggs; which the ſea, for the ſake " of trying the cock's power, waſhed away. " Upon this, the hen, afflicted by the loſs of her " young, ſaid to her huſband: A dreadful evil, " ſir, has befallen me; the ſea has waſhed away " my eggs. My beloved, ſaid he, fear not, thou

" wilt at length behold me poſſeſſed of power. " So ſaying, he aſſembled multitudes of the feathered race; and with them forming a flock, " went to *Garuda*, the king of birds, to whom " he related the whole adventure; adding: Does " my king only fall at his feet there! No, by " the weakneſs of the protector, the protected " certainly become weak. *Garuda*, having heard " this addreſs, gave information to his lord, *Vaſudeva*, the cauſe of creation, preſervation, and " deſtruction. After which, the ocean raiſing " the mandate of the God on his head, in token " of obedience, gave back the eggs.

" Thence, I ſay, how can there be a certain " knowledge of ſtrength, without knowing the " force of union?

" How, ſaid the king, is he to be proved of " an hoſtile nature to me? When he ſhall come " before thee, ſaid *Damànacà*, goring with the " point of his horns, and raiſing his tail, as if " he was fearing of harm, then my lord will " know. Saying this, *Damànacà* went near " *Sanjivaca*, ſtealing along, little by little, put " on the appearance of amazement. When the " bull ſaw him, he ſaid with courteſy: My " good friend, is it well with thee? How, anſwered *Damànacà*, can it be well with ſervants?

" For;

" The wealth of thoſe who ſerve princes is " diſperſed by another; and their minds always " diſcompoſed: even their life is inſecure.

" Again:

" Who, having acquired wealth is not arro- " gant? Whoſe danger, when he is attached to " a king, can be reduced to nothing? Whoſe " mind in the world is not tormented by women? " Or who is really beloved by princes? Who " ruſhes not into the open arms of time? What " ſuppliant attains reverence? Or what man, " having fallen into the ſnares of the wicked, " can regain proſperity?

" My friend, ſaid the bull, what means all " this? *Dàmànacà* anſwered, What do I ſay, " unfortunate as I am!

" Obſerve:

" When a man fallen into the ſea has graſped " a ſupport, and finds it a ſerpent; he cannot " leave it, he cannot hold it:

" Thus am I diſtreſſed at preſent; for, on " one ſide, the king's confidence periſhes; on " the other, my friend: What can I do? Whi- " ther can I go, fallen as I am, into a ſea of mi- " ſery? So ſpeaking, and heaving a deep ſigh, " he ſat down. Then *Sanjìvaca* ſpake: Yet, " my friend, let that which thy mind has con- " ceived, be declared at large: *Damànacà* coun- " terfeiting ſorrow, ſpoke in a low voice: Al-

" though the ſecret of a king is not to be diſ-
" cloſed, yet, through confidence in me, thou
" cameſt hither, and here haſt remained. There-
" fore, I, who am a ſuppliant to ſtrangers, muſt
" neceſſarily ſpeak through affection to thee:
" Hear then: The mind of this prince is alienated
" from thee; he ſaid, ſecretly, When I have
" killed *Sanjivaca*, I ſhall ſatisfy all my family
" with food! Upon this, the bull was exceſ-
" ſively afflicted, and the ſhakàl again ſpake:
" Thy grief is vain; at a ſeaſonable time
" ſome great act muſt be atchieved! *Sanjivaca*
" having thought anxiouſly for a moment, an-
" ſwered, This is kindly ſaid, no doubt! And
" then he thought within himſelf, how the truth
" of this buſineſs might be aſcertained:

" For:

" Many a bad man receives luſtre from the
" goodneſs of his protector, like the black pow-
" der rubbed on the eye of a beautiful woman.

" Still farther:

" A prince attended with great care, inſures
" not happineſs: What wonder is there in that?
" He, indeed, is an extraordinary perſon, who,
" being diligently ſerved, becomes an enemy.

" Therefore, the duty of a ſervant is endleſs.

" He who for ſome cauſe is angry, becomes
" mild when that cauſe is removed; but he
" whoſe mind is rancorous without cauſe, how

" can ſuch a man have any reaſon to be " pleaſed?

" Then he ſaid aloud: My friend, what offence have I given to the prince? Yet princes " commit injuries without cauſe! Even ſo, ſaid " *Damànacà.*

" Yet hear:

" Though good is done by the learned or the " handſome, yet a little hatred is occaſioned " through envy; and though they injure you " to your face, yet they meet with friendſhip " from the miſapprehenſion of royal minds, who " are ſubſervient to more than one nature.

" The office of an attendant on them is extremely difficult, and not to be performed even " by ſaints.

" Again:

" A hundred good works are loſt upon the " wicked; a hundred wiſe words are loſt upon " fools; a hundred good precepts are loſt upon " the obſtinate; a hundred ſciences upon thoſe " who never reflect.

" Yet more:

" In the ſandal-tree are ſerpents; in the waters, lotus-flowers, but crocodiles alſo; even " virtues are marred by the vicious; in all " enjoyments there is ſomething which impairs " our happineſs."

" This lord of ours, ſaid *Damànacà*, is known

" to me for having honey in his words, and " poiſon in his boſom.

" Since :

" He, who ſtretches out his hand from a diſtance, whoſe eyes overflow with tears, who " reſpectfully ſits on half the ſeat, who embraces cloſely all that approach him, who " ſhews veneration with gentle words and queſtions, who bears poiſon internally, and carries " ſweetneſs in his exterior, who is good only by " deluſion, what wonderful acting is this? He " muſt have been inſtructed by a wicked preceptor.

" Yet obſerve :

" A ſhip is uſed in paſſing the dangerous " ocean; a lamp, uſed in darkneſs; a fan, in " a perfect calm; and a hook, in humbling the " pride of an elephant. Thus, in this world, " nothing exiſts for which a remedy has not been " framed by the Creator; but, in my opinion, " the Creator himſelf would fail in his efforts " to correct the bad thoughts of the wicked.

" Miſerable, O miſerable me! ſaid *Sanjivaca*; " here am I, who feed on vegetables only, to be " mangled by this lion! Then again he ſaid " within himſelf; Yes, the lion, alienated from " me, through ſome wicked calumniator, has " reſolved on a breach of friendſhip. Hence " it is, that a king muſt ever be dreaded; for

“ the mind of a prince is ſometimes eſtranged “ by an evil counſellor; and how ſhould the “ wriſt of a marble ſtatue be repaired, when it “ is once broken?

“ Again:

“ The thunderbolt, and the wrath of a king, “ are two objects of great terror; but the former “ only falls on one place, the ſecond ſpreads ruin “ on all ſides.

“ Therefore, by battle muſt protection from “ death be ſought; to ſupplicate him would now “ be abſurd.

“ Since:

“ Either by dying bravely, I attain bliſs in “ heaven; or by ſlaying my foe, felicity on “ earth; both theſe heroick acts are, no doubt, “ hard to be atchieved.

“ This, too, is the time for battle:

“ Since:

“ When, by declining a battle, death is inevitable; and in battle, life is doubtful; then, “ ſay the wiſe, is the only moment for entering “ the field.

“ Beſides:

“ When a wiſe man, even without fighting, “ perceives not the leaſt affection ſhewn him, “ then he reſolves to die together with his “ enemy.

" Yet more :

" By victory, a hero acquires abundance ; by " death, the daughter of a god for his conſort : " all bodies periſh in an inſtant, what then ſhould " cauſe fear of death in battle ?

" Then he ſaid, aloud, to *Damànacà :* O ! " my friend, inform me how I ſhall know that " the lion intends to deſtroy me ? When he " ſhall look at thee, ſaid his falſe friend, with his " ears erect, with his tail waving, couching low, " with his feet and his mouth wide open ; then " ſhew thy own ſtrength.

" For :

" An inglorious warrior, from whom no repulſe is feared, is trampled on by the multitude, without apprehenſion ; ſee how they ſet " their feet on a heap of aſhes.

" But let all this be done very ſecretly " by thee ; otherwiſe, neither thou nor I ſhall " remain alive.

" *Damànacà*, having ſaid this, went to *Caràtacà*, " who aſked him what he had accompliſhed. A " complete rupture, anſwered he, between them. " No doubt, ſaid *Caràtacà,* for who is a friend " of the wicked ? Who that is enraged, is not " implored ? Who is not ſatisfied with abundance ? And in what evil art thou not eminently ſkilful ?

" Again:

" A man, though happy and wiſe, is made " wicked by the arts of the wicked.

" What does not the company of the wicked " effect?

" It is like fire, which conſumes what it " receives in its boſom.

" Then, *Damànacà* going to the lion, ſaid: " The traitor comes, intending to kill thee; let " the king ſtand on his defence; and continued, " as before, to irritate the lion. *Sanjivaca* then " approaching, and ſeeing the lion with the " marks of altered friendſhip, deſcribed to him, " exerted his utmoſt reſolution, a terrible con- " flict enſued between them; but at laſt the bull " was ſlain. *Pingalaca*, fatigued with the " combat, ſat down in ſorrow, and exclaimed: " O, what an atrocious act have I done!

" Since:

" The kingdom is enjoyed by ſtrangers, and " the king is a veſſel filled with iniquity; a king " who abandons juſtice, is like a lion who ſlays " an elephant.

" Again:

" If one region of the world, and a virtuous " wiſe miniſter, be deſtroyed; by the death of " a virtuous miniſter, a king periſhes; by the " loſs of one region of the world, another may " be gained; but not another ſervant.

" My lord, ſaid *Damànacà*, what is this ſudden change of mind, that thou art afflicted by " having killed an enemy?

" It is written:

" If a father, or a brother, or a ſon, or a friend, " intend deſtruction to the king, and aſpire to " dominion, the king muſt deſtroy them.

" Again;

" A prince acquainted with the principle of " ſound juſtice, muſt not be too merciful: a " man over mild, cannot hold riches in his " graſp.

" Still farther:

" Mercy to a friend, or a foe, is the ornament " of religious men; but lenity to all offenders, " is a crime in a monarch.

" Beſides:

" When a man aims at dominion, and proudly ſeeks the place of his lord, there can be " no expiation for his offence, but loſs of " life.

" Farther:

" A king over-merciful, a prieſt over-greedy, " and a woman diſobedient to her huſband, an " ill-diſpoſed companion, an unruly ſervant, a " negligent counſellor, and he who acknowledges not a benefit received; theſe ſeven are to " be diſmiſſed.

" Thus may it be known, that a king's duties

" are two-fold ; he muſt be true and falſe, harſh " and courteous, ſeek wealth, and liberally ſpend " it ; always giving to his friends, and always " taking their property ; in every reſpect re- " ſembling an harlot. O, ſir ! ſince thou haſt " deſtroyed a foe, why art thou ſad ? Be thou " ever victorious, O great monarch ! And may " the felicity of all worlds attend thee ! Saying " this, he took his ſtation.

" You have heard," ſaid *Viſhnuſarman*, " how " friends are diſunited ; what will you now " hear : ſpeak."

" We have heard it," ſaid the princes, " with " great delight."

" Let us conclude then," ſaid the ſage, " with " an applicable ſtanza :

" May breach of friendſhip be in the man- " ſion of the enemies ; and may every wicked " adviſer, detected in time, be dragged conti- " nually to perdition ; but may every man of " virtue enjoy all proſperity ; and may every " boy delight in pleaſing and uſeful inſtruc- " tion !"

THE END OF THE SECOND BOOK.

BOOK THE THIRD.

On War.

AT a proper time for reſuming the converſation, the princes thus addreſſed *Viſhnuſarman:* "Having heard how friendſhip is broken, let us, "who are ſons of a king, be delighted, great ſir, "with an account of war."

"I will diſcourſe," ſaid the ſage, "on what "you deſire to know: hear, therefore, the nar-"rative of a war, the firſt ſtanza of which is "this:

"The geeſe and peacocks warred with equal "power of ſtrength; but the geeſe were ſlain, "having confided in crows, who were in the "manſion of their enemies."

"How," ſaid the princes, "did that hap-"pen?"

"There is," anſwered *Viſhnuſarman*, "in "the iſland of *Carpura* a pool, called *Pedmaceli*, "where a royal gooſe, named *Hiranyagarbha*, "lived; and having aſſembled all the water-birds, "was anointed king over them, by a ſolemn "bathing.

"Since:

"If there be not a king endued with every "virtue where there be a people, the nation will "be like a ſhip without a rudder, toſſed about in "the ocean.

"Again:

"A monarch preſerves the people, and they "aggrandize the monarch; and by that aggrandizement he preſerves them; but if there "be no one called king, who can be aggrandized?

"One day the imperial bird was reclining at "eaſe, on a long and ſhining bed of lotus-flowers, encircled by his miniſters; when a *baca*, "or water-fowl, named Long-bill, coming from "a diſtant country, made his ſalutation, and ſat "down in the circle: O *Dirghanruc'he!* ſaid "the king, thou comeſt late from the fartheſt "limits of the earth; give an account of thyſelf. It is a long account, ſaid he, and I am "deſirous of relating it; but, in fact, I am come "with ſpeed; attend to my narration, it is of "importance to you.

"In *Jambudwipa* is a mountain, called "*Vindhya*, where a peacock, named *Chitraverna*, rules over nations of birds; while his "attendants were feeding, they ſaw me alſo ſeeking food in the middle of a parched wood, "and one of them ſaid to me: Who art thou?

" Whence doſt thou come? I am a ſubject, an-
" ſwered I, of a mighty prince, named *Hiranya-*
" *garbha*, but powerful as *Chacravartia*, king
" of the geeſe; for my amuſement I am come
" to viſit the extremity of regions. The bird
" having then aſked: Which of the two coun-
" tries had the better climate, and the better ſo-
" vereign? O! exclaimed I, there is a great dif-
" ference; for the iſle of *Carpura* is another
" paradiſe, and the king of geeſe is a ſecond
" Jove: What are you doing in this dry ſoil?
" Come, and travel to my country. This diſ-
" courſe irritated the peacocks.

" As it is written:

" A ſerpent, by drinking milk only, encreaſes
" his venom; thus a fool being admoniſhed, is
" provoked, but not benefited.

" Again:

" Let a ſenſible man be admoniſhed, but not
" a fool; as the birds, who gave advice to the
" monkeys, were driven from their neſts.

" How happened that? ſaid the king.

" On the banks of the *Nermada*, ſaid the
" water-fowl, at the foot of a mountain, ſtands
" a large ſamula-tree, in the middle of which
" ſome birds had built their neſts, and lived, with
" pleaſure, for years. Once, the ſky, reſembling
" an azure mantle, became obſcured with thick
" clouds, and a heavy ſhower began to fall;

" when theſe birds ſaw a herd of monkeys, running under the tree, trembling with the pain " of cold, they were moved with compaſſion, and " ſaid: Halo! monkeys, we have raiſed neſts, " made of herbs brought in our bills; why do " you join your hands and feet together with " ſuch affliction? The monkeys hearing this, " were diſpleaſed, and ſaid among themſelves: " Oh! theſe birds who ſit happily in the middle " of their neſts, ſecured from the wind, are deriding our expoſed ſituation: Be it ſo—the " ſhower muſt ceaſe. When the rain at laſt was " over, the monkeys climbed up the trees, and " broke all the neſts on the branches, ſo that " the birds' eggs were thrown to the ground. " Hence, I ſaid: Admoniſh a man of ſenſe, &c.

" What happened afterwards? ſaid the monarch. The birds, anſwered Long-bill, ſaid, " angrily, who made your gooſe a king? I anſwered, with equal rage, Who conferred royalty on your peacock? Hearing this, they all " fell upon me, intending to kill me: I ſhowed " my utmoſt proweſs:

" For:

" Sometimes lenity is the grace of a man; " but before victory is gained, violence becomes " him.

" The king ſmiled, and ſaid:

" He who knows not the ſtrength and weak-

"neſs of himſelf and others, muſt be routed by "his enemies.

"Again:

"The aſs, who had been fed on good corn; "and ignorantly braying in the hide of a tiger, "was ſlain for his impertinence. How hap-"pened that? ſaid the birds.

"There is, anſwered the king, in *Haſtanapur*, "a fuller, named *Vitaſa*, whoſe aſs, weakened "by carrying exceſſive burdens, was like an ani-"mal deſirous of death. The maſter, therefore, "carried him in a tiger's hide, and left him in a "wood, in a field of corn. The owners of the "field, taking him at a diſtance for a tiger, fled; "but one of them, covering himſelf with a piece "of cloth of an aſs's colour, ſtooped down to "bend his bow; and the aſs perceiving him, "took him for a female of his own race, ſo that "exulting in his renewed vigour, he began "braying, and running towards the object of "his deſire; but the keeper of the corn-field "knowing, by his voice, that he was only an "aſs, killed him with eaſe. Thence I ſay: The "aſs, &c.

"What then? ſaid the king. The birds, "anſwered Long-bill, exclaimed, O treaſon! "O abominable *baca!* how durſt thou ca-"lumniate our ſovereign! No mercy muſt be "expected from us. With theſe words they

" all pecked me with their beaks, adding with " rage: Oh, thou fool! what property has thy " unwarlike gander in this kingdom? A weak " man cannot even keep his money in his hands: " How ſhould this coward keep his realm? Or " rather, what realm can he have? And thou! " a frog born in a well! go, and inform thy pro- " tector of this attack.

" Hear, thou idiot:

" A great tree muſt be honoured which has " both fruit and ſhade; if, by heaven's will it " has no fruit on it, yet, what can prevent its " ſhade?

" Again:

" Let no wiſe man ſerve a low maſter; but let " him ſerve a man of dignity.

" Even milk in the hand of a tavern keeper is " called an intoxicating liquor.

" Beſides:

" A great man becomes little, and his virtue " is diminiſhed by a wicked perſon, like the " image of an elephant in a mirror.

" It is added:

" By uſing the great name of a powerful king, " proſperity is attained: as the fawn found ſecu- " rity by naming the moon.

" How, ſaid I, happened that?

" In the foreſt of *Dandaca*, ſaid one of the " birds, a herd of elephants, being diſtreſſed by

" a ſcarcity of rain in winter, thus addreſſed
" their king: O, Sir, what remedy has our diſ-
" treſs! Yonder is a pool uſed by little quadru-
" peds, who are bending their necks to drink it;
" but we, parched with thirſt, whither ſhall we
" go? What can we do? The king of the ele-
" phants hearing this, went to a little diſtance,
" and diſcovered a pond of clear water, on the
" borders of which were ſome little antelopes,
" who were trodden, from time to time, by the
" feet of the elephants. One of them, named
" *Silamu'che*, thus thought within himſelf: If this
" mighty elephant bring his herd hither every day
" to quench their thirſt, our whole race will be
" deſtroyed! An old antelope, named *Vijaya*,
" gueſſing the cauſe of his melancholy, ſaid: Be
" not ſorrowful; I will provide a remedy for
" this evil. With this promiſe, he departed, and
" conſidered how he ſhould approach the ele-
" phant near enough to addreſs him without
" danger;

" For:

" By the touch, an elephant deſtroys; by the
" teeth, a ſerpent; even by giving food, a king;
" and by ſmiles, a treacherous man.

" I will, therefore, ſaid he, climb up yon
" mountain, and thence diſcourſe with him.
" Having done as he had reſolved, he thus
" began: O ſovereign of elephants, I come to

" thee, by the command of that great monarch " the Moon. Who art thou? ſaid the elephant; " and what is thy buſineſs? Hear, ſaid *Vijaya*; " I am an ambaſſador: Though weapons are " raiſed, yet an ambaſſador ſpeaks: nay, more; " ambaſſadors, though they declare the plain " truth, are not ſurely to be ſlain by you. I " therefore ſpeak, by order of his lunar majeſty. " In driving away the antelopes, who are appointed keepers of the pool ſacred to *Chandra*, " thou haſt acted improperly: we antelopes are " its guardians: hence alſo the God is named *Saganca*, or fawn-ſpotted. When the pretended " ambaſſador had ſaid this, the elephant ſaid, with " great fear: This has been done by me through " ignorance; we will not again come hither. " Come then, ſaid *Vijaya*; and having ſaluted " the god who dwells here, and trembles with " rage, appeaſe him. The elephant went, and " as it was night, the antelope ſhewed him the " reflection of the moon quivering in the water, " and commanded him to make proſtration. " Great Sir, ſaid the elephant, my offence was " through ignorance; therefore, be moved to " forgiveneſs: ſaying this, and making profound " ſalutation, he went his way. Therefore, I " ſaid: Uſing a great name, &c.

" So, anſwered I, our monarch has great " ſtrength and great power. The birds then

" dragged, and ſtruck me, ſaying: Horrible " treaſon! Doſt thou live in our country, and " traduce our ſovereign? After theſe words, " they carried me before their king *Chitraverna*; " who looked at me; while they, after due ſa- " lutation, thus addreſſed him: Let our lord " hear: This evil-minded water-fowl, though " living in our land, condemns thy throne, our " monarch. Who is he? ſaid the prince; and " whence comes he? They anſwered: He is a " ſubject of *Hiranyagarbha*, and comes from the " iſle of *Carpúrá*. I was then aſked by the " prime-miniſter, a vulture, who was the vizir at " my court. A large water-bird, named *Ser-* " *vajnya*, ſaid I. He is well employed, ſaid the " vulture, becauſe he was born in that country:

" Since:

" A king ſhould, by all means, chuſe a mi- " niſter who was born in his realm, who follows " the profeſſion of his anceſtors, who is perfect " in religious and moral duties, void of arro- " gance, has read the body of laws, firmly prin- " cipled, eſteemed wiſe, and the author of pru- " dent counſels.

" Then a parrot ſaid:

" The iſle of *Carpúrá*, Sir, lies in *Jambud-* " *wipa*; and your majeſty has there a juſt right " of dominion! True, ſaid the peacock:

" For:

" A proud king, a child, and a man who
" ſeeks immenſe wealth, graſp at what is unattainable:

" What right can they have in it? If, ſaid I,
" dominion were obtained by words only, then
" might all *Jambudwipa* be ſubject to my king.
" How, ſaid the peacock, will he maintain his
" right? By war, anſwered I. Go, then, ſaid he,
" ſmiling, and make preparation for it. Send
" thy own ambaſſador, ſaid I. Who, aſked the
" king, will go on this embaſſy?

" For:

" An ambaſſador ſhould be thus qualified:

" *Faithful, honeſt, pure, fortunate, mild, laborious, patient, a Brahmen, knowing the hearts of others, and extremely ſagacious:*

" Again:

" Noble, true, eloquent, proſperous, affable,
" exact in delivering his meſſage, with a good
" memory:

" An ambaſſador ſhould have theſe ſeven qualities. There are many ſuch ambaſſadors; but
" a *Brahmen* muſt be appointed:

" For:

" Let a prince conciliate the Gods to himſelf,
" and not long immoderately for wealth; even
" by the company of *Siva*, the black hue of the
" venom is not to be removed.

" The parrot, therefore, muſt go. Having

" thus ſpoken, he ſaid to the parrot: Go thou " with him, and declare our pleaſure. As the " king commands, be it done, ſaid the parrot; " but with that miſchievous *baca* I cannot " travel.

" Thus it is written:

" A bad companion makes a bad condition; " the fruit is certain; as the ten-mouthed giant " carried *Seta* away; and as the ocean was " bound in chains.

" Further:

" We muſt never ſtand, we muſt never go, " with a wicked perſon! By ſtanding with a " crow, the gooſe was killed; and the vartace, " by moving.

" How was that? ſaid the king.

" In the road to *Ujjayani*, near the border of " it, is a large pippel-tree, where a wild gander " and a crow had lived a long time. Under this " tree, a traveller, fatigued by the ſummer heat, " ſlept in the ſhade, with his bow lying by him; " and whilſt he ſlept, the ſhade, for a ſhort time, " left his face; and the wild gooſe on the tree, " ſeeing his face enlightened with ſunbeams, " was moved with pity, and extending his " wings over, ſhadowed him. The traveller, " in deep ſleep, opened his mouth wide, and " the crow, letting his dung fall into it, flew " away. When he awoke, and found his mouth

" defiled, he looked up, and perceiving the wild " gooſe, ſhot him. Thence I ſay: We muſt " never ſtand, we muſt never walk, &c.

" Now I will tell you what happened to the " vartace:

" Hear:

" On a certain day, all the birds made a feſtival in honour of *Garuda*. On the ſea ſhore, " where they were walking, a crow and a vartace flew together; a ſhepherd, attending the " feaſt, carried on his head a pot of curds, which " the crow, from time to time, pecked at; upon " this, he ſet the pot on the ground, and raiſing " his head, ſaw both birds, and purſued them; " but the crow, while he ſtopped to breathe, " flew off, and the ſmall bird who moved ſlowly " was killed by him. Therefore, I repeat: We " muſt never ſtand, we muſt never move, &c.

" I then ſpoke thus: Brother parrot, why doſt " thou ſpeak ſo unkindly of me? Thou art, in " reſpect of me, as the feet of my king. Be it " ſo, anſwered he:

" Nevertheleſs:

" The ſoft words of the deceitful make me " fearful of miſchief; like the ſmell of flowers " out of ſeaſon.

" And thy wickedneſs in talking has been " fully known to me; for thy ſpeeches have, " before this, been the cauſe of a war between " two princes.

" Though a crime be committed even in preſence of a fool, he rejoices, like the chariot-" maker, who had his wife and her lover over " his head.

" How was that? ſaid I. He anſwered:

" In *Srinagarna* lived a carpenter, named " *Mandamati*, or little-ſenſe, who knowing his " wife to be unchaſte, but not having with his " own eyes ſeen her with her lover, told her " one day, he was going to another town, " and took his leave; yet, without going far, he " returned, and concealing himſelf in his houſe, " lay under the bed. The adulterer, in full confidence that the huſband was abſent, was ſent " for in the evening, and ſat ſporting with her " on the bed; when ſhe touching ſomething " with her foot, and concluding that it was " her huſband, began to lament. Her lover " aſked, what was the reaſon of this. She anwered: He that is the lord of my life is abſent; and this town, though full of inhabitants, appears to me like a deſert. Why, ſaid " he, ſhould this carpenter be an object of ſuch " affection? he who calls thee a harlot! Cruel " man! ſaid ſhe, what doſt thou ſay? Though " ſharp things be ſpoken, and though a wife " be ſeen with a look of anger; yet, when her " huſband is appeaſed, ſhe returns to her duty.

" Again:

" A huſband is the chief ornament of a wife, "though ſhe have no other ornament; but "though adorned, yet, without him, ſhe has no "ornament.

"Thou, an adulterer, with whom the le-"vity of my mind cauſed me to ſin, art like a "tambula-flower, worn a little while, and ſoon "thrown aſide: but my huſband, by his ſu-"preme dominion, has power to give or ſell "me to the gods or the *Brahmens*. What need "is there of many words; in his life I live, "and in his death I muſt die, as I certainly "will.

"For:

"As many hairs as are in the human body, "multiplied by a croire, and half a croire, ſo "many years will ſhe live in heaven, who dies "with her huſband.

"Again:

"As a charmer draws a ſerpent from his "hole, thus a good wife taking her huſband "from a place of torture, enjoys happineſs with "him.

"Yet more:

"When a faithful wife hears her huſband is "dead in a diſtant country, ſhe abandons life, "and accompanies him.

"Hear now the fruit of ſuch virtue:

"If he be bound in hell with the ſtrongeſt "chains, yet ſhe takes him by the hand, and

" leads him to heaven by the force of her
" piety!

" The carpenter hearing all this, thought
" within himſelf: I am a wonderful man, to
" poſſeſs ſuch a wife! a wife who ſpeaks of me
" ſo affectionately, whoſe love is innate. Saying
" this, he could not reſtrain himſelf, but raiſed
" on his head the couch, with his wife, and her
" gallant. Thence, I ſay: Though a crime, &c.

" After this, having ſaluted the king as if
" he had adminiſtered juſtice, I was diſmiſſed.
" Now, Sir, the parrot is coming after me;
" knowing all this, thou wilt act as is expedient.
" Sir, ſaid *Chacravaca*, ſmiling, this *Dirgha-*
" *muc'he*, having travelled to a foreign country,
" has performed the king's buſineſs to the beſt
" of his power; but this is a fault in his nature:

" For:

" Give a hundred pieces, rather than go to
" war. This is the rule in the ſacred code:—
" To war without neceſſity, is the part of a fool!

" After ſuch an affront, ſaid the king, war
" ſeems unavoidable. Sir, ſaid the miniſter, I
" will ſpeak in private without theſe hearers.

" For:

" As words form an echo, ſo the eye, and the
" motions of the body, are comprehended by
" the ſagacious: let prudent men, therefore, give
" counſel in ſecret.

" Beſides:

" By winks, by the walk, by action of ſpeech, " by the motion of the eye, and the lip, a wiſe " man diſcovers the mind.

" When he had ſaid this, the king and his " vizir remained, while the reſt departed, each " a different way.

" This I know, Sir, ſaid the miniſter, that this " buſineſs of ſending an ambaſſador, has been " effected by the baca.

" For:

" A ſick man is an advantage to phyſicians; " a meſſenger to the meſſenger's lord; a fool " to the learned; a king's ſubject to a warrior.

" Let this be the cauſe, ſaid the king; but " now ſay what muſt be done? Sir, ſaid *Chacravaca*, let an ambaſſador be ſent: then we " ſhall know the whole affair, and the enemies " ſtrength or weakneſs.

" Thus, indeed, it is written:

" Let an ambaſſador be the king's eye, in ſurveying his own and every other region; and " in diſcerning what is practicable, and what is " impracticable:—He who has no ſuch eye is " blind!

" Let him take a ſecond perſon, a confidential aſſiſtant; and when any ſecret buſineſs is " concerted, let him remain himſelf, and ſend " back his aſſiſtant.

“ Thus it is written:

“ In the place of a foreign king, let a wiſe “ man converſe with ambaſſadors, who know “ the divine books, are devout, and of a ſacred “ character.

“ A confidential miniſter ſhould be one who “ travels by land and water. Let ſome other “ (rice-bird) be ſent, but not this baca; let him “ remain in your palace; but let all this be kept “ ſecret; for good counſel is betrayed by ſix “ ears. This alſo is the caſe of a ſecret; let the “ king, therefore, conſult only with himſelf and “ another.

“ Hear:

“ By revealing a ſecret, the faults of a prince “ cannot be corrected:—this the moraliſts know.

“ He ſaid, eagerly, I have an excellent am-“ baſſador. Then, ſaid the miniſter, thou haſt “ obtained victory.

“ While they were ſpeaking, a chamberlain “ entered and ſaid: A parrot, from *Jambudwipa*, “ is arrived at the palace gate. The king looked “ at *Chacravaca*, who ſaid: Let an apartment “ be prepared for him, and let him repair to it; “ after that he ſhall be preſented. The cham-“ berlain ſaid: Be it as the king commands; and “ after that went with the parrot to his ſtation.

“ War, ſaid the king, is now ſettled. Yet, “ Sir, ſaid the miniſter, it muſt not take place.

" For, what is that treaſurer, or what is that " counſellor, who adviſes his prince to make " war without due conſideration?

" It is written:

" Let a wiſe king ſtrive for victory if he " be attacked; but let him not make war. " Since, if two kings fight, both cannot be " victors.

" And:

" Every man is a hero, who has not been in " battle: and who, that has not ſeen the ſtrength " of another, is not arrogant?

" Farther:

" A great ſtone is not raiſed, by men, without " labour: but if a man can attain great ſuc- " ceſs with little efforts, the fruit of his virtue " is great.

" Neverthelеſs, when war is determined on, " it muſt be vigorouſly conducted:

" For:

" As corn produces its fruit, among men, in " due ſeaſon; thus, good conduct produces fruit, " O king! after a long time, and not on a ſud- " den.

" Yet more:

" A great king ſhould fear his enemies at a " diſtance: but when near, act with valour. In " the midſt of danger, it is a dreadful crime to " be inactive.

" Again :

" The deſtroyer of all ſucceſſes, is ill-timed " apprehenſion of danger.

" He then added : The king *Chitraverna* is " exceedingly ſtrong. That we ſhould engage " with a ſtrong foe, is not adviſeable ; it would " be like a man aſſailing an elephant on " foot.

" Beſides :

" He is a fool, who, not having attained a " proper time, engages his enemy. A conteſt " with the ſtrong, would be like attempting to " fly with the wings of an inſect.

" Yet more :

" Let a warrior keep his arms reſerved, as a " tortoiſe contracts his limbs ; then, when he " has an opening, let him riſe up like an en-" raged ſerpent.

" Hear, O king !

" Againſt a great prince, a ſmall one may " perform much in due ſeaſon, if he know " ſtratagems ; as the inundation of a ſmall " river can tear up the roots of trees like " graſs.

" In this manner let the parrot, having con-" fided in us, be kept, until a neceſſary fortifica-" tion can be prepared :

" For :

" One bowman ſtanding on the centre wall,

" may fight an hundred, or even an hundred " thouſand; a caſtle, therefore, is neceſſary.

" It is added:

" A prince ſtationed in his enemy's country " without a fortreſs, unable to repel his foe, ne- " ceſſarily falls, like a man out of a ſhip.

" Again:

" A fortreſs muſt be built with large battle- " ments, and lofty walls, ſupplied with veſſels, " implements, proviſions, and water, with a hill, " a river, a dry plain, and a wood.

" Yet more:

" Of great extent; difficult of acceſs; ſuffi- " ciency of water, and grain; with ſtore of " wood; a fit place for ingreſs, and egreſs; theſe " are the ſeven excellencies of a caſtle.

" Who, ſaid the king, can be employed in " building it?

" Whoever, anſwered the miniſter, is emi- " nently ſkilful in the buſineſs, let him be em- " ployed; in ſuch buſineſs, whoever is inexpe- " rienced in it is a dunce, though he may know " all the ſaſtras; let the ſarás, therefore, be or- " dered to attend.

" The order being iſſued, and the ſarás at- " tending, the king thus addreſſed him: O ſa- " rás! thou muſt build a fortreſs. The ſarás, " having paid his homage, ſpoke thus: A for- " treſs, O king! has long been provided, name-

" ly, a large pool; but an iſland in the middle " of it ſhould be ſupplied with a quantity of " grain; ſince, of all ſtores, great monarch! a " ſtore of grain is moſt uſeful: a bright gem " taken into the mouth will not preſerve life.

" Beſides:

" Of all taſtes, the taſte of ſalt is moſt excel- " lent; let ſalt be uſed, without which the beſt " diſh would be unſavoury.

" Go, ſpeedily, ſaid the king, and make all ready.

" While the king was ſpeaking the wardour " entered, and, after ſalutation, ſaid: The ſove- " reign of the crows, O king! named *Megha-* " *verna*, is arrived from *Sinhaladwipa*, and " ſolicits the honour of ſeeing the feet of our " prince! The crow, ſaid the king, is a wiſe " bird, and has ſeen much of the world; let him " be graciouſly received. It is even ſo, ſaid " *Chacravaca*; but, O king! the crow is a land- " bird, and is conſidered as rejected by our " race, which differs widely from him: how can " he be received?

" It is thus written:

" A fool who leaves his own race, and delights " in another, is deſtroyed by ſtrangers, like the " blue ſhakàl.

" How, ſaid the king, did that happen?

" There is, ſaid the miniſter, in the city of " *Ujjayani* a ſhakàl, who going one night, for

" his pleaſure, beyond the limits of the town, fell " into a pot of indigo; and, unable to riſe out of " it, lay in it, as if he were dead. In the morn- " ing the owner of the indigo pulled him out, " and threw him out of the room; when he, " concealing himſelf, ran away to the foreſt. " Perceiving that he was of a dark blue colour, " he thus thought within himſelf: I am now " of a divine colour, the colour of *Criſhna!* " What greatneſs, therefore, may I not attain? " Having accordingly ſummoned the reſt of the " ſhakàls, he ſaid to them: The deity of this " wood has himſelf anointed me ſovereign of it, " with the juice of celeſtial herbs; ſee my holy " colour: to-day, therefore, I muſt begin the " diſcharge of my duty, and by my command " juſtice ſhall be adminiſtered in the foreſt.

" The beaſts, perceiving his diſtinguiſhing " colour, fell proſtrate, and paid homage, ſay- " ing: As the king commands! and then was " ſupreme dominion conferred on him by all the " animals of his race. Soon after, when he had " alſo aſſembled a herd of lions, tigers, and other " beaſts, deceived by his appearance, he deſpiſed " his ſpecies, and diſmiſſed all the ſhakàls, who " were much afflicted with their diſgrace; " but an old ſhakàl aroſe among them, and ſaid: " Be not grieved, I promiſe you relief; we, who " know him, are driven from him; but as he

" ſeeks to ruin us, I muſt contrive to deſtroy " him. The lions, tigers, and the reſt, imagine " from his blue hide, that he is a monarch; but " be it our care that he may be detected: thus " may we effect our purpoſe; one evening, when " you are all collected before him, ſet up a loud " cry; when he hears it, his nature will prompt " him to join in it:

" For:

" Whatever is natural to any one, can hardly " be diſcontinued: ſhould a dog be made a king, " he will ſtill gnaw leather.

" The tigers, &c. knowing his voice, will de-" ſtroy him. This being done, the conſequence " followed.

" As it is written:

" Our natural enemy knows our former crimes, " our heart, and our ſtrength; ſo that he pene-" trates and deſtroys, as fire burns a dry tree. " Thence, I ſay: A fool who leaves his own " flock, &c.

" Though it be ſo, ſaid the king, yet conſider, " ſince he comes from a great diſtance, what " reaſon can there be for rejecting him?

" O king, ſaid *Chacravaca*, an ambaſſador is " diſpatched, and a fortreſs built; let the par-" rot ſee this, and depart, ſince *Chanacya*, by " employing a ſagacious meſſenger, deſtroyed " *Nanda*; let a king, therefore, encircled with

" warriors, receive an ambaſſador who comes " from a diſtance.

" Upon this a council was aſſembled, and the " parrot introduced, together with the crow, " named *Meghaverna.*

" The parrot, raiſing his head a little when " he entered the hall of audience, ſaid, aloud: " Hear, O *Hyranyagarbha!* the proſperous *Chitraverna,* king of kings! thus commands " thee: If thou value thy life, or fortune, come " ſpeedily, and pay homage at our feet; if " not, be aſſured of expulſion from thy territory.

" The king anſwered, in a rage: Who, among " you, is not my ſubject? Then *Meghaverna* " roſe, and ſaid: Give the word, O king! and " I will put this baſe parrot to death. The miniſter then firmly addreſſed the king, and the " crow, in theſe words:

" Yet hear:

" That is no council, at which the aged attend " not; they are not aged, who ſpeak not with " juſtice; that is not juſtice, which is unaccompanied with truth; and there is no truth " where fear prevails.

" This is clear law. The parrot is a Brahmen; but an ambaſſador, though a barbarian, " muſt not be ſlain: a king ſpeaks by the mouth " of his ambaſſador, who, though weapons be " raiſed for war, merely delivers his meſſage.

" Farther :

" Who conſiders himſelf debaſed, becauſe an " ambaſſador reports, that others magnify them- " ſelves? They who are reſpectable, are ſo in " themſelves : a meſſenger ſpeaks only as he is " inſtructed.

" The king, nevertheleſs, and the crow, ex- " preſſed their natural warmth of temper; and " the parrot, riſing from his ſeat, departed: after " which, an officer, ſent by the miniſter, com- " plimented him with an ornament of gold, and " then diſmiſſed him.

" The parrot returned to the *Vindhya* moun- " tains, and paid his reſpects to *Chitraverna*, " who ſeeing him, ſaid: Well, my ambaſſador, " what is the ſtate of things? What ſort of a " country is it? O king! anſwered the parrot, " the ſtate of things is ſhortly this: A war muſt " be reſolved on; the iſland of *Carpura* is a ter- " reſtrial paradiſe; how can I paint it in proper " colours?

" The king, hearing this, convened an aſſem- " bly of his moſt diſtinguiſhed miniſters, and, " having taken his ſeat in council, ſpoke thus: " Now, ſince war muſt be waged, adviſe what " is to be done.

" As it is written :

" Diſcontented prieſts, and contented princes, " are alike ruined; modeſt harlots and immodeſt " women of rank, are alike.

" A vulture, named *Duraderſi*, or far-ſeeing, " then ſpoke thus: O king! in diſtreſs, war is " not to be waged:

" Since:

" Whenever the counſellors of a monarch are " well diſpoſed, and his miniſters ſerve him " ſteadily, and when the foe is unprepared, then " he may declare war.

" Let an aſtrologer, ſaid the king, be ſummoned by this my order; and let him calculate a propitious day for our expedition. O " king! ſaid the miniſter, any expedition, at " preſent, is improper.

" Since:

" Fools only engage on a ſudden, without " aſcertaining the ſtrength of their enemy; and " moſt aſſuredly receive a number of drawn " ſabres on their necks.

" Do not, ſaid the king, oppoſe, on all occaſions, my eager deſire; but declare, how a " prince, who ſeeks victory, muſt invade a " foreign territory. I will declare it, ſaid the " vulture; only hear; yet even this plan produces dangerous fruit:

" Thus it is written:

" What need has a prince of a counſellor who " acts not, and reaſons from books; by memory, preſcribing a medicine, no diſorder is " cured.

“ Is the country, then, ſaid the king, not to
“ be invaded? that ſo far is ſettled.

“ I will ſpeak, ſaid the miniſter, what I have
“ heard adviſed.

“ 1. Whenever, O king! there is fear of
“ danger with a river, a mountain, a wood, and
“ a caſtle; then let the chief commander go forth
“ with collected troops, exerted ſtrength.

“ 2. Then the principal obſerver of the hoſtile force, advance firm, encircled by warriors:
“ in the centre, let huſbands and wives, with
“ the treaſure, be placed; and all who are
“ weak.

“ 3. In both wings let the cavalry be ſtationed: by the horſes, chariots; by the chariots, elephants; by the elephants, infantry.

“ 4. Then let the ſovereign march, giving
“ confidence gradually to the diſpirited, ſurrounded by valiant counſellors, and with a
“ great force.

“ 5. Let him advance with elephants, to a
“ ſtation that is watery and mountainous; with
“ horſes, to a level and dry ſtation; let him paſs
“ water in boats, and every where be attended
“ with foot-ſoldiers.

“ 6. The march of elephants is advantageous
“ in the cloudy ſeaſon; of horſes, in the ſummer;
“ and of infantry, in all ſeaſons.

“ 7. When armies march over dangerous

"roads, they muſt provide for the ſafety of the "king; but if he ſleep, though guarded by "heroes, he negle&ts his duty.

"8. Let him ſmite, let him deſtroy the foe "with hard and ſharp ſtrokes; and when he "enters a foreign country, let him look out for "a wood before him.

"9. Where the king is, there is the treaſure; "where there is no treaſure, there is no reigning; but let him impart it to his warriors: "Who would not fight when wealth is beſtowed?

"10. No man, O king! is the ſlave of a "man, but of riches: the rank of a ſpiritual "guide, or the lowneſs of a beggar, depend on "wealth, or the want of it.

"11. They fight to prevent a defeat, and mutually defend each other; but let that part of "an army which is ever ſo little weak, be ſtationed in the midſt of the forces.

"12. Let the ſovereign place the infantry "before him; and take his ſtation. While the "foe is compelled to go round him, let him "lay waſte the country.

"13. On a level ground, let him engage with "chariots and horſes; on the water, with boats "and elephants.

"14. In a place covered with trees and creeping ſhrubs, let him uſe bows, ſwords, and "ſhields, and other weapons.

“ 15. Let him continually moleſt his enemy; “ deſtroying their food, their fields, their water, “ their wood, and their entrenchments.

“ 16. Among the king’s forces, the elephant is “ the chief, and no other: an elephant, uſing “ all his members, is conſidered as having eight “ arms.

“ 17. The horſe is the ſtrength of armies, for “ he is a moving wall: a king, therefore, poſ-“ ſeſſed of many horſes, is victorious in land-“ fights.

“ 18. Warriors, mounted on horſes, are hard “ to be conquered, even by gods; their ene-“ mies, even at a diſtance, are ſubdued by “ them.

“ 19. The firſt buſineſs of war, is the pre-“ ſervation of the whole army: cleaning the “ ground, and chuſing the aſpect, is called the “ firſt action.

“ 20. Wiſe men acknowledge as their elder “ brother, a man naturally brave, ſkilful in “ arms, well-affected, kind-hearted, difficult to “ be ſubdued, famed for heroiſm, and of great “ ſtrength.

“ 21. Men do not fight, O king! ſo boldly “ for gifts and wealth, as for the honours con-“ ferred by their ſovereign.

“ 22. A ſmall army, if excellent, is a great “ one; not a numerous force with their heads

" ſhorn (diſgraced): the flight of bad troops " aſſuredly cauſes the route of good ones.

" 23. Not to protect, not to be preſent, to be " ſparing of gifts, to procraſtinate, to have no " wardour who may introduce ſuppliants; theſe " are cauſes of diſaffection.

" 24. By haraſſing the foes, let him who " ſeeks victory overcome them; by delaying to " haraſs them, they proſper, and are gratified.

" 25. In defeating the enemy, there is no " other object than dividing the ſpoil: let the " prince, therefore, with care divide the booty " taken from the foe.

" 26. When peace is made by a viceroy, or " by a principal counſellor, a firm prince may " expreſs anger, and renew the war.

" 27. He may even, after having defeated the " enemy, deſtroy them, with troops eager for " gain; or ſeize and carry off their cattle, or " even impriſon their chief.

" 28. Let a prince make his own regions popular, for the ſake of poſſeſſing that of another: or by beſtowing gifts, and conferring " honours, with like popularity, let him acquire " the odour of fame for generoſity.

" Ah! ſaid the king, what need is there for " ſo many words. To be fortunate by nature, " and to ſubdue the foe, theſe are the two properties of a king: by poſſeſſing theſe qua-

" lities, wiſe princes extend their glory like " *Vàchaſpati!*

" Another kind of ſtrength, ſaid the miniſter, " ſmiling, muſt be provided; another code of " ſciences muſt be prepared: How can light and " darkneſs remain equally in one ſtation?

" The king then aroſe, and an aſtronomer " having marked the propitious time of the ſun's " paſſing through the ſign, he marched forth. " Juſt then a meſſenger arrived, who, after " making obeiſance to *Hiranyagharva*, thus " ſpoke: O king! *Chitraverna* is approaching; " and even now, has taken his ground on the " top of the moüntain *Malaya:* a guard muſt " be kept continually in the caſtle, for the vul- " ture is his prime miniſter. Yet more: It has " been aſſerted, in converſation upon this ſub- " ject, that a certain bird was before ordered by " the vulture to make an attempt upon the for- " treſs. O king, cried *Chacravaca*, that muſt " be the crow! By no means, ſaid the king: if it " were ſo, how would he have begun with pro- " poſing the death of the parrot? Beſides: Our " foes ſucceſs in this war, muſt have been ſince " the arrival of the parrot: the crow has been " a long time conſtantly here. Yet, ſaid the " miniſter, when a ſtranger comes, he ſhould " be treated with caution. What benefactor, " ſaid the king, can be conſidered as a ſtranger!

"Hear:

"A ſtranger, who is kind, is a kinſman.

"An unkind kinſman is a ſtranger.

"Painful diſtempers are bred in the body, "while ſoothing medicines grow in the foreſt.

"Again:

"*Viravara*, ſervant of the king *Sudrac*, in a "ſhort time, gave up his own ſon.

"How, aſked the miniſter, did that happen?

"Once, anſwered the king, as I was ſporting "with a young gooſe, named *Carpuramanjari*, "in the pool of *Carpuraceti*, made for the re-"creation of king *Sudrac*, a *Rajaputra*, named "*Viravara*, who had come from a diſtant coun-"try, went, at that time, to the wardour of the "palace, and ſaid: I am a *Rajaputra*, who want "a maintenance, grant me a ſight of the king! "The warden went to *Sudrac*, and perform-"ing due homage, ſaid: O king! a *Rajaputra*, "named *Viravara*, is come from a foreign coun-"try, and ſtands at thy gate.

"The king ſaid: Bring him to me. *Viravara* "was accordingly introduced to the king's pre-"ſence; and ſaluting him, ſaid: If you aſk for "me as thy ſervant, O king! allow me a ſti-"pend. What ſtipend doſt thou demand? ſaid "*Sudrac*. Four hundred pieces of gold a day, "anſwered *Viravara*. With what implements, "ſaid the king, canſt thou perform ſervice?

" With three, ſaid *Viravara:* the two firſt are " my two arms, and the third is my ſabre. It " cannot be, ſaid the king; and *Viravara,* " making his obeiſance, departed. The firſt " miniſter then addreſſed the king: Allow him, " Sir, this ſalary for a few days, that his diſ- " poſition may be known; then you may pro- " portion his pay to the talents he poſſeſſes. " *Sudrac*, perſuaded by this advice, called back " the ſoldier, and giving him betel, ordered him " the ſtipend he had demanded. And then " keeping a conſtant watch on his actions, learnt " that *Viravara* gave one half of his pay to the " gods and the brahmens, one quarter to the " poor, and the remainder he ſpent on himſelf. " This was his conſtant practice. And, with " his ſabre in his hand, he kept watch, day and " night, at the palace gate; going to the king " only when he was called for.

" On the fourteenth of the dark half of the " moon *Bhadra*, at midnight, the king heard the " ſound of weeping and lamentation. He ſaid, " aloud: Who is there at the gate? The ſoldier " anſwered: O king! I, *Viravara*, am in wait- " ing. Let an enquiry be made, ſaid the king " concerning that weeping. Be it as the king " commands, ſaid *Viravara*, and immediately " departed.

" In the mean while, the king, thinking within

" himſelf, that he had unadviſedly ſent a ſingle " ſoldier, in ſo dark a night, without a torch, took " his cimeter, and followed him out of the town.

" *Viravara* had diſcovered a damſel, very " young, exquiſitely beautiful, and elegantly " appareled, to whom he ſaid: Who art thou? " Wherefore doſt thou weep?

" She anſwered:

" I am *Lacſhmi*, the Fortune of king *Sudrac*; " under the ſhadow of whoſe arm I have long " repoſed: but am now forced to depart from " him, and therefore weep. By what means, " ſaid *Viravara*, can the goddeſs be again eſta- " bliſhed here? If thou, anſwered *Lacſhmi*, will " devote to me, the goddeſs of felicity, thy ſon " *Sactivaré*, whoſe body has ſixty marks of ex- " cellence, I will again dwell a long time in this " country.—So ſaying, ſhe vaniſhed.

" *Viravara* then went to his own houſe, and " waked his wife and ſon, whom he found ſleep- " ing. *Viravara* repeated to them the very " words of *Lacſhmi*; which *Sactivara* no ſooner " heard, than he ſaid, with rapture: Glorious, " indeed, am I become! who am the inſtrument " of ſaving the dominions of my prince! What, " O father, ſhould occaſion delay? any day, " ſurely, muſt be favourable for offering up my " body in ſuch a cauſe.

" Since the poet ſays:

" A good man would reſign his wealth, and " even his life, for others: ſince death is inevi- " table, that death is ſurely beſt, which procures " moſt good to the virtuous.

" Let this, added his mother, be the buſineſs " of our family: if it be not, how elſe can we " give an equivalent for the ſplendid ſalary " which the king allows us?

" Having ſaid this, all of them haſtened to the " goddeſs of proſperity; to whom *Viravara*, " with pious adoration, ſaid: Be favourable, O " goddeſs! grant victory to the great king *Su-* " *drac*, and receive thy offered ſlave. So ſay- " ing, he ſtruck off the head of his ſon: " and immediately thought thus within him- " ſelf: I have now made a full return for the " king's munificence, but, without my boy, my " own life is a fruitleſs burden. After this ſhort " meditation, he ſtabbed himſelf: and his wife, " ſeeing him dead, and unable to ſurvive her " huſband and her ſon, put an end to her life, " with the ſame weapon.

" All this *Sudrac* heard and ſaw with aſto- " niſhment, and ſaid:

" Ignoble men live and die like me; but the " equal of that *Viravara* never exiſted, nor ever " will exiſt among men. Since my kingdom is " therefore deprived of him, it is of no more " uſe to me.

" He then unſheathed his ſword, and was " preparing with pleaſure to give himſelf a mortal wound, when the goddeſs *Lacſhmi*, appearing in a viſible form, took the king by the " hand, and ſaid: My ſon, this act will be abſurd; thy realm ſhall not now be broken. " *Sudrac*, falling proſtrate, ſaid: O goddeſs, I " have no occaſion for my realm, nor even for " my life. If ſtill thou haſt any affection for " me, let that hero *Viravara*, with his wife and " ſon, be reſtored to life by my death; let me " go into that path which becomes me. I am " abundantly ſatisfied, ſaid *Lacſhmi*, with thy " fervent piety, and love for thy ſervant; go, " conquer, and let the hero, with his family, " riſe to life!

" The king, having again proſtrated himſelf " before the goddeſs, returned to his palace, " unſeen by any mortal. *Viravara*, in the mean " time, roſe from the dead, with his wife and " his child:—they went home, and he returned " to his ſtation before the royal gate.

" The king then aſked him, what he had " found to be the cauſe of the lamentation. He " anſwered: O king! a girl was weeping, and " when ſhe ſaw me, ſhe vaniſhed: there was " no other cauſe.

" When the king heard this anſwer, he was " highly pleaſed; and ſaid within himſelf: How

" can this moſt virtuous man, *Viravara*, be re-
" warded?

" It is written:

" A true hero ſpeaks gently, boaſts not of
" himſelf, is liberal, and no reſpecter of perſons.
" —A great man is benevolent.

" How this whole tranſaction proves the
" greatneſs of *Viravara!*

" In the morning the king aſſembled an illuſ-
" trious council, and, relating the adventure,
" from the beginning to the end, conferred on
" *Viravara*, with great honour, the kingdom of
" *Cárnata.*

" How then is a ſtranger to be cenſured?
" But among ſtrangers, it is true, are ſome of
" the higheſt, ſome of the loweſt, and ſome of
" the middle, claſs.

" *Chacravaca* then ſaid: What ſort of a coun-
" ſellor is he, who gratifies the deſire of his
" prince, when he orders what ought not to be
" done? It is better that the mind of his maſter
" ſhould be grieved, than that he ſhould periſh
" through improper conduct.

" Hear, O king!

" Let me attain what is acquired by virtue;
" and not reſemble the barber, who, through
" the deluſion of a golden veſſel, ſlew the beg-
" gar, and was ſlain himſelf.

" How, aſked the king, did that happen?

" In the city of *Ayodhya*, ſaid the miniſter, " lived a ſoldier, named *Chudamani*; who, giving himſelf great pains in ſearch of wealth, " paid particular homage to the god adorned " with a creſcent: and having committed very " few ſins, had the felicity of ſeeing the deity in " a dream; who ſaid to him: Shave thyſelf this " morning, and ſtand concealed behind the gate, " with a club in thy hand, with which thou " ſhalt put to death a beggar, who ſhall come " into the court, and inſtantly the dead body " ſhall be changed into a veſſel full of gold; " which infallibly ſhall make thee happy, as long " as thou liveſt and ſpendeſt it freely. The ſoldier did as he was commanded, and gained the " treaſure; but the barber who had come to " ſhave him, and ſaw what happened, thus reaſoned within himſelf: Oh! is that the mode " of gaining gold? what then, cannot I too perform? From that time, therefore, he ſtood " early in the morning, from day to day, with " a club in his hand, waiting for a beggar: and " one morning, a poor man, who came to ſolicit alms, was attacked and ſlain by him. The " king's officers, however, ſeized him, and he " ſuffered death for the murder. Thence I ſaid: " Let me poſſeſs what is gained by virtue, and " ſo forth.

" How, ſaid the king, can he be proved, by a

" multitude of words, to be any other than what " he ſeems? Is any one a friend, without good " reaſon? Why then ſhould my confidence in " him ceaſe? let him now come, and in his " ſtation be of uſe to me. If *Chitraverna* be " at this moment in the mountain of *Malaya*, " what can be done?

" I have heard, ſaid the miniſter, from the " mouth of a ſpy, juſt arrived, that *Chitraverna* " has diſregarded the advice of his counſellor, " the vulture: the indiſcreet prince may, there" fore, be ſubdued.

" For:

" He who thirſts for wealth; he who aban" dons honeſty; he who rejects advice; he " who ſpeaks falſely; a negligent man; a cow" ard; a weak man; all theſe, if enemies, have " no reaſon to rejoice.

" As long, therefore, as he refrains from ſur" rounding the gates of the fort, ſo long may " the ſarás's, and the other generals, be employed " in deſtroying his forces in the river, the moun" tain, the caſtle, and the roads.

" Thence it is written:

" When an hoſtile army is fatigued by a long " march, is impeded by a river, a mountain, " or a foreſt, intimidated by a terrible fire, tor" mented with thirſt, deficient in vigilance, " weakened with hunger, afflicted with diſeaſe,

" or pain, not well ſtationed, moleſted by
" ſtorms and ſhowers, obſtructed by duſt, by
" mud, and by water, an army in ſuch ſituations
" may eaſily be overpowered by an intelligent
" king.

" Again:

" An army, O king! which is exhauſted by
" watching, through fear of a nightly aſſault,
" and ſlumbers through the day, may at once
" be ſubdued, as the eye is overcome by ſleep.

" Thy troops then, advancing againſt thoſe
" which he has detached, will deſtroy them by
" day, and by night, as occaſion ſerves.

" This was accordingly done, and *Chitraverna*
" ſeeing many of his leaders and officers fall
" around him, thus, with extreme grief, ad-
" dreſſed his miniſter *Duradarſan:*

" O, my father! why do we ſtay longer
" here? What diſgrace has befallen me!

" It is written:

" When no progreſs is made in acquiring do-
" minion, all will prove unſucceſsful. Not to
" advance, as certainly deſtroys proſperity, as
" age impairs the moſt beautiful form.

" Beſides:

" Good actions lead to ſucceſs, as good me-
" dicines to a cure; a healthy man is joyful, and
" a diligent man attains the end of learning. So

"a juſt man gains the reward of his virtue, "riches, and fame.

"Be virtuous, juſt, benevolent, and affectionate, to all creatures that have life; as water "naturally deſcends, thus wealth, and felicity, "naturally come to a good man.

"O king! ſaid the vulture, a prince, though "unwiſe, reaches the ſummit of magnificence "by attending to one who encreaſes his knowledge, like a tree which flouriſhes by growing "near a river.

"Farther:

"The taſte of wine; the love of woman; "exceſſive hunting; gaming; and borrowing of "money; liſtening to falſe charges; ſeverity in "inflicting of puniſhments; theſe are the cauſes "of a king's miſery.

"Yet more:

"Wealth unjuſtly collected is not enjoyed by "him who indulges in boundleſs pleaſures, but "has no reſource in his inmoſt ſoul; true "wealth reſides with good morals, and with "valour.

"Thou, perceiving the good condition of thy "army, and exulting in force alone, haſt added "harſhneſs of ſpeech to thy neglect of my counſels; this fruit, therefore, of thy bad conduct, "is now actually gathered.

"As the poet ſays:

"What offences againſt morals are committed
"by him who liſtens not to advice!

"What man, who refuſes to take medicines,
"do not diſorders torment?

"Whom doth not good fortune fill with
"pride?

"Whom does not death at length overtake?

"Who is not plagued by wealth, and goods,
"brought as a portion by his wife?

"Thus, therefore, I reaſoned: This prince "has no underſtanding; how he conſumest he "dictates of ſound inſtruction by the fire of his "own words!

"For:

"If a man has no knowledge of his own, of "what uſe is a book to him? Of what ſervice is "a mirror to a blind man?

"For this reaſon I remained ſpeechleſs. The "king, joining his fore-feet in a ſubmiſſive poſture, ſaid: Be it ſo; it is all my fault: but "now adviſe, how, with this reinforcement of "my army, I ſhall return to the *Vindhya* mountains. The vulture thought within himſelf: "We muſt have recourſe to a ſtratagem; and then "ſaid, aloud: O king! anger muſt ever be appeaſed towards the gods, a preceptor, cattle, kings, "prieſts, women, and children, towards cows,

" the old, and the ſick: then, with a ſmile, he " added: Be not diſheartened, O king! be con" fident.

" Hear:

" The wiſdom of a *counſellor* is known on a " breach of peace; of a *phyſician*, in the three " acute diſtempers: Who is not wiſe, that can " ſhew wiſdom in ſuch emergencies?

" Beſides:

" When fools begin a trifling act, they heſi" tate; but when the wiſe begin an arduous " enterprize, they are firm, and without he" ſitation.

" I, therefore, will conduct thee quickly hence " to the *Vindhya* mountains, attended with fame " and ſtrength, having even deſtroyed by thy " force the caſtle of the enemy.

" How, ſaid the king, can that be atchieved " with ſo inconſiderable an army? Sir, anſwered " the vulture, it will all happen.

" He, therefore, who deſires conqueſt, muſt " avoid procraſtination, and haſten to attain " victory.

" This very day let a line be formed around " the fortreſs.

" While this was doing, a baca (or paddy" bird), who had been ſent as a ſpy, came to " king *Hiranyagarbha*; whom he thus addreſſed:

" O king, this *Chitraverna* is now, by the ad-
" vice of his counſellor, the vulture, ſurrounding
" the gates of thy caſtle. The king, turning to
" his miniſter, ſaid: O thou, all-knowing, what
" now muſt be done?

" The flamingo ſaid:

" By the ſtrength of thy own mind, O king,
" make a diſtinction between good and evil;
" diſtribute gold and dreſſes, as marks of thy
" favour, to ſuch as deſerve them:

" Since it is written:

" Fortune deſerts not that lion-prince, who
" exacts twenty ſhells from the peaſant, yet be-
" ſtows thouſands of weights of gold with a
" liberal hand.

" Again:

" On eight occaſions, O king! there cannot
" be too much liberality:

" A ſolemn ſacrifice, a royal marriage, in pub-
" lic diſtreſs, for the deſtruction of enemies, on
" a work which will raiſe reputation, on the ſo-
" ciety of friends, for the comfort of beloved
" wives, and for the relief of indigent relations.

" Yet more:

" A fool, through fear of beſtowing too much,
" aſſuredly loſes all: What wiſe man diſpenſes
" not his whole fortune through fear of a worſe
" misfortune?

" How, ſaid the king, can exceſſive prodigality be of uſe on the preſent occaſion?

" It is written:

" To eſcape danger, let a man preſerve his " wealth; to ſecure his wealth, let him preſerve " his wife; and by his wife and his wealth, let " him even preſerve himſelf.

" How, ſaid the miniſter, can a fortunate man " be expoſed to danger? Sometimes, anſwered " the king, Fortune forſakes her favourites. " Even accumulated wealth is loſt, replied the " miniſter; laying, therefore, aſide this avaricious " mood, encourage thy warriors with gifts and " honours.

" As it is written:

" Soldiers contented with their ſtations, determined to periſh or conquer when they are " ennobled, and honoured, infallibly ſubdue the " hoſtile forces.

" Again:

" Heroes, with good morals, pleaſed with " their ſervice, reſolved to act, although there " be only five hundred of them, ſlay an army of " foes.

" Yet more:

" A prince who knows not how to make diſtinctions, who acts with ſeverity, and fruſtrates " good actions, is deſerted by all honeſt men;

"how much more by others? Even a wife deſerts a huſband, who only gratifieth his own "hunger.

"Since it is added:

"Truth, valour, liberality, theſe are the principal virtues of kings; void of theſe, a ruler "of the world is ſure to have a blemiſhed character.

"Good counſellors are alſo neceſſarily to be "honoured.

"Therefore it is written:

"The hero, who, when he is engaged in "any great undertaking, pardons offences, diſperſes treaſure, encreaſes fortunes, he is to be "truſted, he is to be ſerved with our hearts, "and wealth!

"Farther;

"When a low man, a woman, a child, or a "fool, are the adviſers of a king; he is toſſed by "the winds of vice, and drowned in a ſea of "trouble!

"Again:

"The prince who conceals his joy, and his "anger, who ſpends his revenue with continual moderation, is never forſaken by his "ſervants, and the earth beſtows her wealth on "him!

"Such miniſters as reſolve to proſper, or

" periſh, with their ſovereign, ought never to be " diſgraced by him:

" Since;

" When a king, blind with pride, falls into " an ocean of perils, the wiſe exertions of an " affectionate miniſter take him by the hand, " and preſerve him from drowning.

" After this converſation *Meghaverna* entered " haſtily, and having paid homage, thus addreſſed the king: Grant me, O king! the " honour of an interview; the enemy, who " wage this violent war, are in motion at the " caſtle gate; let me, therefore, by the order of " your majeſty, ſally forth, and ſhew my valour, " that I may return, in ſome degree, the obligations which you have conferred on me. No, " no, ſaid the flamingo, if we are to ſally forth, " it is needleſs to fortify the caſtle.

" Therefore it is written:

" Though a crocodile be dangerous as poiſon, " yet, if he leave the water, he becomes weak: " if a lion depart from the foreſt, he neceſſarily " becomes like a ſhakàl.

" O king! go in perſon, and view the attack:

" For;

" Let a prince lead his army, and engage at " its head: even a dog lions it in ſight of his " maſter.

" Nevertheleſs, all the troops, by the king's " command, marched out of the caſtle, and a " dreadful conflict enſued.

" On the next morning *Chitraverna* ſaid to " the vulture: Ha, father! what thou haſt pro" miſed, muſt be performed.

" Hear, O king! ſaid the vulture:

" A general, who acts unſeaſonably, who is " weak, indiſcreet, ignorant of principles, cannot " keep a ſecret, or fights without courage, is the " ruin of a fortreſs.

" To conquer by alliance with the enemy's " officers; to continue a blockade obſtinately; " to attack at night; or to take a caſtle, and " plunder it, by ſtorm; theſe are the four greateſt " acts in war.

" Then, whiſpering in his ear, he added: Let " us engage, therefore, here as valiantly as we " are able.

" Before the ſun was riſen, while a fierce " battle was fought before each of the four caſtle" gates, *Meghaverna*, with the crows, his com" panions, ſet fire, in one day, to the whole for" treſs, and cried out: The fort is taken! it is " taken! When the generals, therefore, of *Hi" ranyagarbha*, and the other birds of the gar" riſon, heard the clamour, and ſaw the caſtle " in flames, they ſpeedily entered the pool;

" For:

" A good conſultation; a good preparation; " a good engagement; and a good retreat; let " a wiſe officer do all this when occaſion offers, " without heſitation.

" The gander, from his natural form and habit, " moved ſlowly, accompanied by the ſarás; and " being ſurrounded by the cock, with the troops " of *Chitraverna*, thus addreſſed his faithful " general: O ſarás! thou ſhalt not deſtroy thy-" ſelf through my fault; thou mayeſt now de-" part, enter the lake, and there, with the advice " of *Servajnya*, my miniſter, place on the throne " my ſon *Chudàretna*. Give not, O king! ſaid " the ſarás, this improvident order: thou mayeſt " yet be a great monarch, famed as long as " the ſun and moon ſhall endure. I was com-" mander of the caſtle, and the enemy may enter " it when the gates of it are ſtained with my " blood:

" Since it is written:

" A maſter, patient, generous, abounding " with good qualities, is to be ſerved for his " virtue.

" True, ſaid the king; but it is added:

" A ſervant, pure, honeſt, and faithful, is I " know hard to be found. The ſarás then ſaid: " Hear, O king! if, by leaving the field, we loſe " all fear of death, we may then proſperouſly " ſeek another place; but if death be inevitable,

" why ſhould our name be ſullied to no good " purpoſe?

" Again:

" In this world, broken with the motion of " waves, violently agitated, life ſhould be vir- " tuouſly ſacrificed for the benefit of others.

" Thou, O king! muſt in all events be pre- " ſerved.

" Since:

" The king; the miniſter; the country; the " fortreſs; the treaſure; the army; and our " friends; theſe are, by nature, the bodies of a " kingdom, and ſhould continue an aſſemblage " of precious things, long ſecured: among theſe, " the chief is the king; for nature, though " abundant, cannot exiſt when her lord is gone. " Though *Dhanwanteri* be the phyſician, what " can he do when life is departed?

" Beſides:

" This mortal race of ſubjects are miſerable, " through the miſery of the prince; and by " his riſe they riſe, like the lotus, viſited by ſun- " beams.

" The cock then came, and attacked the gan- " der with his talons and beak; but the ſarás, " in haſte, covered his prince with his wings " and body, till, when all the cocks at once aſ- " ſailing him, ſtill ſecuring the king who had

" fallen, puſhed him into the water, and ſlew, " with his ſharp bill, the general of the cocks; " but fell himſelf, overpowered by a multitude " of birds. *Chitraverna* then entered the " caſtle, and ſeizing all the treaſures hoarded " in it, was congratulated as victor by the encomiaſts, and returned to his own camp."

" We admire," ſaid the young princes, " the " virtue of the ſarás who commanded the " gander's army, in preſerving his lord at the " expence of his own life:

" Since:

" Cows bring forth calves, all with bodies " like themſelves; but few of them are bulls, " with horned foreheads, and leaders of the " herd."

" The noble ſarás," ſaid *Viſhnuſarman*, " by " abandoning his mortal frame, aſcended to the " immortal gods, and was born again the ſon of " a goddeſs, living happily above, for a time " proportionate to his merit.

" Thence it is written:

" They who are valiant in battle, forſaking " even life for the ſake of their maſters, and " ſervants devoted to their lords, and intelligent in buſineſs, aſcend indubitably to " heaven.

" Again:

"When a ſoldier, who has ſhewn no timi-"dity, falls in battle, ſurrounded by foes, he "reaches the gods, who die no more.

"May you, when you reign, fight not always "with elephants, with horſemen, and with in-"fantry! but may your enemies, overthrown "by the winds of wiſe counſels, be driven for "protection to the mountains!"

END OF BOOK THE THIRD.

BOOK THE FOURTH.

On Peace.

THE princes then addreſſed their inſtructor: "Thou haſt given an account of war, now "let us hear ſomething of peace."—"I will "ſpeak," ſaid *Viſhnuſarman*, "of peace; ſince "it is your pleaſure.

"Attend; the principal verſe is this:

"A great war continuing, and the armies of "both kings being exhauſted, peace was quickly "concluded by the vulture and the chacra, who "met for that purpoſe."

"How," ſaid the princes, "did that hap-"pen?"

Viſhnuſarman proceeded with the fable.

"The gander, thus preſerved, ſaid to his "council: Who ſet fire to my caſtle? Was it "a ſtranger, or a ſubject of mine, inhabiting "the fort, and in league with mine enemies?

"O king, anſwered the chacra, that *Megha-"verna*, whom you made your friend without "reaſon, is now with the enemy; at leaſt he is

" not to be found here; whence I conclude, that " the baſe work was his.

" The king, after meditating a while, ſaid : " Even ſo : this was my fault, or my bad for- " tune.

" Whence it is ſaid :

" It is even the fault of deſtiny, not of his " counſellors : and whatever good he has before " done, is on this account deſtroyed.

" This, too, is written, ſubjoined the coun- " ſellor :

" When a man has a bad ſtar he accuſes deſ- " tiny; but unwiſely perceiveth not his own bad " actions.

" Further :

" He who follows not the advice of his be- " loved friends, falls like the fooliſh tortoiſe from " the pole by which he hangs.

" How, ſaid the king, was that ?

" In *Magadhadeſa*, or *South Behar*, anſwered " the chacra, is a pool, named *Phullo'tpala*, or " lotus-bloſſom ; where two geeſe dwelled, to- " gether with a tortoiſe, their friend. It hap- " pened once, that ſome fiſhers came thither, and " ſaid: Why do we wait ſo long on the bank? In " the morning we will deſtroy all the fiſh, and " the tortoiſes. The tortoiſe hearing this, ſaid, " with great fear, to the two geeſe: My friends, " I have heard the dreadful threats of the two

" fiſhermen; what, therefore, can be done? Let " it firſt be aſcertained, anſwered they, that we " are in danger, and then deliberate on the " means of eſcaping. No, no, ſaid the tortoiſe, " what appears expedient muſt be done imme- " diately:

" As it is written:

" The two fiſh, *Anagata-vidhatri* and *Praty-* " *utpennamati*, both proſpered, while *Yadbha-* " *wiſhya* periſhed.

" How, ſaid the geeſe, did that happen?

" Once, anſwered the tortoiſe, three fiſher- " men, who had come to this very pool, were " ſeen by the fiſh, one of whom, named *Anaga-* " *tavidhatri*, thus thought within himſelf: I " muſt not ſtay here; but, diſregarding the " maxim, that, what will be, will be, let me ſink " to the bottom: he ſunk accordingly. An- " other fiſh, whoſe name was *Pratyutpennamati*, " ſaid: Whither muſt I go, ſince I have no cer- " tain knowledge of futurity? I muſt act with " reſolution:

" Since it is written:

' He who is in danger, and finds a way to " eſcape, is truly wiſe.

" That, ſaid *Yadbhawiſhya*, which is impoſ- " ſible in nature cannot be done; that which " is natural may naturally be performed; ſince " this opinion deſtroys the venom of care,

" why ſhould we not take ſo ſalutary a me-
" dicine?

" When *Pratyutpennamati*, therefore, was
" caught in the net, he ſprang with all his
" force into the water, and diſappeared; while
" *Yadbhawiſhya* was taken and killed. Thence I
" repeated the verſe concerning this fiſh: Let it,
" therefore, be contrived, that I may go to the
" bottom of ſome other lake.

" How, ſaid the geeſe, canſt thou, who creep-
" eſt on the ground, go ſafely? Let me go, an-
" ſwered he, with you through the air. But
" how, replied the wild geeſe, can that be con-
" trived? If you two, ſaid the tortoiſe, hold a
" ſtaff in your beaks, I will graſp the middle of
" it with mine; and thus you will fly with me
" through the air. Let this be the contrivance,
" ſaid the geeſe: but he who thinks of a mea-
" ſure, muſt alſo think of the evil which may
" enſue: ſee how the youngeſt of the fooliſh
" baca's were devoured by weaſels.

" How, ſaid the tortoiſe, did that happen?

" In the north, ſaid one of the wild geeſe, near
" the mountain, called *Gridhracátà*, or vulture-
" cliff, on the bank of the river called *Airávati*,
" ſtands a vata-tree; in the hollow of which lived
" a black ſerpent, who uſed to devour the young
" birds, that neſtled on the tree. An old baca,
" hearing the lamentations of the young birds,

" thus addreſſed them: Have recourſe to this " expedient: take ſome fiſh, and beginning with " the hole of the weaſel, or ichneumon, ſcatter " them one by one in a line, 'till you come to " the black ſerpent's hole; the ichneumon, eager " for food, will then come, and neceſſarily ſeeing " the ſnake, to whom they bear a natural enmity, will deſtroy him. This was done, and " the ichneumons tracing the fiſh to the cavity " of the tree in which the ſerpent dwelled, devoured him: ſoon after, a cry of the young " baca's was heard, and the ichneumons having " climbed up the tree, deſtroyed them all.

" Therefore, I ſaid: He who thinks of any " meaſure, muſt alſo think of the evil which " may enſue it.

" If thou be taken, therefore, by us in the " manner propoſed by thee, thou wilt be ſeen " by ſome of the human race, who will exclaim, " how wonderful! and if, on hearing this, thou " attempteſt to give an anſwer, thou wilt inevitably periſh: by all means, therefore, remain here.

" Am I, then, ſaid the tortoiſe, a perfect idiot? " how ſo! I will ſay nothing; have I no regard " for myſelf?

" The wild geeſe finding him obſtinate, raiſed " him on a pole in the air; and the herdſmens " boys, perceiving a tortoiſe in ſo ſtrange a ſitua-

" tion, ran halloing and exclaiming: When he " falls we will dreſs him, and feaſt on him! " Another ſaid: We will carry him hence alive! " The tortoiſe, hearing theſe ill-natured ſpeeches, " was ſo provoked, that he forgot his former " reſolution, and ſaid, in a paſſion: Eat aſhes, " you young cow-keepers! No ſooner had he " opened his beak, than he fell, and was killed " by them. Therefore, I ſaid: He who follows " not the advice of his faithful friends, falls like " the fooliſh tortoiſe.

" Soon after a baca, who had been ſent as a " ſcout, came and ſaid: O king! I had before " given my advice, that the caſtle ſhould be evacuated; this is the fruit of neglecting it:— " the fortreſs was burnt by that villain *Meghaverna*, who was employed for that purpoſe, " by the enemy's prime miniſter the vulture.

" Oh! interrupted the king, with a deep ſigh, " he who confides in a foe, who honours or " benefits him, reſembles a man who ſleeps on " the top of a tree, and when he falls, is reproved by all.

" The baca continued: When *Meghaverna*, " O king! had burnt the fortreſs, he went to " the camp of *Chitraverna*, who was extremely " gracious to him, and ſaid: *Meghaverna* ſhall " be appointed raja of *Carpuradwipa:*

" Since it is written:

“ When a ſervant has acted well, his good “ work ought not to periſh; but he ſhould be “ made happy by rewards, by affection, by kind “ words, and by kind looks.

“ Your majeſty hears, ſaid the chacra, what “ the ſpy ſays. What followed? ſaid the king. “ Sir, anſwered the baca, the vulture then ſaid: “ O king! that would, on every account, be “ improper; how can he, on whom dominion “ is conferred, be reduced if he ſhould be ungrateful? exceſſive favours, to low perſons, “ are like water on ſand:—an ignoble perſon, “ O king! ought never to be placed in the “ ſtation of the great.

“ Since it is written:

“ A mean perſon, raiſed to a high degree, “ ſeeks the ruin of his lord: as the mouſe, having attained the form and force of a tiger, “ went to kill the ſaint.

“ How, ſaid *Chitraverna*, did that happen?

“ There is, anſwered *Duraderſin*, in the ſacred grove of the divine philoſopher *Gautama*, “ a ſaint, named *Mahàtapas*, eminently pious; “ who ſeeing a young mouſe fall near his dwelling, from the bill of a crow, benevolently took “ him up, and fed him with grains of rice. “ One day, when the mouſe was preparing to “ eat, a cat appeared, and the kind ſaint, by the “ power of his devotion, changed the mouſe

" into a cat. This new animal was, ſoon after-
" wards, terrified by a dog, and was made one of
" the ſame ſpecies. At length, being in dread of a
" tiger, he became a tiger, through the prayers of
" the ſaint; who then perceived the difference be-
" tween a tiger and a rat. All the people ſaid:
" See how the piety of the ſaint has changed yon
" rat into a tiger! Then the ungrateful beaſt
" thought within himſelf: As long as the ſaint lives,
" this defamatory diſcourſe will be held concern-
" ing my form: with this thought, he ran to-
" wards his benefactor and attempted to kill him,
" but was changed, by a ſhort prayer of the
" heaven-eyed ſage, into his natural ſhape.
" Thence, I ſaid: A mean perſon, raiſed to a
" high degree, ſeeks the ruin of his lord!

" Yet more:

" This promotion, O king! ſhould not eaſily
" be made: immoderate ambition is ever pre-
" judicial.

" Hear the poet:

" A baca, who was eagerly devouring fiſh,
" the largeſt, and the leaſt, and thoſe of a mid-
" dling ſize, was herſelf caught and killed by
" a crab.

" How, ſaid *Chitraverna*, happened that?

" The vulture anſwered: In the country of
" *Malavi*, is a pool called *Pedmagarbha*, or
" *Lotus-bearing*; where an old baca ſtood la-

“ menting his want of ſtrength; and was ſeen, “ from a diſtance, by a crab, who ſaid: Why “ doſt thou ſtand ſorrowing in the pool without “ food? Fiſh, anſwered he, is my ſuſtenance; “ the pool is now almoſt dry, and the fiſh will “ be killed by the fiſhermen;—this reſolution I “ heard from all the fiſhers on one ſide of the “ town: ſo that it is decreed, that for want of “ food I muſt inevitably periſh;—this thought, “ even now, takes away my appetite. When “ the crab heard this, all the fiſh thus thought: “ Is the baca become our benefactor on this oc- “ caſion? he then muſt be conſulted how we “ are to act.

“ Since it is written:

“ Let an union be formed with the foe, who “ benefits, not with a friend who injures thee: “ a view muſt be duly made of benefits and “ injuries.

“ They then ſaid: O baca! what means are “ there of ſafety? None more certain, anſwered “ he, than ſinking to the bottom of another “ ſtream, whither I will carry you. They ſaid: “ Be it ſo. Now the cruel bird, taking “ them up, devoured them one by one. The “ crab ſeeing the pool without fiſh, ſaid to the “ baca: Take me too. And the bird, eager to “ taſte the delicate fleſh of the crab, took him “ up, with great marks of reſpect, but flew

" down with him to the ground, in order to " feaſt on him. The crab, ſeeing the ground " covered with the bones of the fiſh, thus " thought:

" This baſe baca, no doubt, has devoured them " all. Alas! I am killed! O me, unfortunate! " Be it ſo: then let me act according to cir-" cumſtances:

" Since:

" We ſhould only fear, when danger is diſ-" tant: when it is preſent, we ſhould fight like " heroes!

" Again:

" When a hero, fortunate in combat, ſees no-" thing left that is dear to him; then, if he be " wiſe, he periſhes together with his foe.

" Yet more:

" When, without fighting, death is inevi-" table; and with fighting, life is doubtful; that, " ſay the wiſe, is the only moment for battle.

" With this reſolution, the crab, as ſoon as " the greedy bird extended his beak, for the " purpoſe of deſtroying him, turned round, and, " with his ſtrong claws, tore the baca's throat " ſo, that he was killed. Thence, I ſaid: The " baca was deſtroyed by feaſting on fiſh too " greedily.

" *Chitraverna* replied: Now hear! my coun-" ſellor, liſten! This is my object: When

“ *Meghaverna* ſhall be viceroy of *Carpuradwipa*, “ whatever precious things the country pro- “ duces, thoſe he will ſend to us; and we, in “ eager expectation of them, will remain in “ the *Vindhya* mountain. *Duradurſin* rejoined, “ with a ſmile: O king! he who delights him- “ ſelf with the thought of what he does not “ poſſeſs, will be like the brahmen who broke “ his pot.

“ How did that happen? ſaid the king.

“ On the bank of the river *Apunarbhavá* (or “ giving exemption from any future birth) to “ the north of the city *Dèvácotara*, lived a “ Brahmen, whoſe name is *Dévaſarman*. He, at “ the beginning of the month, when the ſun “ enters the ram, received from a pious man, a “ little pot full of wheat bread, which he took “ with him to a potter's houſe, in part of which “ he reſided. Before he went to reſt, he thus “ ſaid within himſelf: If I ſell this pot, I ſhall “ receive ten cowries, with which I ſhall buy “ larger pots, and then larger, till my wealth “ will increaſe, and I become a ſeller of areca- “ nut and cloth: when I am worth a lac of “ rupees, I will marry four wives; to the young- “ eſt and handſomeſt of whom I ſhall attach “ myſelf, in preference to the reſt. This will “ excite the jealouſy of her companions, who will “ begin to quarrel with her; but I, inflamed with

" wrath, ſhall ſtrike them with a ſtick, thus: ſo " ſaying, he threw his ſtick, and broke his pot, " together with other veſſels: the noiſe of which " alarmed the potter; who, entering the room, " and ſeeing the miſchief done, turned the diſ- " appointed Brahmen out of his houſe. Thence, " I ſaid: He who delights, &c. &c.

" The king then ſpoke thus to the vulture, in " private: O my father! adviſe what is now to " be done. The vulture ſaid: The miniſters of " a king are blamed, when he goes aſtray, like " the drivers of a mad elephant!

" Hear, O king!

" Was the enemies caſtle deſtroyed by my " contrivance, or by thy ſtrength? By thy ſtra- " tagem, anſwered the king. My order, ſaid the " vulture, was executed.

" Let us now, therefore, return to our own " country; leſt when the rainy ſeaſon ſhall be- " gin, he ſhould attack us again with equal " force; at a time when our retreat will be diffi- " cult. Now, therefore, for the ſake of our " happineſs and eaſe, let us make peace and re- " tire. That the caſtle is deſtroyed, and fame " acquired, is an advantage procured by me.

" Since:

" He who offers his virtuous ſervices, and " without regarding what is pleaſing or unpleaſ- " ing to his lord, ſpeaks diſagreeable truths, is a " benefactor to his prince.

“ Beſides :

“ Let a king ſeek peace for the love of reli-
“ gion ; in war, ſucceſs is doubtful ; but in
“ making peace, let no man doubt. So ſaid
“ *Vrihaſpati.*

“ Again :

“ What wiſe man, if he ſtand agitated by
“ doubt in uncertain war, can preſerve his friend,
“ his forces, his kingdom, his own life, or his
“ fame ?

“ Why, ſaid the king, was not this advice given
“ before ? In what reſpect, ſaid the miniſter, was
“ not my opinion completely known to thee ?
“ This war was not begun by my advice. For
“ the king *Hiranyagarbha* is of a peaceful, not
“ a warlike diſpoſition.

“ Thus the poet ſays :

“ A true-ſpeaking man, a virtuous man,
“ a juſt man, a vicious man, he who has
“ many brothers, and he who has obtained vic-
“ tory in many wars ; with theſe ſeven, peace
“ ſhould be made.

“ 1. He who keeps truth inviolate, will not
“ alter his nature after a peace, even if he loſe
“ his life.

“ 2. A good man moſt aſſuredly will not
“ become bad.

“ 3. For a juſt man all the world fight. A
“ juſt prince prevents calamity by love of his
“ ſubjects, and of virtue.

" 4. Peace ſhould be made even with a bad " man, when ruin is impending; not for the " ſake of his protection, but from conſideration " of the time.

" 5. As duſt, when intermixed with thorns, " cannot be trampled on, ſo a king, who has " many brethren, cannot be ſubdued.

" 6. It is not adviſeable to fight with a hero: " even a cloud cannot go in oppoſition to the " wind.

" 7. Neither the enmity nor the friendſhip " of thoſe two princes, whoſe wealth, and " whoſe forces are equal, can be very great, or " very little.

" 8. Like the ſon of *Jamadagni*, every king, " who in all places, and at all times, obtains " victory in battle, enjoys glory.

" 9. He who makes peace with a prince who " has been victorious in many wars, aſſuredly " overcomes his own enemies. This king, there- " fore, who has been often a conqueror, is he, " with whom peace ought to be made.

" When the *Chacra* had heard this converſa- " tion repeated by the ſpy, he ſaid: Now we " know the whole, go a ſecond time, and return " when you have learnt all that has been done. " I go, Sir, ſaid the baca, and when I have in- " formed myſelf, will ſpeedily return. *Hiranya-* " *garbha* then ſaid to his miniſter: I am de- " ſirous of knowing from thee, with what ſorts

" of princes peace ought to be concluded. The " *Chacra* ſpoke thus: O king! I will enumerate them;

" Hear the poet:

" A boy, an old man, one long ſick, an outcaſt, a coward, a cauſe of terror, a covetous " man, and one not covetous, an ill-natured " man, and one who abounds in ſenſual gratifications, he who has many ſchemes and different " counſels, a contemner of the gods and of " prieſts, one who denies providence (or fate), " and one who relies wholly on it, one who " gains a little by beggars, and one who has a miſerable army, one who is in a foreign country, " one who has many foes, and he who takes not " the right time for action, and he who is void of " truth and juſtice:

" With theſe twenty perſons, let not a prudent king make peace, or only with a view " to their deſtruction; for theſe, in a ſhort time, " are ſure to fall under the power of their " enemy:

" Since:

" Men ſeek not to war with a boy, on account of his weakneſs; nor with an old man, " or invalid, through want of power in them to " tranſact buſineſs.

" An outcaſt is deprived of happineſs; even " they of his own family ſeek to deſtroy him " for their own credit. A coward, through

" averſion from war, naturally flees away; and " in battle, even a hero is mixed in flight with " cowards. The ſubjects of a miſer will not " fight, becauſe they ſhare not his riches; and " thoſe of him who is not covetous, fight only " through gifts. An ill-natured man is deſerted " in battle by better natures; and the ſenſualiſt " who abounds in pleaſure is overcome by it. " He who has many projects of his own, is a " foe to good counſellors. A contemner of the " gods, and prieſts, as well as the oppoſer of pro- " vidence, is conſtantly tormented with grief by " the force of his own impiety. Providence is " certainly the giver of wealth, and of poverty; " let a man, therefore, meditate firſt of all on " providence; but not ſo as to prevent his own " exertions.

" A miſerable beggar is ſelf-tormented; and he " who has a bad army, has no power to fight. " A foreign invader is ſoon overpowered, even " by a weak foe.

" As the ſhark, monſter of the lake, though " ſmall, ſeizes the king of elephants, he who " trembles among a multitude of foes (like a " pigeon among eagles), in whatſoever path he " treads, is aſſuredly deſtroyed, even by him " with whom he travels in the road.

" He who engages unſeaſonably is overcome " by him who fights at a proper time; as the

" crow was reduced to weakneſs by the owl, " who attacked him by night: never make " peace with a man void of truth and juſtice, " who, let his treaty be ever ſo ſacred, will ſoon " be led by his improbity to a violation of it.

" I will repeat yet more:

" There are ſix qualities; peace, war, halting, moving, aſking quarter, and duplicity: " five bodies of counſel; on the promotion of " a work actually begun, on the diſtinction of " men, things, riches, place, and time: four " remedies; equanimity, puniſhment, alliance, " gifts: three powers, the power of the council, " the power of the army, and the power of the " ſovereign: by conſidering all which, they who " deſire conqueſt become great.

" Since:

" That fortune which cannot be purchaſed, " even at the price of life, voluntarily ſeeks " (though changeable by nature) the palace of " kings, who underſtand good morals.

" It is therefore ſaid:

" He who always enjoys his wealth equally, " who has, in parts, concealed ſpies, and counſels perfectly ſecret, who ſays nothing unkind " to any living creature, rules the earth for an " infinity of ages.

" But, O king! if peace ſhould be propoſed " by the great counſellor, the vulture; yet,

" ſince it will proceed from the arrogance of " conqueſt lately obtained, it is not to be accepted.

" This muſt be done: The ſarás, named *Mahabala*, who reigns in *Sinhaladwipa*, is our " friend; let his reſentment henceforth be raiſed " againſt *Jambudwipa.*

" Since the poet ſays:

" Preſerving his ſecret unrevealed, and his " forces well united, let a hero march and annoy his enemy; for hot iron may form an " union with hot iron; ſo he, by equal fierceneſs, at a time when his foe is fierce, may " conclude a firm peace.

" The king, having ſaid, Be it ſo, ſent a baca, " named *Vichetti*, to *Sinhaladwipa* with a letter, " well conceited. At this time returned the ſpy, " who had before been ſent, and ſaid to *Hiranyagarbha:* Hear, O king! what was the diſcourſe in the counſel of thy foes:—The vulture ſaid: *Meghaverna*, who remained there " ſo long, well knows whether king *Hiranyagarbha* have a pacifick diſpoſition, or not. " The crow, being then aſked by king *Chitraverna*, what ſort of a prince *Hiranyagarbha* " was, and what was the character of his miniſter the *Chacra*, thus anſwered: O king! " *Hiranyagarbha* ſpeaks the truth as faithfully

" as *Yuddiſhtira*; and a miniſter equal to the " *Chacra* is no where to be ſeen. If it be ſo, " ſaid the king, how could ſuch a phœnix be " deceived by thee? Sir, ſaid *Meghaverna*, " what ſkill is required to beguile thoſe inſpired " with confidence? What manhood is there in " killing a child, who climbs into the lap, and " ſleeps there?

" Hear, O king! at firſt ſight I was detected " by the miniſter; but the king, who has great " benignity, and confident hopes, was deceived " by me.

" Thence it is ſaid:

" He who thinks a knave as honeſt as him-" ſelf, is deceived by him, like the Brahmen who " was ruined.

" How, ſaid the king, did that happen?

" In the grove of *Gautama*, anſwered *Megha-" verna*, lived a Brahmen, named *Praſlutaya-" jajnya*, or going-to-ſacrifice; who, having " bought a goat in another village, and carry-" ing it home on his ſhoulder, was ſeen by three " rogues, who ſaid to one another: If, by ſome " contrivance, that goat can be taken from him, " it will be great pleaſure to us; with this view " they ſeverally ſat down in the road under " three trees, at ſome diſtance from each other, " by which the Brahmen was to paſs. One of

" the ſcoundrels called out, as he was going by:
" O Brahmen! why doſt thou carry that dog on
" thy ſhoulder?

" It is not a dog, anſwered the Brahmen; it
" is a goat for a ſacrifice. Then, at the diſtance
" of a cróſá, the ſecond knave put the ſame
" queſtion to him; which, when the Brahmen
" heard, he threw the goat down on the ground,
" and looking at it again and again, placed it a
" ſecond time on his ſhoulder, and walking on
" with a mind waving like a ſwing:

" For it is ſaid:

" The minds, even of the virtuous, are agi-
" tated by the words of the baſe; as *Chitracarna*,
" confiding in the three villains, miſerably pe-
" riſhed.

" How was that? ſaid the king.

" A lion, called *Madòtcata*, anſwered *Megha-*
" *verna*, reigned in part of a certain foreſt, hav-
" ing three miniſters, a crow, a tiger, and a ſha-
" kàl; theſe three going together through the
" wood, ſaw a camel, to whom they ſaid: Who
" art thou? whence doſt thou come? He gave
" them a full account of his condition, and was
" conducted by them to the lion; who bad him
" fear nothing, and gave him the title of *Chi-*
" *tracarna*, or wonderful-ears, and kept him in
" his ſervice. One day the lion being ſick, by
" reaſon of the late rains, the ſhakàl, and the

" reſt, had procured no food, and they ſaid to " one another: It is reſolved, that our maſter " muſt kill the camel, what have we to do with " that thorn-eater? How, ſaid the tiger, can " this be, ſince our lord has given him his word, " that he ſhall be protected? When our prince " is hungry, ſaid the crow, he will not ſcruple " to commit a crime:

" For:

" A woman, tormented with hunger, forſakes " her own ſon; and a ſerpent, through the " ſame torment, devours her own eggs: what " crime will not an hungry animal commit? " Even men, through hunger, become inhuman!

" With theſe ideas they all approached the " lion, who aſked if they had provided his " food. We have uſed extreme diligence, ſir, " ſaid the crow, but have found no prey. How " then, ſaid the lion, ſhall my life be ſupported? " Without food, ſaid the crow, all of us muſt " periſh! Is any, then, to be had? ſaid the lion. " The crow whiſpered in his ear, *Chitracarna.* " On hearing which, the lion ſtroked his ears, " and then ſtruck the ground, ſaying: How is " that practicable, when I have given my word " to protect him?

" It is written:

" No ſuch fruit is gathered, ſay the wiſe, from " giving cattle, land, or food; no, not even from

" giving our own lives, as from giving protec-" tion to the helpleſs.

" Beſides:

" The ſacrifice of a horſe, with all the mag-" nificence that could be wiſhed, enſures not ſo " great reward as the preſervation of a ſuppliant " who ſeeks protection.

" He is not, ſaid the crow, to be ſlain by our " ſovereign; but we will contrive, that he ſhall " give up his own body to be eat by thee. When " the lion heard this, he remained ſilent. Then " the crow, at a proper time, aſſembled all the " courtiers, and went with them to the lion, ſay-" ing to him: O king! no food is provided, our " ſovereign is dying with hunger; let him eat " my fleſh.

" Since:

" A miniſter, however opulent, cannot live if " he be deſerted by his lord. When life is de-" parting, what can a phyſician do, even if he " be *Dhanwantari* himſelf? All miniſters have " their lord for their root; and while trees have " roots, men gather fruits, by taking care of " them.

" My good friend, ſaid the lion, it were better " for me to reſign my life, than to do ſuch an act.

" The ſhakàl made the ſame offer, and the " lion ſaid: By no means. Then the tiger ſaid: " Let my lord feed on my body. That, ſaid " the lion, can never be done. The camel then,

“ having gained confidence, offered in like manner to make a preſent of his life; and he had no ſooner uttered the words, than the tiger tore open his belly, and the reſt devoured him.

“ Thence, I ſay: The mind even of the virtuous is ſhaken, &c.

“ But to proceed. The Brahmen hearing the ſame queſtion from the third villain, was perſuaded that the goat was really a dog, and taking it from his back, threw it down, and having waſhed himſelf, returned to his home; while the three ſcoundrels took the goat to their own houſe, and feaſted on it. Therefore, I ſaid: He who thinks a knave as honeſt as himſelf, and ſo forth.

“ O *Meghaverna!* ſaid the king, how couldſt thou remain ſo long in the midſt of enemies? And how didſt thou recommend thyſelf? Sir, anſwered the crow, what cannot he perform, who deſires eagerly to accompliſh his maſter's buſineſs, or his own neceſſary affairs?

“ Since it is written:

“ What burned wood, O king! doth not the people bear on their heads? As the current of the river, by gradual waſhing, cuts away the roots of trees.

“ It is therefore ſaid:

“ Let a wiſe man, who has engaged in an en-

" terprize, carry even his enemy on his ſhoul-
" der; like the ſnake who devoured the frog.

" The king aſked, how that happened; and
" *Meghaverna* thus anſwered:

" In the territory of *Magadha*, in an unculti-
" vated garden, lived a ſnake called *Mandavi-*
" *ſerpa*, who, through extreme old age, could
" not, even with great labour, gain his food,
" and fell down on the border of a pond; where
" a frog ſaw him from a diſtance, and ſaid:
" Why doſt thou lament thus for want of food?
" The ſerpent, in a deſponding mood, ſaid: My
" good friend, why doſt thou enquire into the
" condition of a malignant animal like me?
" Upon this, the frog, highly pleaſed, ſaid: At
" leaſt, anſwer me.

" There was, anſwered he, in *Brahmapur*, a
" youth, named *Súſílá*, twenty years old, the
" ſon of a Brahmen, named *Caundilya*: this
" young man was accompliſhed with every vir-
" tue, but through his evil deſtiny was bitten
" by my venemous tooth. When *Caundilya*
" ſaw his ſon dead, he fainted through grief,
" and falling on the ground, lay greatly agi-
" tated: ſoon after his kinſmen, inhabitants of
" *Brahmapur*, aſſembled, and ſat down by him.

" As it is written:

" He who adheres in pleaſure, and in

" miſery,in misfortune, and in the conflict
" of enemies, in the king's gate, and in the ce-
" metery, is truly a kinſman.

" Then a holy man, named *Capila*, ſaid:
" Thou art a fool, *Caundilya:* doſt thou lament
" for this?

" Hear:

" Firſt, the nurſe lays the new born child in
" her lap (there is no ſtability): and then the
" mother. What uſe is there in ſorrow?

" 2. Whither are the lords of the world gone,
" with their armies, their valour, and their
" equipage? The earth itſelf remains to this
" day a witneſs of their ſeparation from it.

" 3. The body receives with it the principles
" of deſtruction; wealth is the cauſe of dangers;
" they who arrive, muſt certainly return; every
" thing is by nature unſtable.

" 4. This body laſts but a moment; it pe-
" riſhes; it is ſeen no more; as a pot of unbaked
" clay is broken ſtanding in water.

" 5. Youth, beauty, life, collected wealth,
" dominion, the ſociety of friends, are all un-
" certain; in this the wiſe are not deceived.

" 6. As wood meets wood in the great ocean,
" and after the meeting is ſeparated, ſuch is the
" meeting of animated beings.

" 7. The body is compoſed of five things,

" and haſtens to death, the diſſolution of five
" things; ſo it obtains (what wonder) its proper
" receptacle.

" 8. All beings, O ſon of *Bharet*, were in-
" viſible in their primary ſtate; became in their
" middle ſtate, viſible; and by death are made
" inviſible again; what wonder!

" 9. As long as a living creature holds his
" kinſmen dear to his ſoul, ſo long the iron
" dibbles of affliction are ſtricken on his boſom.

" 10. The company of any being with an-
" other is not permanent; ſince his own body
" laſts not, what has he to do with other beings
" all different in quality?

" 11. Society itſelf implies, no doubt, the
" exiſtence of ſeparation; like the ſucceſſion of
" birth, and death, which cannot be doubted.

" 12. In the very inſtant of enjoying the ſo-
" ciety of friends, it is improper to dreſs food,
" which cannot be adminiſtered, with ſafety, in
" ſuch a diſtemper.

" 13. Night and day, ſeizing the lives of mor-
" tals, paſs on continually, like the current of
" a ſtream, and return no more.

" 14. The ſociety of the good in this world
" is like the pleaſure of eating delicate food; it
" is cloſely connected with the pain of ſepa-
" ration.

" 15. Thence it is, that the virtuous never ſeek

“ a cloſe connection with the virtuous; becauſe, “ when the root of the mind is torn aſunder, “ there is no remedy.

“ 16. Good actions have been performed by “ *Sagar*, and other kings; but good as the ac-“ tions were, they have been deſtroyed.

“ 17. By meditating and meditating on the “ ſevere death of an excellent man, like a “ leathern bandage, moiſtened by the rains, we “ ſee that all our cares are of no avail.

“ 18. From the firſt night, in which men of “ valour and virtue take their ſtation in the “ womb, from that very inſtant in a continued “ ſeries, from day to day, they approach the “ manſion of death.

“ In the opinion, therefore, of thoſe who un-“ derſtand this world, exceſs of grief proceeds “ from exceſs of ignorance.

“ Obſerve:

“ If ignorance be not the cauſe, but bare ſepa-“ ration, in what reſpect can it ceaſe.

“ Reflect, therefore, here below, on the firſt “ principle; and diſmiſs all ſorrow for worldly “ affairs:

“ Since:

“ When ſons uſeleſsly born, and uſeleſsly fall-“ ing, rend our boſoms, and cauſe exceſs in af-“ fliction, the ſovereign remedy is not to think “ of them.

" *Caundilya* received a ray of divine know-
" ledge from the ſpeech of *Capila*, whom he
" thus addreſſed :

" Holy man, by thy favour my ſorrow is di-
" miniſhed; but my impure breaſt, being waſhed
" in the nectareous ſtreams of thy pure counſel,
" from the bright beams of the lunar circle of
" thy mouth, is ſtill a little toſſed by the waves
" of ſorrow : impart, therefore, a remedy for its
" internal wound.

" *Capila* ſaid :

" When a father, a ſon, or a friend, is over-
" come by death, they who know how to aſſuage
" the pain of their bowels by abſtinence, are,
" nevertheleſs, tormented with grief : but the
" removal of the wiſe from this baſe world,
" which never ultimately affords pleaſure, ſhould
" ſtrengthen devotion, and multiply the delights
" of holineſs.

" *Caundilya*, hearing this, roſe up, and ſaid :

" What, then, have I to do with the infernal
" habitation of my vain houſe ? I go inſtantly to
" the deſert.

" *Capila* rejoined :

" 1. He, whoſe hands, feet, and mind, are
" completely ſubdued ; who has knowledge,
" piety, and reputation, gathers the fruit of a
" pilgrimage :

" 2. Even in a foreſt, where men are inflamed "with paſſion, crimes prevail; and in a private "manſion, where the five members are ſubdued, piety dwells: the houſe of a man employed in virtuous actions, and free from paſſions, is a deſert of devotion.

"3. Let even a wretched man practiſe virtue, "wherever he enjoys one of the three or four "religious degrees; let him be even-minded "with all created beings, and that diſpoſition "will be the ſource of virtue.

"Thus, too, it is ſaid:

"1. They, whoſe food is only to ſuſtain life, "whoſe voice is only to ſpeak truth, paſs with "eaſe through great difficulties.

"2. Thyſelf art a river; the quay of which "is the virtue of ſubduing thy appetites; the "waters, truth; the bank, good morals; the "waves, general benevolence. Here waſh thy "lips, O ſon of *Pandu!* for the interior ſoul is "not purified by water!

"Hear, alſo, what is added:

"Great is the joy of him who leaves this "baſe world; abounding in the pains of birth, "death, old age, and diſeaſe! Grief exiſts; not "true joy: let this be conſidered. The cure "of an afflicted mind, is truly named joy.

"It is ſo, ſaid *Caundilya*, it is ſo.

"Then, continued the ſerpent, I was curſed "by that ſorrowful Brahmen, in theſe words:

" From this day thou ſhalt be the bearer of " frogs!

" After which, *Capila* ſaid again: Hear:

" Connection with the world ſhould be " avoided by every ſoul: but if it cannot be " avoided, let it be formed with the virtuous; " for ſuch a connection will remedy the evil.

" Again:

" When divine knowledge, unattended with " the qualities of action, dwells in the mind; " then is the Great One attained, and the ſoul " is abſorbed in him.

" Again:

" Remembering continually, that God, who " wears a diadem, ear-rings, bracelets, and a gar- " land of blue lotus flowers, and aſſuaging thy " pain, as with cool water from the river's bed, " in the heats of ſummer; approach the Great " One, and enjoy the delight of thy ſoul.

" Piety, devotion, content, and the other vir- " tues, muſt be nouriſhed like children.

" On hearing this, *Caundilya* was relieved " from the fire of grief, by the nectar of ſage " counſel; and, as the holy ordinance directs, " took up the ſtaff of a *Vairagia:* whilſt I, " through a Brahmen's execration, remain here " as the bearer of frogs.

" The frog, who heard this narration, went " and repeated the whole to the prince of his

" diminutive race; who went and mounted the " ſerpent's back; and he, having received, won" derfully moved his concealed feet. Another " day, when the prince of frogs perceived that " his bearer could hardly move, he ſaid: Why " doſt thou run ſo ill to-day? O king! ſaid the " ſnake, I am weak through want of food. By " my order, ſaid the monarch, go and feed on " my ſubjects. After this, the ſerpent feaſted " every day, without fear, on delicate frogs; " and at length, ſeeing none of the race remain" ing in the pool, devoured the king himſelf. " Thence, I ſay: Let a wiſe man carry even a " frog on his ſhoulder, &c. &c.

" Apply now, ſaid *Meghaverna*, the moral of " this ancient ſtory.

" King *Hiranyagarbha* muſt be appeaſed; let " peace be concluded: this is my opinion. What " a judgment is yours, ſaid the king; is not that " gander conquered by us? If then he live un" der my command, let him live; if not, war " muſt reduce him.

" After this conſultation, a parrot arrived from " *Jambudwipa*, with intelligence, that the ſaràs, " who reigned over *Senhaladwipa*, was advancing " to the iſle of *Iambu*, and claiming the ſo" vereignty of it. *Chitraverna* exclaimed, with " agitation: What! What! The parrot repeated " the news juſt before mentioned; and the vul-

“ ture ſaid, within himſelf: O excellent miniſter! “ excellent! Let him march, ſaid the king, in “ a rage, I will march too, and pluck him up by “ the roots!

“ Oh! ſaid the miniſter, ſmiling, let not an “ idle noiſe be made, like that of a wintry “ cloud: a great prince takes care not to make “ known the force or weakneſs of a ſtranger.

“ Beſides:

“ Let not a prince aſſemble together a number of deſtroyers: even a proud ſerpent has “ been deſtroyed by a multitude of little inſects. “ O king! why ſhould thou go without having “ concluded a peace? If I march, the *Chacra* “ will aſſail my rear.

“ Yet farther:

“ He who knows not the firſt principle, and “ firſt cauſe; who is, beſides, in ſubjection to “ wrath; is tormented like a fool: as the Brahmen was who killed the ichneumon.

“ How, ſaid the peacock, happened that?

“ There is, anſwered *Duradurſin*, in the city “ of *Ujjayani*, a Brahmen named *Madava*, who “ had a wife, who having ſtationed him to “ watch their only daughter, an infant, went to “ bathe herſelf, in adoration of *Shaſhti (Lucina)*; “ ſoon after the raja ſent for the Brahmen, to “ perform the ceremonies of the *Párvana* “ *Shraddhà* (or rites) to all his anceſtors; and "he, ſpying another Brahmen, thus thought, "on account of his poverty, within his mind: "If I go not ſpeedily, ſome other, having heard "of this, will procure the *Shraddhà*.

"As it is ſaid:

"If we take not ſoon, give not ſoon, perform "not ſoon, time gives the benefit of it to another.

"What muſt be done? Yet there is no other "perſon at home to take care of the child. "What then can I do? Why ſhould I not depart, having committed the care of my child "to the ichneumon, whom I have ſo long cheriſhed, and who is not diſtinguiſhed from my "own offspring? Having done ſo, he departed. "Soon after which, the ichneumon ſeeing a black "ſerpent near the child, killed him, and cut him "in pieces; and then ſeeing the Brahmen returning, went haſtily, his mouth and paws "being ſmeared with blood, and fell at the feet "of his maſter; who, ſeeing him in that condition, and ſaying to himſelf: He has devoured "my child! ſtamped on him, and killed him. "Afterwards, going into his houſe, he ſaw his "child aſleep, and the dead ſnake lying by him; "at looking, therefore, at the ichneumon, his "benefactor, he was exceedingly afflicted. "Thence, I ſay: He who knows not the cauſe "and principle of actions, &c.

"Again:

" Luſt, wrath, covetouſneſs, extreme joy,
" extreme grief, and ebriety: he who forſakes
" theſe ſix, becomes happy by that deſertion.

" The king ſaid: This, O my miniſter! is
" indubitable. Yes, yes, ſaid he.

" For:

" Recollection of the uſes of others, judgment,
" certain knowledge, firmneſs, ſecrecy, are the
" principal qualities of a counſellor.

" Yet more:

" Let not a man perform an act haſtily;
" want of circumſpection is a great cauſe of
" danger: wealth pays homage, even voluntarily,
" to a man who acts with caution.

" Therefore, if my advice be now followed,
" peace muſt be concluded.

" Since:

" If there be even four remedies for an evil,
" mentioned by the wiſe, in concluding peace;
" the only fruit of them all, that deſerves to
" be reckoned, is: Peace through proſperity,
" grounded on cordial affection.

" How, ſaid the king, can this be ſpeedily
" attained?

" Sir, anſwered he, it will be ſoon completed.

" For:

" Like an earthen pot, a bad man is eaſily
" broken, and cannot eaſily be reſtored to his
" former ſituation: but a virtuous man, like

" a vaſe of gold, is broken with difficulty, and " eaſily repaired.

" Yet more:

" A fool enjoys pleaſure; but he who diſtin-" guiſhes, with judgment, enjoys more delight. " Even *Brahma* cannot control a man who has " not even a particle of divine knowledge.

" Now, that *Servajnya*, the king's miniſter, " is ſo called by excellence; as I knew before " from the diſcourſe of *Meghaverna*; and from " having ſeen what he has done:

" Since:

" Thoſe who are endued with good qualities, " and are out of ſight, are always judged by their " actions: the acts of the virtuous are, therefore, " demonſtrated by their fruits.

" The king here ſaid: This dialogue is of " no uſe; let that which thou judgeſt beſt, be " done.

" The great miniſter, the vulture, having " given this counſel, went to the centre of *Hi-" ranyagharbha*'s caſtle; and a meſſenger carried " the news of his arrival to the king, ſaying: " O, ſir! the great miniſter of *Chitraverna* is " come hither, for the purpoſe of making peace.

" The gander, hearing this intelligence, ſaid: " O, my counſellor! is another ill-deſigning per-" ſon again come hither?

" There is no cauſe for fear anſwered *Ser-*

" *vajnya*, ſmiling, ſince it is *Duradurſin*, who " is worthy of the greateſt confidence: and " although this is often the buſineſs of the ill-" intentioned, yet no apprehenſion ſhould now " be raiſed. Since: In a pool, which reflects " the image of many ſtars, a wiſe gander was in " a moment deceived. Being deſirous of feaſt-" ing on the cumuda plant, in the night ſeaſon; " afterwards, in the day-time, he took a white " flower for a ſtar, and attempted not to bite " it. Thus, men who have fallen into diſap-" pointments, expect it even from reality.

" Therefore, O king! as far as you are able, " let a preſent of jewels, and their accompani-" ments, be prepared in honour to him. This " being determined, the vulture being intro-" duced by the *Chacra* with great reſpect, through " the door of the palace, was preſented to the " king, and placed on a magnificent ſeat.

" The *Chacravaca* then ſpoke: O great mi-" niſter! enjoy this realm according to thy de-" ſire; it is at thy ſervice. Even ſo, ſaid the " king. Be it ſo, ſaid the vulture; but now an " abundance of words will be uſeleſs.

" Since:

" Let a man purchaſe a miſer with money; " a haughty man with joined hand, and rever-" ence; a fool with promiſes; a wiſe man with " truth.

" Beſides:

" With affection win a friend, and a kinſ-
" man; thy wife, and ſervants, with gifts and
" honours; with great actions, the powerful!

" Therefore, at preſent, let *Chitraverna* make
" peace, and be diſmiſſed. Declare, ſaid the
" *Chacra*, on what terms peace is to be con-
" cluded.

" The gander aſked: How many ſorts of
" peace are there? I will enumerate them, ſaid
" the vulture:

" Hear:

" 1. When a prince is engaged in war with
" a ſtronger prince, there is no other remedy.

" 2. When he is in danger, let him ſeek
" peace, and reſerve his exertions for another
" occaſion.

" *Capála*, *Upahara*, *Santaña*, *Sangata*, *Upa-*
" *nyaſa*, *Praticara*, *Sanyoga*, *Purſhántara*, *Adriſ-*
" *ta-punya*, *Adiſhtá*, *Atmaviſhe*, *Upagraha*, *Pe-*
" *ricraya*, *Uch'lanna*, *Parabhuſhana*, and *Scanda-*
" *panya*; theſe ſixteen kinds of peace are cele-
" brated. Thus have they, who are learned in
" peace-making, named ſixteen ſorts of peace.

" *Capála*, is ſimply a ceſſation of hoſtilities.

" *Upahara*, is called that which is concluded
" by preſents.

" *Santana*, is known by having firſt given up
" one of the family.

" *Sangata*, is named that peace which is " founded on friendſhip between good men. It " is likewiſe called *Cáncahna*, or golden.

" *Upanyaſa*, proſperity through wealth being " given; and thence peace concluded by thoſe " empowered to make it.

" *Praticara*, through benefits conferred and " received.

" *Sanyoga*, where the advantages are equal.

" *Purſhántara*, when two monarchs meet " face to face in battle; the wealth of one procures peace.

" *Adriſta-punya*, when after peace, thus " bought, the foe joins in a treaty.

" *Adiſhtá*, where land is given on one " part.

" *Atmaviſhe*, that concluded with a king's " own forces.

" *Upagraha*, for the preſervation of life.

" *Pericraya*, by a part or the whole of the " treaſure.

" *Uch'lanna*, by giving the moſt excellent " lands.

" *Parabhuſhana*, by giving up the fruit ariſing " from the whole territory.

" *Scandapanya*, where only a part of the produce of the land is given up.

" Hear now, ſaid the *Chacra*:

" Whether this perſon be of my tribe, or of

" another, is a conſideration of the narrow-" minded; but that of the great-minded is to " hold all the world related to them.

" Again:

" He is truly wiſe, who conſiders another's " wife as his mother, another's gold as mere " clay, and all other creatures as himſelf.

" You, ſaid the king, are both eminently " wiſe; adviſe me, therefore, what is to be done.

" What ſays the poet? ſaid *Duradurſin.*

" Who would act unjuſtly for the ſake of a " body, which, either to-day, or to-morrow, " may be deſtroyed by anxiety, or diſeaſe?

" The life of animals is tremulous, as the " reflection of the moon in water; let him " then, who, knowing it to be uncertain, per-" form actions which will hereafter be beneficial " to him.

" Having ſeen this world, which periſhes in " an inſtant, reſembling the vapour in a deſert, " let him ſeek the ſociety of the virtuous; both " for the ſake of his religious duty, and of his " own happineſs. By my advice, therefore, let " us practiſe theſe rules.

" Since:

" If truth be placed in a balance with a thou-" ſand ſacrifices of horſes, truth will outweigh a " thouſand ſacrifices.

" Let both princes, having firſt ſworn in the

" name of truth, conclude that ſort of peace " which is named *Sangata*. Be it ſo, ſaid *Ser-* " *vajrija*.

" The miniſter *Duradurſin* was then honour- " ed with gifts of jewels, veſts, and rich orna- " ments; and, accompanied by the *Charavaca*, " went in great joy to his king; who, being " perſuaded by his diſcourſe, and having firſt " ſhewn great reſpect, and offered many preſents " to *Hiranyagarbha*, conſented to the peace, and " ſent his repreſentative, and friend, to the caſtle " of the gander.

" *Duradurſin* then ſpoke thus: The fruits of " proſperous concluſion are now attained, and " the king *Chitraverna* will return to his own " realm of the mountain of *Vindhya*.

" Each party then retired to his proper ſtation, " and each obtained the object which his heart " chiefly deſired.

" Now," ſaid *Viſhnuſarman*, " on what elſe " ſhall I diſcourſe?"

" We comprehend," anſwered the princes, " this perfect ſyſtem of royal duties, through thy " favour, and are made happy, O venerable ſage! " by thy knowledge."

" Let us now, then," replied the philoſopher, " attend to our religious duties; and this only " ſhall be added:

" Let all kings make peace when they have

“ gained a victory; and may their joy be perpetual! May the virtuous live without misfortune! and may the celebrity of thoſe who have performed good actions, continue for ever encreaſing! May Virtue diſplay her beauties, like a beloved miſtreſs, on your boſoms! May ſhe kiſs your lips, and live with you long attended by the fame of univerſal benevolence! And may the burden-bearing earth, attended with freſh ſeaſons, remain for your gratification!”

THE

ENCHANTED FRUIT;

OR,

THE HINDU WIFE:

AN ANTEDILUVIAN TALE.

WRITTEN IN THE PROVINCE OF BAHAR.

THE ENCHANTED FRUIT;

OR,

THE HINDU WIFE.

‘ O LOVELY age[*], by *Brahmens* fam’d
‘ Pure *Setye Yug*[†] in *Sanscrit* nam’d!
‘ Delightful! Not for cups of *gold*,
‘ Or wives *a thousand centuries* old;
‘ Or men, degenerate now and small,
‘ Then *one and twenty cubits* tall:
‘ Not that plump *cows* full udders bore,
‘ And bowls with *holy curd*[‡] ran o’er;
‘ Not that, by Deities defended
‘ *Fish*, *Boar*, *Snake*, *Lion*[§], heav’n-descended,
‘ Learn’d *Pendits*, now grown sticks and clods,
‘ Redde fast the *Nagry of the Gods*[||]

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[*] A parody on the Ode in *Tasso*’s *Aminta*, beginning, *O bella étá dell’ oro!*

[†] The *Golden Age* of the *Hindus*.

[‡] Called *Joghrát*, the food of CRISHNA in his infancy and youth.

[§] The four first *Avatárs*, or *Incarnations* of the *Divine Spirit*.

[||] The *Sanscrit*, or *Sengscrit*, is written in letters so named.

'And laymen, faithful to *Narayn*[*]
'Believ'd in *Brahmá*'s mystick strain[†];
'Not that all Subjects spoke plain truth,
'While *Rajas* cherish'd eld and youth,
'No—yet delightful times! because
'*Nature* then reign'd, and *Nature*'s *Laws*;
'When females of the softest kind
'Were unaffected, unconfin'd;
'And this grand rule from none was hidden[‡];
'WHAT PLEASETH, HATH NO LAW FORBIDDEN.'

Thus, with a lyre in *India* strung,
Aminta's poet would have sung;
And thus too, in a modest way,
All virtuous males will sing or say:
But swarthy nymphs of *Hindustan*
Look deeper than short-sighted man,
And thus, in some poetick chime,
Would speak with reason, as with rhyme:
'O lovelier age, by *Brahmens* fam'd,
'Gay *Dwápar Yug* [§] in *Sanscrit* nam'd!
'Delightful! though impure with *brass*
'In many a green ill-scented mass;
'Though husbands, but *sev'n* cubits high,
'Must in *a thousand summers* die;
'Though, in the lives of dwindled men,
'*Ten* parts were Sin; Religion, *ten*;

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[*] *Narayn* or *Náráyan*, the *spirit* of GOD.

[†] The *Vayds*, or *Sacred Writings* of *Brahma*, called *Rig*, *Sám*, and *Yejar*: doubts have been raised concerning the authority of the *fourth*, or *At'herven*, *Vayd*.

[‡] "Se piace, ei líce." *Tasso*.

[§] The *Brazen Age*, or that in which Vice and Virtue were in *equal* proportion.

'Though *cows* would rarely fill the pail,
'But made th' expected creambowl fail;
'Though lazy *Pendits* ill could read
'(No care of ours) their *Yejar Veid;*
'Though *Rajas* look'd a little proud,
'And *Ranies* rather spoke too loud;
'Though *Gods*, display'd to mortal view
'In mortal forms, were only *two;*
'(Yet CRISHNA*, sweetest youth, was one,
'*Crishna*, whose cheeks outblaz'd the sun)
'Delightful, ne'ertheless! because
'Not bound by vile unnatural laws,
'Which curse this age from *Cáley* † nam'd,
'By some base woman-hater fram'd.
'Prepost'rous! that one biped vain
'Should drag ten house-wives in his train,
'And stuff them in a gaudy cage,
'Slaves to weak lust or potent rage!
'Not such the *Dwáper Yug!* oh then
'ONE BUXOM DAME MIGHT WED FIVE MEN.'

True History, in solemn terms,
This Philosophick lore confirms;
For *India* once, as now cold *Tibet* ‡,
A groupe unusual might exhibit,
Of sev'ral husbands, free from strife,
Link'd fairly to a single wife!
Thus Botanists, with eyes acute
To see prolifick dust minute,
Taught by their learned northern *Brahmen* §
To class by *pistil* and by *stamen*,

---

* The *Apollo* of *India*.

† The *Earthen* Age, or that of *Caly* or *Impurity:* this verse alludes to *Cáley*, the *Hecate* of the *Indians*.

‡ See the accounts published in the *Philosophical Transactions* from the papers of Mr. *Bogle*.

§ *Linnæus*.

Produce from nature's rich dominion
Flow'rs *Polyandrian Monogynian*,
Where embryon blossoms, fruits, and leaves
Twenty prepare, and ONE receives.

But, lest my word should nought avail,
Ye Fair, to no unholy tale
Attend. [*] *Five thousand* years [†] ago,
As annals in *Benares* show,
When *Pándu* chiefs with *Curus* fought [‡],
And each the throne imperial sought,
Five brothers of the regal line
Blaz'd high with qualities divine.
The first a prince without his peer,
Just, pious, lib'ral *Yudhishteir* [§];
Then *Erjun*, to the base a rod,
An Hero favour'd by a *God* [||];
Bheima, like mountain-leopard strong,
Unrival'd in th' embattled throng,
Bold *Nacul*, fir'd by noble shame
To emulate fraternal fame;

---

[*] The story is told by the *Jesuit* BOUCHET, in his Letter to HUET, Bishop of *Avranches*.

[†] A round number is chosen; but the *Caly Yug*, a little before which *Crishna* disappeared from this world, began *four thousand, eight hundred*, and *eighty-four* years ago, that is, according to our Chronologists, *seven hundred* and *forty-seven* before the flood; and by the calculation of *M. Bailly*, but *four hundred* and *fifty-four* after the foundation of the *Indian* empire.

[‡] This war, which *Crishna* fomented in favour of the *Pandu Prince*, *Yudhishtir*, supplied *Vyás* with the subject of his noble Epick Poem, *Mahábhárat*.

[§] This word is commonly pronounced with a strong accent on the last letter, but the preceding vowel is short in *Sengscrit*. The prince is called on the Coast *Dherme Ráj*, or Chief Magistrate.

[||] The *Geita*, containing *Instructions* to *Erjun*, was composed by *Crishna*, who peculiarly distinguished him.

And *Sehdeo*, flush'd with manly grace,
Bright virtue dawning in his face:
To these a dame devoid of care,
Blythe *Draupady*, the debonair,
Renown'd for beauty, and for wit,
In wedlock's pleasing chain was knit[*].

It fortun'd, at an idle hour,
This five-mal'd single-femal'd flow'r
One balmy morn of fruitful May
Through vales and meadows took its way.
A low thatch'd mansion met their eye
In trees umbrageous bosom'd high;
Near it (no sight, young maids, for you)
A temple rose to *Mahadew*[†].
A thorny hedge and reedy gate
Enclos'd the garden's homely state;
Plain in its neatness: thither wend
The princes and their lovely friend.
Light-pinion'd gales, to charm the sense,
Their odorif'rous breath dispense;
From *Béla*'s[‡] pearl'd, or pointed, bloom,
And *Málty* rich, they steal perfume:
There honey-scented *Singarhár*,
And *Júhy*, like a rising star,

---

[*] *Yudhishtir* and *Draupady*, called *Drobada* by *M. Sonnerat*, are deified on the Coast; and their feast, of which that writer exhibits an engraving, is named the *Procession of Fire*, because she passed *every year* from one of her *five* husbands to another, after a solemn purification by that element. In the *Bháshá* language, her name is written, DRÓPTY.

[†] The *Indian* JUPITER.

[‡] The varieties of *Bela*, and the *three* flowers next mentioned, are beautiful species of *Jasmin*.

Strong *Chempá*, darted by *Cámdew*,
And *Mulsery* of paler hue,
*Cayora**, which the *Ranies* wear
In tangles of their silken hair,
Round † *Bábul*-flow'rs, and *Gulachein*
Dyed like the shell of Beauty's Queen,
Sweet *Mindy* ‡ press'd for crimson stains,
And sacred *Tulsy* §, pride of plains,
With *Séwty*, small unblushing rose,
Their odours mix, their tints disclose,
And, as a gemm'd tiara, bright,
Paint the fresh branches with delight.

One tree above all others tower'd
With shrubs and saplings close imbower'd,
For every blooming child of Spring
Paid homage to the verdant King:
Aloft a solitary fruit,
Full sixty cubits from the root,
Kiss'd by the breeze, luxuriant hung,
Soft chrysolite with em'ralds strung.
'Try we, said *Erjun* indiscreet,
'If yon proud fruit be sharp or sweet;
'My shaft its parent stalk shall wound:
'Receive it, ere it reach the ground.'

Swift as his word, an arrow flew:
The dropping prize besprent with dew
The brothers, in contention gay,
Catch, and on gather'd herbage lay.

---

* The *Indian* Spikenard.
† The *Mimosa*, or true *Acacia*, that produces the *Arabian* Gum.
‡ Called *Alhhinná* by the *Arabs*.
§ Of the kind called *Ocymum*.

That instant scarlet lightnings flash,
And *Jemna*'s waves her borders lash,
Crishna from *Swerga*'s * height descends,
Observant of his mortal friends:
Not such, as in his earliest years,
Among his wanton cowherd peers,
In *Gocul* or *Brindáben*'s † glades,
He sported with the dairy-maids;
Or, having pip'd and danc'd enough,
Clos'd the brisk night with *blindman's-buff* ‡;
(List, antiquaries, and record
This pastime of the *Gopia*'s Lord §)
But radiant with ethereal fire:
Nared alone could bards inspire
In lofty *Slokes* || his mien to trace,
And unimaginable grace.
With human voice, in human form,
He mildly spake, and hush'd the storm:
'O mortals, ever prone to ill!
'Too rashly *Erjun* prov'd his skill.
'Yon fruit a pious *Muny*** owns,
'Assistant of our heav'nly thrones.
'The golden pulp, each month renew'd,
'Supplies him with ambrosial food.
'Should he the daring archer curse,
'Not *Mentra* †† deep, nor magick verse,

---

* The heaven of *Indra*, or the Empyreum.

† In the district of *Mat'hura*, not far from *Agra*.

‡ This is told in the *Bhágawat*.

§ GOPY NAT'H, a title of *Crishna*, corresponding with *Nymphagetes*, an epithet of *Neptune*.

|| Tetrasticks without rhyme.

** An inspired Writer: *twenty* are so called.

†† Incantation.

' Your gorgeous palaces could save
' From flames, your embers, from the wave*.'

The princes, whom th' immod'rate blaze
Forbids their sightless eyes to raise,
With doubled hands his aid implore,
And vow submission to his lore.
' One remedy, and simply one,
' Or take, said he, or be undone:
' Let each his crimes or faults confess,
' The greatest name, omit the less;
' Your actions, words, e'en thoughts reveal;
' No part must *Draupady* conceal:
' So shall the fruit, as each applies
' The faithful charm, *ten cubits* rise;
' Till, if the dame be frank and true,
' It join the branch, where late it grew.'
He smil'd, and shed a transient gleam;
Then vanish'd, like a morning dream.

Now, long entranc'd, each waking brother
Star'd with amazement on another,
Their consort's cheek forgot its glow,
And pearly tears began to flow;
When *Yudishteir*, high-gifted man,
His plain confession thus began.

' Inconstant fortune's wreathed smiles,
' *Duryódhen*'s rage, *Duryódhen*'s wiles,
' Fires rais'd for this devoted head,
' E'en poison for my brethren spread,

---

* This will receive illustration from a passage in the *Ramayen:* ' Even he, who cannot be ſlain by the ponderous arms of *Indra,* nor ' by those of *Cály,* nor by the terrible *Checra* (or *Discus),* of *Vishnu,* ' shall be destroyed, if a *Brahmen* execrate him, *as if he were con-* ' *sumed by fire.*'

'My wand'rings through wild scenes of wo,
'And persecuted life, you know.
'Rude wassailers defil'd my halls,
'And riot shook my palace-walls,
'My treasures wasted. This and more
'With resignation calm I bore;
'But, when the late-descending god
'Gave all I wish'd with soothing nod,
'When, by his counsel and his aid,
'Our banners danc'd, our clarions bray'd
'(Be this my greatest crime confess'd),
'*Revenge* sate ruler in my breast:
'I panted for the tug of arms,
'For skirmish hot, for fierce alarms;
'Then had my shaft *Duryódhen* rent,
'This heart had glow'd with sweet content.'

He ceas'd: the living gold upsprung,
And from the bank *ten* cubits hung.

Embolden'd by this fair success,
Next *Erjun* hasten'd to confess:
'When I with *Aswatthámа* fought;
'My noose the fell assassin caught;
'My spear transfix'd him to the ground:
'His giant limbs firm cordage bound;
'His holy thread extorted awe
'Spar'd by religion and by law;
'But, when his murd'rous hands I view'd
'In blameless kindred gore imbued,
'Fury my boiling bosom sway'd,
'And *Rage* unsheath'd my willing blade:
'Then, had not *Crishna*'s arm divine
'With gentle touch suspended mine,
'This hand a *Brahmen* had destroy'd,
'And vultures with his blood been cloy'd.'

The fruit, forgiving *Erjun*'s dart,
Ten cubits rose with eager start.

Flush'd with some tints of honest shame,
Bheima to his confession came:
‘ 'Twas at a feast for battles won
‘ From *Dhriteráshtra*'s guileful son,
‘ High on the board in vases pil'd
‘ All vegetable nature smil'd:
‘ Proud *Anaras*[*] his beauties told,
‘ His verdant crown and studs of gold,
‘ To *Dallim*[†], whose soft rubies laugh'd
‘ Bursting with juice, that gods have quaff'd;
‘ Ripe *Kellas*[‡] here in heaps were seen,
‘ *Kellas*, the golden and the green,
‘ With *Ambas*[§] priz'd on distant coasts,
‘ Whose birth the fertile *Ganga* boasts:
‘ (Some gleam like silver, some outshine
‘ Wrought ingots from *Besoara*'s mine):
‘ *Corindas* there, too sharp alone,
‘ With honey mix'd, impurpled shone;
‘ *Talsans*[‖] his liquid crystal spread
‘ Pluck'd from high *Tara*'s tufted head;
‘ Round *Jamas*[**] delicate as fair,
‘ Like rose-water perfum'd the air;
‘ Bright salvers high-rais'd *Comlas*[††] held
‘ Like topazes, which *Amrit*[‡‡] swell'd;
‘ While some delicious *Attas*[§§] bore,
‘ And *Catels*[‖‖] warm, a sugar'd store;
‘ Others with *Béla*'s grains were heap'd,
‘ And mild *Papayas* honey-steep'd;

---

[*] Ananas.
[†] Pomegranate.
[‡] Plantains.
[§] Mangos.
[‖] Palmyra-fruit
[**] Rose-apples.
[††] Oranges.
[‡‡] The Hindu Nectar.
[§§] Custard-apples.
[‖‖] Jaik-fruit.

‘ Or sweet *Ajeírs*[*] the red and pale,
‘ Sweet to the taste and in the gale.
‘ Here mark’d we purest basons fraught
‘ With sacred cream and fam’d *Joghrát*;
‘ Nor saw we not rich bowls contain
‘ The *Chawla*’s[†] light nutritious grain,
‘ Some virgin-like in native pride,
‘ And some with strong *Haldea*[‡] dyed,
‘ Some tasteful to dull palates made
‘ If *Merich*[§] lend his fervent aid,
‘ Or *Langa*[‖] shap’d like od’rous nails,
‘ Whose scent o’er groves of spice prevails,
‘ Or *Adda*[**], breathing gentle heat,
‘ Or *Joutery*[††] both warm and sweet.
‘ *Supiary*[‡‡] next (in *Pána*[§§] chew’d,
‘ And *Catha*[‖‖] with strong pow’rs endued,
‘ Mix’d with *Elachy*’s[***] glowing seeds,
‘ Which some remoter climate breeds),
‘ Near *Jeifel*[†††] sate, like *Jeifel* fram’d
‘ Though not for equal fragrance nam’d:
‘ Last, *Náryal*[‡‡‡], whom all ranks esteem,
‘ Pour’d in full cups his dulcet stream:
‘ Long I survey’d the doubtful board
‘ With each high delicacy stor’d;
‘ Then freely gratified my soul,
‘ From many a dish, and many a bowl,
‘ Till health was lavish’d, as my time;
‘ *Intemp’rance* was my fatal crime.’

Uprose the fruit; and now *mid-way*
Suspended shone like blazing day.

[*] Guayavas.
[†] Rice.
[‡] Turmerick.
[§] Indian Pepper.
[‖] Cloves.
[**] Ginger.
[††] Mace.
[‡‡] Areca-nut.
[§§] Betel-leaf.
[‖‖] What we call Japan-earth.
[***] Cardamums.
[†††] Nutmeg.
[‡‡‡] Coconut.

Nacal then spoke: (a blush o'erspread
His cheeks, and conscious droop'd his head):
'Before *Duryódhen*, ruthless king,
'Taught his fierce darts in air to sing,
'With bright-arm'd ranks, by *Crishna* sent,
'Elate from *Indraprest* * I went
'Through *Eastern* realms; and vanquish'd all
'From rough *Almóra* to *Nipál.*
'Where ev'ry mansion, new or old,
'Flam'd with Barbarick gems and gold.
'Here shone with pride the regal stores
'On iv'ry roofs, and cedrine floors;
'There diadems of price unknown
'Blaz'd with each all-attracting stone;
'Firm diamonds, like fix'd honour true,
'Some pink, and some of yellow hue,
'Some black, yet not the less esteem'd;
'The rest like tranquil *Jemna* gleam'd,
'When in her bed the *Gopia* lave
'Betray'd by the pellucid wave.
'Like raging fire the ruby glow'd,
'Or soft, but radiant, water show'd;
'Pure amethysts, in richest ore
'Oft found, a purple vesture wore;
'Sapphirs, like yon etherial plain;
'Em'ralds, like *Peipel* † fresh with rain;
'Gay topazes, translucent gold;
'Pale chrysolites of softer mould;
'Fam'd beryls, like the surge marine,
'Light-azure mix'd with modest green;
'Refracted ev'ry varying dye,
'Bright as yon bow, that girds the sky.
'Here opals, which all hues unite,
'Display'd their many-tinctur'd light,

---

* DEHLY.

† A sacred tree like an *Aspin.*

'With turcoises divinely blue
'(Though doubts arise, where first they grew,
'Whether chaste elephantine bone
'By min'rals ting'd, or native stone),
'And pearls unblemish'd, such as deck
'*Bhavány*'s * wrist or *Lecshmy*'s † neck.
'Each castle ras'd, each city storm'd,
'Vast loads of pillag'd wealth I form'd,
'Not for my coffers; though they bore,
'As you decreed, my lot and more.
'Too pleas'd the brilliant heap I stor'd,
'Too charming seem'd the guarded hoard:
'An odious vice this heart assail'd;
'Base *Av'rice* for a time prevail'd.

Th' enchanted orb *ten* cubits flew,
Strait as the shaft, which *Erjun* drew.

Sehdio, with youthful ardour bold,
Thus, penitent, his failings told:
'From clouds, by folly rais'd, these eyes
'Experience clear'd, and made me wise;
'For, when the crash of battle roar'd,
'When death rain'd blood from spear and sword,
'When, in the tempest of alarms,
'Horse roll'd on horse, arms clash'd with arms,
'Such acts I saw by others done,
'Such perils brav'd, such trophies won,
'That, while my patriot bosom glow'd,
'Though some faint skill, some strength I show'd,
'And, no dull gazer on the field,
'This hero slew, that forc'd to yield,

---

* The *Indian* VENUS. † The *Indian* CERES.

'Yet, meek humility, to thee,
'When *Erjun* fought, low sank my knee:
'But, ere the din of war began,
'When black'ning cheeks just mark'd the man,
'Myself invincible I deem'd,
'And great, without a rival, seem'd.
'Whene'er I sought the sportful plain,
'No youth of all the martial train
'With arm so strong or eye so true
'The *Checra*'s * pointed circle threw;
'None, when the polish'd cane we bent,
'So far the light-wing'd arrow sent;
'None from the broad elastick reed,
'Like me, gave *Agnyastra* † speed,
'Or spread its flames with nicer art
'In many an unextinguish'd dart;
'Or, when in imitated fight
'We sported till departing light,
'None saw me to the ring advance
'With falchion keen or quiv'ring lance,
'Whose force my rooted seat could shake,
'Or on my steed impression make:
'No charioteer, no racer fleet
'O'ertook my wheels or rapid feet.
'Next, when the woody heights we sought,
'With madd'ning elephants I fought:
'In vain their high-priz'd tusks they gnash'd;
'Their trunked heads my *Geda* ‡ mash'd.
'No buffalo, with phrensy strong,
'Could bear my clatt'ring thunder long:

---

* A radiated metalline ring, used as a missile weapon.

† Fire-arms, or rockets, early known in *India*.

‡ A mace, or club.

'No pard or tiger, from the wood
'Reluctant brought, this arm withstood.
'*Pride* in my heart his mansion fix'd,
'And with pure drops black poison mix'd.

Swift rose the fruit, exalted now
Ten cubits from his natal bough.

Fair *Draupady*, with soft delay,
Then spake: 'Heav'n's mandate I obey;
'Though nought, essential to be known,
'Has heav'n to learn, or I to own.
'When scarce a damsel, scarce a child,
'In early bloom your handmaid smil'd,
'*Love of the World* her fancy mov'd,
'Vain pageantry her heart approv'd:
'Her form, she thought, and lovely mien,
'All must admire, when all had seen:
'A thirst of pleasure and of praise
'(With shame I speak) engross'd my days;
'Nor were my night-thoughts, I confess,
'Free from solicitude for dress;
'How best to bind my flowing hair
'With art, yet with an artless air
'(My hair, like musk in scent and hue;
'Oh! blacker far and sweeter too);
'In what nice braid or glossy curl
'To fix a diamond or a pearl,
'And where to smooth the love-spread toils
'With nard or jasmin's fragrant oils;
'How to adjust the golden *Teic**,
'And most adorn my forehead sleek;

---

* Properly *Teica*, an ornament of gold, placed above the nose.

'What *Condals* [*] should emblaze my ears,
'Like *Seita*'s waves [†] or *Seita*'s tears [‡];
'How elegantly to dispose
'Bright circlets for my well-form'd nose;
'With strings of rubies how to deck,
'Or em'rald rows, my stately neck,
'While some that ebon tow'r embrac'd,
'Some pendent sought my slender waist;
'How next my purfled veil to chuse
'From silken stores of varied hues;
'Which would attract the roving view,
'Pink, violet, purple, orange, blue;
'The loveliest mantle to select,
'Or unembellish'd or bedeck'd;
'And how my twisted scarf to place
'With most inimitable grace;
'(Too thin its warp, too fine its woof,
'For eyes of males not beauty-proof);
'What skirts the mantle best would suit,
'Ornate with stars or tissued fruit,
'The flow'r-embroider'd or the plain
'With silver or with golden vein;
'The *Chury* [§] bright, which gayly shows
'Fair objects, aptly to compose;
'How each smooth arm and each soft wrist
'By richest *Cosecs* [||] might be kiss'd;
'While some, my taper ankles round,
'With sunny radiance ting'd the ground.

---

[*] Pendents.

[†] SEITA' CUND, or the *Pool* of *Seitá*, the wife of RAM, is the name given to the wonderful spring at *Mengeir*, with boiling water of exquisite clearness and purity.

[‡] Her tears, when she was made captive by the giant *Ráwan*.

[§] A small mirror worn in a ring.

[||] Bracelets.

'O waste of many a precious hour!
'O *Vanity*, how vast thy pow'r!'

Cubits twice four th' ambrosial flew,
Still from its branch disjoin'd by *two*.

Each husband now, with wild surprise,
His compeers and his consort eyes;
When *Yudishteir:* 'Thy female breast
'Some faults, perfidious, hath suppress'd.
'Oh! give the close-lock'd secret room,
'Unfold its bud, expand its bloom;
'Lest, sinking with our crumbled halls,
'We see red flames devour their walls.'
Abash'd, yet with a decent pride,
Firm *Draupady* the fact denied;
Till, through an arched alley green,
The limit of that sacred scene,
She saw the dreaded *Muny* go
With steps majestically slow;
Then said: (a stifled sigh she stole,
And show'd the conflict of her soul
By broken speech and flutt'ring heart)
'One trifle more I must impart:
'A *Brahmen* learn'd, of pure intent
'And look demure, one morn you sent,
'With me, from *Sanscrit* old, to read
'Each high *Purán** each holy *Veid*.
'His thread, which *Brehmá*'s lineage show'd,
'O'er his left shoulder graceful flow'd;
'Of *Crishna* and his nymphs he redde,
'How with nine maids the dance he led;
'How they ador'd, and he repaid
'Their homage in the sylvan shade.

---

* A Mythological and Historical Poem.

'While this gay tale my spirits cheer'd,
'So keen the *Pendit*'s eyes appear'd,
'So sweet his voice—a blameless fire
'This bosom could not but inspire.
'Bright as a God he seem'd to stand:
'The rev'rend volume left his hand,
'With mine he press'd'—With deep despair
Brothers on brothers wildly stare:
From *Erjun* flew a wrathful glance;
Tow'rd them they saw their dread advance;
Then, trembling, breathless, pale with fear,
'Hear, said the matron, calmly hear!
'By *Tulsy*'s leaf the truth I speak—
'The *Brahmen* ONLY KISS'D MY CHEEK.'

Strait its full height the wonder rose,
Glad with its native branch to close.

Now to the walk approach'd the Sage
Exulting in his verdant age:
His hands, that touch'd his front, express'd
Due rev'rence to each princely guest,
Whom to his rural board he led
In simple delicacy spread,
With curds their palates to regale,
And cream-cups from the *Gopia*'s pail.

Could you, ye Fair, like this black wife,
Restore us to primeval life,
And bid that apple, pluck'd for *Eve*
By him, who might all wives deceive,
Hang from its parent bough once more
Divine and perfect, as before,

Would you confess your little faults?
(Great ones were never in your thoughts);
Would you the secret wish unfold,
Or in your heart's full casket hold?
Would you disclose your inmost mind,
And speak plain truth, to bless mankind?

'What! said the Guardian of our realm,
With waving crest and fiery helm,
'What! are the fair, whose heav'nly smiles
'Rain glory through my cherish'd isles,
'Are they less virtuous or less true
'Than *Indian* dames of sooty hue?
'No, by these arms. The cold surmise
'And doubt injurious vainly rise.
'Yet dares a bard, who better knows,
'This point distrustfully propose;
'Vain fabler now! though oft before
'His harp has cheer'd my sounding shore.'

With brow austere the martial maid
Spoke, and majestick trod the glade:
To that fell cave her course she held,
Where *Scandal*, bane of mortals, dwell'd.
Outstretch'd on filth the pest she found,
Black fetid venom streaming round;
A gloomy light just serv'd to show
The darkness of the den below.
Britannia with resistless might
Soon dragg'd him from his darling night:
The snakes, that o'er his body curl'd,
And flung his poison through the world,
Confounded with the flash of day,
Hiss'd horribly a hellish lay.

His eyes with flames and blood suffus'd,
Long to th' ethereal beam unus'd,
Fierce in their gory sockets roll'd;
And desperation made him bold:
Pleas'd with the thought of human woes,
On scaly dragon feet he rose.
Thus, when *Asúrs* with impious rage,
Durst horrid war with *Déuta's* wage,
And darted many a burning mass
E'en on the brow of gemm'd *Cailás*,
High o'er the rest, on serpents rear'd,
The grisly king of *Deits* appear'd.

The nymph beheld the fiend advance,
And couch'd her far-extending lance:
Dire drops he threw; th' infernal tide
Her helm and silver hauberk dyed:
Her moonlike shield before her hung;
The monster struck, the monster stung:
Her spear with many a griding wound
Fast nail'd him to the groaning ground.
The wretch, from juster vengeance free,
Immortal born by heav'n's decree,
With chains of adamant secur'd,
Deep in cold gloom she left immur'd.

Now reign at will, victorious Fair,
In *British*, or in *Indian*, air!
Still with each envying flow'r adorn
Your tresses radiant as the morn;
Still let each *Asiatick* dye
Rich tints for your gay robes supply;
Still through the dance's labyrinth float,
And swell the sweetly lengthen'd note;

Still, on proud steeds or glitt'ring cars,
Rise on the course like beamy stars;
And, when charm'd circles round you close
Of rhyming bards and smiling beaux,
Whilst all with eager looks contend
Their wit or worth to recommend,
Still let your mild, yet piercing, eyes
Impartially adjudge the prize.

A HYMN

TO

CAMDEO.

THE ARGUMENT.

THE *Hindú* God, to whom the following poem is addressed, appears evidently the same with the *Grecian* EROS and the *Roman* CUPIDO; but the *Indian* description of his person and arms, his family, attendants, and attributes, has new and peculiar beauties.

According to the mythology of *Hindustán*, he was the son of MAYA, or the general *attracting* power, and married to RETTY or *Affection*; and his bosom friend is BESSENT or *Spring*: he is represented as a beautiful youth, sometimes conversing with his mother and consort in the midst of his gardens and temples; sometimes riding by moonlight on a parrot or lory, and attended by dancing girls or nymphs, the foremost of whom bears his colours, which are a *fish* on a red ground. His favourite place of resort is a large tract of country round AGRA, and principally the plains of *Matra*, where KRISHEN also and the nine GOPIA, who are clearly the *Apollo* and *Muses* of the *Greeks*, usually spend the night with musick and dance. His bow of sugar-cane or flowers, with a string of bees, and his *five* arrows, each pointed with an *Indian* blossom of a heating quality, are allegories equally new and beautiful. He has at least twenty-three names, most of which are introduced in the hymn: that of *Cám* or *Cáma* signifies *desire*, a sense which it also bears in ancient and modern *Persian*; and it is possible, that the words *Dipuc* and *Cupid*, which have the same signification, may have the same origin; since we know, that the old *Hetruscans*, from whom great part of the *Roman* language and religion was derived, and whose system had a near affinity with that of the *Perſians* and *Indians*, used to write their lines alternately forwards and backwards, as furrows are made by the plough; and, though the two last letters of *Cupido* may be only the grammatical termination, as in *libido* and *capedo*, yet the primary root of *cupio* is contained in the three first letters. The seventh stanza alludes to the bold attempt of this deity to wound the great God *Mahadeo*, for which he was punished by a flame consuming his corporeal nature and reducing him to a mental essence; and hence his chief dominion is over the *minds* of mortals, or such deities as he is permitted to subdue.

THE HYMN.

WHAT potent God from *Agra*'s orient bow'rs
Floats thro' the lucid air, whilst living flow'rs
With sunny twine the vocal arbours wreathe,
And gales enamour'd heav'nly fragrance breathe?
  Hail, pow'r unknown! for at thy beck
  Vales and groves their bosoms deck,
  And ev'ry laughing blossom dresses
  With gems of dew his musky tresses.
I feel, I feel thy genial flame divine,
And hallow thee and kiss thy shrine.

"Knowst thou not me?" Celestial sounds I hear!
"Knowst thou not me?" Ah, spare a mortal ear!
"Behold"—My swimming eyes entranc'd I raise,
But oh! they shrink before th' excessive blaze.
  Yes, son of *Maya*, yes, I know
  Thy bloomy shafts and cany bow,
  Cheeks with youthful glory beaming,
  Locks in braids ethereal streaming,
Thy scaly standard, thy mysterious arms,
And all thy pains and all thy charms.

God of each lovely sight, each lovely sound,
Soul-kindling, world-inflaming, star-ycrown'd,
Eternal *Cáma!* Or doth *Smara* bright,
Or proud *Ananga* give thee more delight?

Whate'er thy seat, whate'er thy name,
Seas, earth, and air, thy reign proclaim;
Wreathy smiles and roseate pleasures
Are thy richest, sweetest treasures.
All animals to thee their tribute bring,
And hail thee universal king.

Thy consort mild, *Affection* ever true,
Graces thy side, her vest of glowing hue,
And in her train twelve blooming girls advance,
Touch golden strings and knit the mirthful dance.
Thy dreaded implements they bear,
And wave them in the scented air,
Each with pearls her neck adorning,
Brighter than the tears of morning.
Thy crimson ensign, which before them flies,
Decks with new stars the sapphire skies.

God of the flow'ry shafts and flow'ry bow,
Delight of all above and all below!
Thy lov'd companion, constant from his birth,
In heav'n clep'd *Bessent*, and gay *Spring* on earth,
Weaves thy green robe and flaunting bow'rs,
And from thy clouds draws balmy show'rs,
He with fresh arrows fills thy quiver,
(Sweet the gift and sweet the giver!)
And bids the many-plumed warbling throng
Burst the pent blossoms with their song.

He bends the luscious cane, and twists the string
With bees, how sweet! but ah, how keen their sting!
He with five flow'rets tips thy ruthless darts,
Which thro' five senses pierce enraptur'd hearts:
Strong *Chumpa*, rich in od'rous gold,
Warm *Amer*, nurs'd in heav'nly mould,

Dry *Nagkeser* in silver smiling,
Hot *Kiticum* our sense beguiling,
And last, to kindle fierce the scorching flame,
Loveshaft, which Gods bright *Bela* name.

Can men resist thy pow'r, when *Krishen* yields,
Krishen, who still in *Matra*'s holy fields
Tunes harps immortal, and to strains divine
Dances by moonlight with the *Gopia* nine?
But, when thy daring arm untam'd
At *Mahadeo* a loveshaft aim'd,
Heav'n shook, and, smit with stony wonder,
Told his deep dread in bursts of thunder,
Whilst on thy beauteous limbs an azure fire
Blaz'd forth, which never must expire.

O thou for ages born, yet ever young,
For ages may thy *Bramin*'s lay be sung!
And, when thy lory spreads his em'rald wings,
To waft thee high above the tow'rs of kings,
Whilst o'er thy throne the moon's pale light
Pours her soft radiance thro' the night,
And to each floating cloud discovers
The haunts of blest or joyless lovers,
Thy mildest influence to thy bard impart,
To warm, but not consume, his heart.

TWO HYMNS

TO

PRACRITI.

THE ARGUMENT.

In all our conversations with learned *Hindus* we find them enthusiastick admirers of Poetry, which they consider as a divine art, that had been practised for numberless ages in heaven, before it was revealed on earth by VA'LMI'C, whose great Heroick Poem is fortunately preserved: the *Bráhmans* of course prefer that poetry, which they believe to have been *actually inspired*; while the *Vaidyas*, who are in general perfect grammarians and good poets, but are not suffered to read any of the *sacred* writings except the *Ayurvéda*, or *Body of Medical Tracts*, speak with rapture of their innumerable *popular* poems, *Epick*, *Lyrick*, and *Dramatick*, which were composed by men not literally inspired, but called, metaphorically, the sons of SERESWATI, or MINERVA; among whom the *Pandits* of all sects, nations, and degrees are unanimous in giving the prize of glory to CA'LI'DA'SA, who flourished in the court of VICRAMA'DITYA, fifty-seven years before Christ. He wrote several *Dramas*, one of which, entitled SACONTALA', is in my possession; and the subject of it appears to be as interesting as the composition is beautiful: besides these he published the *Méghadúta*, or cloud-messenger, and the *Nalódaya*, or rise of NALA, both elegant love-tales; the *Raghuvansa*, an Heroick Poem; and the *Cumára Sambhava*, or birth of CUMA'RA, which supplied me with materials for the first of the following Odes. I have not indeed yet read it; since it could not be correctly copied for me during the short interval, in which it is in my power to amuse myself with literature; but I have heard the story told both in *Sanscrit* and *Persian*, by many *Pandits*, who had no communication with each other; and their outline of it coincided so perfectly, that I am convinced of its correctness: that outline is here filled up, and exhibited in a lyrick form, partly in the *Indian*, partly in the *Grecian*, taste; and great will be my pleasure, when I can again find time for such amusements, in reading the whole poem of C'ALI'DA'SA, and in comparing my descriptions with the original composition. To anticipate the story in a preface would be to destroy the interest, that may be taken in the poem; a disadvantage attending all prefatory arguments, of which those prefixed to the several books of TASSO, and to the Dramas of METASTASIO, are obvious instances; but, that any interest may be taken in the two hymns addressed to PRACRITI, under different names, it is necessary to render them intelligible by a previous explanation of the mythological allusions, which could not but occur in them.

ISWARA, or I'SA, and I'SA'NI or I'SI', are unquestionably the OSIRIS and ISIS of Egypt; for, though neither a resemblance of names, nor a similarity of character, would separately prove the identity of *Indian* and *Egyptian* Deities, yet, when they both concur, with the addition of numberless corroborating circumstances, they form a proof little short of demonstration. The *female* divinity, in the mythological systems of the East, represents the active *power* of the *male;* and that I'SI' means *active nature,* appears evidently from the word *s'ácta,* which is derived from *s'acti,* or *power,* and applied to those *Hindus,* who direct their adoration principally to that goddess: this feminine character of PRACRITI, or *created nature,* is so familiar in most languages, and even in our own, that the gravest *English* writers, on the most serious subjects of religion and philosophy, speak of *her* operations, as if *she* were actually an animated being; but such personifications are easily misconceived by the multitude, and have a strong tendency to polytheism. The principal operations of nature are, not the absolute annihilation and new creation of what we call *material substances,* but the temporary extinction and reproduction, or, rather in one word, the *transmutation,* of *forms;* whence the epithet *Polymorphos* is aptly given to nature by *European* philosophers: hence ISWARA, SIVA, HARA (for those are his names and near a thousand more), united with I'SI', represent the *secondary causes,* whatever they may be, of natural phenomena, and principally those of temporary *destruction* and *regeneration*; but the *Indian* ISIS appears in a variety of characters, especially in those of PA'RVATI', CA'LI', DURGA', and BHA'VANI', which bear a strong resemblance to the JUNO of HOMER, to HECATE, to the armed PALLAS, and to the *Lucretian* VENUS.

The name PA'RVATI' took its rise from a wild poetical fiction. HIMA'LAYA, or the *Mansion of Snow,* is the title given by the *Hindus* to that vast chain of mountains, which limits *India* to the north, and embraces it with its eastern and western arms, both extending to the ocean; the former of those arms is called *Chandrasèc'hara,* or the *Moon's Rock*; and the second, which reaches as far west as the mouths of the *Indus,* was named by the ancients *Montes Parvèti.* These hills are held sacred by the *Indians,* who suppose them to be the terrestrial haunt of the God I'SWARA. The mountain *Himálaya,* being personified, is represented as a powerful monarch, whose wife was ME'NA': their daughter is named PA'RVATI', or *Mountain-born,* and DURGA', or *of difficult access;* but the *Hindus* believe her to have been married to SIVA in a pre-existent state, when she bore the name of SATI'. The daughter of HIMA'LAYA had two sons; GANE'S'A, or the *Lord of Spirits,* adored as the wisest of Deities, and always invoked at the beginning of every literary work, and CUMA'RA, SCANDA, or CA'RTICE'YA, commander of the celestial armies.

The pleasing fiction of CA'MA, the *Indian* CUPID, and his friend VASANTA, or the Spring, has been the subject of another poem; and here it must be remembered, that the God of Love is named also SMARA, CANDARPA, and ANANGA. One of his arrows is called *Mellicà,* the *Nyctanthes* of our Botanists, who very unadvisedly reject the vernacular names of most *Asiatick* plants: it is beautifully introduced by CA'LIDA'SA into this lively couplet;

Mellicámuculè bhátigunjanmattamadhuvratah,
Prayánè panchaśánasya sanc'hamápúrayanniva.

'The intoxicated bee shines and murmurs in the 'fresh-blown *Mellicà,* like him who gives breath to 'a white conch in the procession of the God with 'five arrows.'

A critick, to whom CA'LI'DA'SA repeated this verse, observed, that the comparison was not exact: since the bee sits on the blossom itself, and does not murmur at the end of the tube, like him who blows a conch: 'I was aware of that, said the 'poet, and, therefore, described the bee as *intoxi*'*cated:* a drunken musician would blow the shell 'at the wrong end:' There was more than wit in this answer: it was a just rebuke to a dull critick; for poetry delights in *general* images, and is so far from being a perfect imitation, that a scrupulous exactness of descriptions and similes, by leaving nothing for the imagination to supply, never fails to diminish or destroy the pleasure of every reader, who has an imagination to be gratified.

It may here be observed, that *Nymphæa,* not *Lotos,* is the *generick* name in *Europe* of the flower consecrated to ISIS: the *Persians* know by the name of *Nílúfer* that species of it, which the Botanists ridiculously call *Nelumbo,* and which is remarkable for its curious *pericarpium,* where each of the seeds contains in miniature the leaves of a perfect vegetable. The *lotos* of HOMER was probably the *sugarcane,* and that of LINNÆUS is a papilionaceous plant; but he gives the same name to another species of the *Nymphæa*; and the word is so constantly applied among us in *India* to the *Nílúfer*, that any other would be hardly intelligible: the *blue* lotos grows in *Cashmír* and in *Persia*, but not in *Bengal*, where we see only the *red* and the *white*; and hence occasion is taken to feign, that the lotos of *Hindustan* was dyed crimson by the blood of SIVA.

CUVE'RA, mentioned in the fourteenth stanza, is the God of Wealth, supposed to reside in a magnificent city, called *Alacà*; and VRIHASPATI, or the Genius of the planet *Jupiter*, is the preceptor of the gods in *Swerga* or the firmament: he is usually represented as their orator, when any message is carried from them to one of the three superior Deities.

The lamentations of RETI', the wife of CAMA, fill a whole book in the *Sanscrit* poem, as I am informed by my teacher, a learned *Vaidya*; who is restrained only from reading the book, which contains a description of the nuptials; for the ceremonies of a marriage where BRAHMA' himself officiated as the father of the bridegroom, are too holy to be known by any but *Bráhmans*.

The achievements of DURGA' in her martial character as the patroness of *Virtue*, and her battle with a demon in the shape of a buffalo, are the subject of many episodes in the *Purànas* and *Cávyas*, or *sacred* and *popular* poems; but a full account of them would have destroyed the unity of the Ode, and they are barely alluded to in the last stanza.

It seemed proper to change the measure, when the goddess was to be addressed as Bhava'ni, or the *power of fecundity*; but such a change, though very common in *Sanscrit*, has its inconveniences in *European* poetry: a distinct Hymn is therefore appropriated to her in that capacity; for the explanation of which we need only premise, that Lacshmi' is the Goddess of *Abundance*; that the *Cêtaca* is a fragrant and beautiful plant of the *Diœcian* kind, known to Botanists by the name of *Pandanus*; and that the *Dúrgótsava*, or great festival of Bhava'ni at the close of the rains, ends in throwing the image of the goddess into the *Ganges* or other sacred water.

I am not conscious of having left unexplained any difficult allusion in the two poems; and have only to add (lest *European* criticks should consider a few of the images as inapplicable to *Indian* manners), that the ideas of *snow* and *ice* are familiar to the *Hindus*; that the mountains of *Himálaya* may be clearly discerned from a part of *Bengal*; that the *Grecian* Hæmus is the *Sanscrit* word *haimas*, meaning *snowy*; and that funeral *urns* may be seen perpetually on the banks of the river.

The two Hymns are neither translations from any other poems, nor imitations of any; and have nothing of Pindar in them except the measures, which are nearly the same, syllable for syllable, with those of the first and second *Nemean* Odes: more musical stanzas might perhaps have been formed; but, in every art, variety and novelty are considerable sources of pleasure. The style and manner of PINDAR have been greatly mistaken; and, that a distinct idea of them may be conceived by such, as have not access to that inimitable poet in his own language, I cannot refrain from subjoining the first *Nemean* Ode, not only in the same measure as nearly as possible, but almost word for word, with the original; those epithets and phrases only being necessarily added, which are printed in *Italick* letters.

THE HYMN

TO

DURGA'.

I. 1.

FROM thee begins the solemn air,
Ador'd GANE'SA'; next, thy sire we praise
(Him, from whose red clust'ring hair
A new-born crescent sheds propitious rays,
Fair as GANGA''s curling foam),
Dread IS'WARA; who lov'd o'er awful mountains,
Rapt in prescience deep, to roam,
But chiefly those, whence holy rivers gush,
Bright from their secret fountains,
And o'er the realms of BRAHMA' rush.

I. 2.

Rock above rock they ride sublime,
And lose their summits in blue fields of day,
Fashion'd first, when rolling time,
Vast infant, in his golden cradle lay,
Bidding endless ages run
And wreathe their giant heads in snows eternal
Gilt by each revolving sun;
Though neither morning beam, nor noontide glare,
In wintry sign or vernal,
Their adamantine strength impair;

I. 3.

Nor e'en the fiercest summer heat
Could thrill the palace, where their Monarch reign'd
On his frost-impearled seat,
(Such height had unremitted virtue gain'd!)
HIMA'LAYA, to whom a lovely child,
Sweet PARVATI', sage ME'NA bore,
Who now, in earliest bloom, saw heav'n adore
Her charms; earth languish, till she smil'd.

II. 1.

But she to love no tribute paid;
Great ISWARA her pious cares engag'd:
Him, who Gods and fiends dismay'd,
She sooth'd with off'rings meek, when most he rag'd.
On a morn, when, edg'd with light,
The lake-born flow'rs their sapphire cups expanded
Laughing at the scatter'd night,
A vale remote and silent pool she sought,
Smooth-footed, lotos-handed,
And braids of sacred blossoms wrought;

II. 2.

Not for her neck, which, unadorn'd,
Bade envying antelopes their beauties hide:
Art she knew not, or she scorn'd;
Nor had her language e'en a name for pride.
To the God, who, fix'd in thought,
Sat in a crystal cave new worlds designing,
Softly sweet her gift she brought,
And spread the garland o'er his shoulders broad,
Where serpents huge lay twining,
Whose hiss the round creation aw'd.

II. 3.

He view'd, half-smiling, half-severe,
The prostrate maid—That moment through the rocks
He, who decks the purple year,
VASANTA, vain of odorif'rous locks,
With CA'MA, hors'd on infant breezes flew:
(Who knows not CA'MA, nature's king?)
VASANTA barb'd the shaft and fix'd the string;
The living bow CANDARPA drew.

III. 1.

Dire sacrilege! The chosen reed,
That SMARA pointed with transcendent art,
Glanc'd with unimagin'd speed,
And ting'd its blooming barb in SIVA's heart:
Glorious flow'r, in heav'n proclaim'd
Rich *Mellicà*, with balmy breath delicious,
And on earth *Nyctanthes* nam'd!
Some drops divine, that o'er the lotos blue
Trickled in rills auspicious,
Still mark it with a crimson hue.

III. 2.

Soon clos'd the wound its hallow'd lips;
But nature felt the pain: heav'n's blazing eye
Sank absorb'd in sad eclipse,
And meteors rare betray'd the trembling sky;
When a flame, to which compar'd
The keenest lightnings were but idle flashes,
From that orb all-piercing glar'd,
Which in the front of wrathful HARA rolls,
And soon to silver ashes
Reduc'd th' inflamer of our souls.

III. 3.

VASANT, for thee a milder doom,
Accomplice rash, a thund'ring voice decreed:
‘ With'ring live in joyless gloom,
‘ While ten gay signs the dancing seasons lead.
‘ Thy flow'rs, perennial once, now annual made,
‘ The Fish and Ram shall still adorn;
‘ But, when the Bull has rear'd his golden horn,
‘ Shall, like yon idling rainbow, fade.’

IV. 1.

The thunder ceas'd; the day return'd;
But SIVA from terrestrial haunts had fled:
Smit with rapt'rous love he burn'd,
And sigh'd on gemm'd *Cailása's* viewless head.
Lonely down the mountain steep,
With flutt'ring heart, soft PARVATI descended;
Nor in drops of nectar'd sleep
Drank solace through the night, but lay alarm'd,
Lest her mean gifts offended
The God her pow'rful beauty charm'd.

IV. 2.

All arts her sorr'wing damsels tried,
Her brow, where wrinkled anguish low'r'd, to smoothe,
And, her troubled soul to soothe,
Sagacious ME'NA' mild reproof applied;
But nor art nor counsel sage,
Nor e'en her sacred parent's tender chiding,
Could her only pain assuage:
The mountain drear she sought, in mantling shade
Her tears and transports hiding,
And oft to her adorer pray'd.

IV. 3.

There on a crag, whose icy rift
Hurl'd night and horror o'er the pool profound,
That with madding eddy swift
Revengeful bark'd his rugged base around,
The beauteous hermit sat; but soon perceiv'd
A *Bráhmen* old before her stand,
His rude staff quiv'ring in his wither'd hand,
Who, falt'ring, ask'd for whom she griev'd.

V. 1.

'What graceful youth with accents mild,
'Eyes like twin stars, and lips like early morn,
'Has thy pensive heart beguil'd?'
"No mortal youth," she said with modest scorn,
"E'er beguil'd my guiltless heart:
"Him have I lost, who to these mountains hoary
"Bloom celestial could impart.
"Thee I salute, thee ven'rate, thee deplore,
"Dread Siva, source of glory,
"Which on these rocks must gleam no more!"

V. 2.

'Rare object of a damsel's love,'
The wizard bold replied, 'who, rude and wild,
'Leaves eternal bliss above,
'And roves o'er wastes where nature never smil'd,
'Mounted on his milkwhite bull!
'Seek Indra with aërial bow victorious,
'Who from vases ever full
'Quaffs love and nectar; seek the festive hall,
'Rich caves, and mansion glorious
'Of young Cuve'ra, lov'd by all;

V. 3.

‘ But spurn that sullen wayward God,
‘ That three-ey’d monster, hideous, fierce, untam’d,
‘ Unattir’d, ill-girt, unshod——
“ Such fell impiety, the nymph exclaim’d,
“ Who speaks, must agonize; who hears, must die;
“ Nor can this vital frame sustain
“ The pois’nous taint, that runs from vein to vein;
“ Death may atone the blasphemy.”

VI. 1.

She spoke, and o’er the rifted rocks
Her lovely form with pious phrensy threw;
But beneath her floating locks
And waving robes a thousand breezes flew,
Knitting close their silky plumes,
And in mid-air a downy pillow spreading;
Till, in clouds of rich perfumes
Embalm’d, they bore her to a mystick wood;
Where streams of glory shedding,
The well-feign’d *Bráhmen*, SIVA stood.

VI. 2.

The rest, my song conceal:
Unhallow’d ears the sacrilege might rue.
Gods alone to Gods reveal
In what stupendous notes th’ immortals woo.
Straight the sons of light prepar’d
The nuptial feast, heav’n’s opal gates unfolding,
Which th’ empyreal army shar’d;
And sage HIMA'LAYA shed blissful tears
With aged eyes beholding
His daughter empress of the spheres.

VI. 3.

Whilst ev'ry lip with nectar glow'd,
The bridegroom blithe his transformation told:
Round the mirthful goblets flow'd,
And laughter free o'er plains of ether roll'd:
'Thee too, like Vishnu, said the blushing queen,
'Soft Ma'ya', guileful maid, attends;
'But in delight supreme the phantasm ends;
'Love crowns the visionary scene.'

VII. 1.

Then rose Vrihaspati, who reigns
Beyond red Mangala's terrifick sphere,
Wand'ring o'er cerulean plains:
His periods eloquent heav'n loves to hear
Soft as dew on waking flow'rs.
He told, how Ta'raca with snaky legions,
Envious of supernal pow'rs,
Had menac'd long old Me'ru's golden head,
And Indra's beaming regions
With desolation wild had spread:

VII. 2.

How, when the Gods to Brahma' flew
In routed squadrons, and his help implor'd;
"Sons, he said, from vengeance due
"The fiend must wield secure his fiery sword
"(Thus th' unerring Will ordains),
"Till from the Great Destroyer's pure embraces,
"Knit in love's mysterious chains
"With her, who, daughter to the mountain-king,
"Yon snowy mansion graces,
"Cuma'ra, warrior-child, shall spring;

VII. 3.

“ Who, bright in arms of heav'nly proof,
“ His crest a blazing star, his diamond mail
“ Colour'd in the rainbow's woof,
“ The rash invaders fiercely shall assail,
“ And, on a stately peacock borne, shall rush
“ Against the dragons of the deep;
“ Nor shall his thund'ring mace insatiate sleep,
“ Till their infernal chief it crush.”

VIII. 1.

‘ The splendid host with solemn state
‘ (Still spoke th' ethereal orator unblam'd)
‘ Reason'd high in long debate;
‘ Till, through my counsel provident, they claim'd
‘ Hapless CA'MA's potent aid:
‘ At INDRA's wish appear'd the soul's inflamer,
‘ And, in vernal arms array'd,
‘ Engag'd (ah, thoughtless!) in the bold emprise
‘ To tame wide nature's tamer,
‘ And soften Him, who shakes the skies.

VIII. 2.

‘ See now the God, whom all ador'd,
‘ An ashy heap, the jest of ev'ry gale!
‘ Loss by heav'n and earth deplor'd!
‘ For, love extinguish'd, earth and heav'n must fail.
‘ Mark, how RETI' bears his urn,
‘ And tow'rd her widow'd pile with piercing ditty
‘ Points the flames—ah, see it burn!
‘ How ill the fun'ral with the feast agrees!
‘ Come, love's pale sister, pity;
‘ Come, and the lover's wrath appease.’

VIII. 3.

Tumultuous passions, whilst he spoke,
In heav'nly bosoms mix'd their bursting fire,
Scorning frigid wisdom's yoke,
Disdain, revenge, devotion, hope, desire:
Then grief prevail'd, but pity won the prize.
Not SIVA could the charm resist:
'Rise, holy love!' he said; and kiss'd
The pearls, that gush'd from DURGA''s eyes.

IX. 1.

That instant through the blest abode,
His youthful charms renew'd, ANANGA came:
High on em'rald plumes he rode
With RETI' brighten'd by th' eluded flame;
Nor could young VASANTA mourn
(Officious friend!) his darling lord attending,
Though of annual beauty shorn:
'Love-shafts enow one season shall supply,
'He menac'd unoffending,
'To rule the rulers of the sky.'

IX. 2.

With shouts the boundless mansion rang;
And, in sublime accord, the radiant quire
Strains of bridal rapture sang
With glowing conquest join'd and martial ire:
'Spring to life, triumphant son,
'Hell's future dread, and heav'n's eternal wonder!
'Helm and flaming habergeon
'For thee, behold, immortal artists weave,
'And edge with keen blue thunder
'The blade, that shall th' oppressor cleave.'

IX. 3.

O Durga', thou hast deign'd to shield
Man's feeble virtue with celestial might,
Gliding from yon jasper field,
And, on a lion borne, hast brav'd the fight;
For, when the demon Vice thy realms defied,
And arm'd with death each arched horn,
Thy golden lance, O goddess mountain-born,
Touch but the pest—He roar'd and died.

THE HYMN

TO

BHAVÁNI.

THE HYMN

TO

BHAVA'NI'.

WHEN time was drown'd in sacred sleep,
And raven darkness brooded o'er the deep,
Reposing on primeval pillows
Of tossing billows,
The forms of animated nature lay;
Till o'er the wild abyss, where love
Sat like a nestling dove,
From heav'n's dun concave shot a golden ray.

Still brighter and more bright it stream'd,
Then, like a thousand suns, resistless gleam'd;
Whilst on the placid waters blooming,
The sky perfuming,
An op'ning Lotos rose, and smiling spread
His azure skirts and vase of gold,
While o'er his foliage roll'd
Drops, that impearl BHAVA'NI''s orient bed.

Mother of Gods, rich nature's queen,
Thy genial fire emblaz'd the bursting scene;
For, on th' expanded blossom sitting,
With sun-beams knitting
That mystick veil for ever unremov'd,
Thou badst the softly kindling flame
Pervade this peopled frame,
And smiles, with blushes ting'd, the work approv'd.

Goddess, around thy radiant throne
The scaly shoals in spangled vesture shone,
Some slowly through green waves advancing,
Some swiftly glancing,
As each thy mild mysterious pow'r impell'd:
E'en orcs and river-dragons felt
Their iron bosoms melt
With scorching heat; for love the mightiest quell'd.

But straight ascending vapours rare
O'ercanopied thy seat with lucid air,
While, through young INDRA's new dominions
Unnumber'd pinions
Mix'd with thy beams a thousand varying dyes,
Of birds or insects, who pursued
Their flying loves, or woo'd
Them yielding, and with musick fill'd the skies.

And now bedeck'd with sparkling isles
Like rising stars, the watry desert smiles;
Smooth plains by waving forests bounded,
With hillocks rounded,
Send forth a shaggy brood, who, frisking light
In mingled flocks or faithful pairs,
Impart their tender cares:
All animals to love their kind invite.

Nor they alone: those vivid gems,
That dance and glitter on their leafy stems,
Thy voice inspires, thy bounty dresses,
Thy rapture blesses,
From yon tall palm, who, like a sunborn king,
His proud tiara spreads elate,
To those, who throng his gate,
Where purple chieftains vernal tribute bring.

A gale so sweet o'er Ganga' breathes,
That in soft smiles her graceful cheek she wreathes.
Mark, where her argent brow she raises,
And blushing gazes
On yon fresh *Cétaca*, whose am'rous flow'r
Throws fragrance from his flaunting hair,
While with his blooming fair
He blends perfume, and multiplies the bow'r.

Thus, in one vast eternal gyre,
Compact or fluid shapes, instinct with fire,
Lead, as they dance, this gay creation,
Whose mild gradation
Of melting tints illudes the visual ray:
Dense earth in springing herbage lives,
Thence life and nurture gives
To sentient forms, that sink again to clay.

Ye maids and youths on fruitful plains,
Where Lacshmi' revels and Bhava'ni' reigns,
Oh, haste! oh, bring your flow'ry treasures,
To rapid measures
Tripping at eve these hallow'd banks along:
The pow'r, in yon dim shrines ador'd,
To primal waves restor'd,
With many a smiling race shall bless your song.

A HYMN

TO

INDRA.

THE ARGUMENT.

SO many allusions to *Hindu* Mythology occur in the following Ode, that it would be scarce intelligible without an explanatory introduction, which, on every account and on all occasions, appears preferable to notes in the margin.

A distinct idea of the God, whom the poem celebrates, may be collected from a passage in the ninth section of the *Gítà*, where the sudden change of measure has an effect similar to that of the finest modulation:

tè punyamásádya suréndra lócam
asnanti divyán dividévabhógán,
tè tam bhuctwà swergalócam visálam
cshínè punyè mertyalócam visant

“ These, having through virtue reached the man-
“ sion of the king of *Sura's*, feast on the exquisite
“ heavenly food of the Gods: they, who have en-
“ joyed this lofty region of SWERGA, *but* whose vir-
“ tue is exhausted, revisit the habitation of mortals.”

INDRA, therefore, or the *King* of Immortals, corresponds with one of the ancient *Jupiters* (for several of that name were worshipped in *Europe*), and particularly with *Jupiter* the *Conductor*, whose attributes are so nobly described by the *Platonick* Philosophers: one of his numerous titles is *Dyupeti*, or, in the nominative case before certain letters, *Dyupetir*; which means the *Lord of Heaven*, and seems a more probable origin of the *Hetruscan* word than *Juvans Pater;* as *Diespiter* was, probably, not the

Father, but the *Lord*, of *Day*. He may be considered as the JOVE of ENNIUS in his memorable line:

'Aspice hoc sublime candens, quem invocant omnes *Jovem*,'

where the poet clearly means the firmament, of which INDRA is the personification. He is the God of thunder and the five elements, with inferior Genii under his command; and is conceived to govern the Eastern quarter of the world, but to preside, like the *Genius* or *Agathodæmon* of the Ancients, over the celestial bands, which are stationed on the summit of ME'RU, or the North-pole, where he solaces the Gods with nectar and heavenly musick: hence, perhaps, the *Hindus*, who give evidence, and the magistrates, who hear it, are directed to stand fronting the East or the North.

This imaginary mount is here feigned to have been seen in a vision at *Váránasì*, very improperly called *Banáris*, which takes its name from two rivulets, that embrace the city; and the bard, who was favoured with the sight, is supposed to have been VYA'SA, surnamed *Dwaipáyana*, or *Dwelling in an Island*; who, if he really composed the *Gítà*, makes very flattering mention of himself in the tenth chapter. The plant *Latà*, which he describes weaving a net round the mountain *Mandara*, is transported by a poetical liberty to *Suméru*, which the great author of the *Mahabhárat* has richly painted in four beautiful couplets: it is the generick name for a *creeper*, though represented here as a species, of which many elegant varieties are found in *Asia*.

The Genii named *Cinnara's* are the male dancers in *Swerga*, or the Heaven of INDRA; and the *Apsarà's* are his dancing-girls, answering to the *fairies* of the PERSIANS, and to the damsels called in the KORAN *hhúru'lúyùn*, or *with antelopes' eyes*. For the story of *Chitrarat'ha*, the chief musician of the *Indian* paradise, whose *painted car* was burned by ARJUN, and for that of *Chaturdesaretna*, or *fourteen gems*, as they are called, which were produced by churning the ocean, the reader must be referred to Mr. WILKINS's learned annotations on his accurate version of the *Bhagavadgítà*. The fable of the pomegranate-flower is borrowed from the popular mythology of *Népàl* and *Tibet*.

In this poem the same form of stanza is repeated with *variations*, on a principle entirely new in modern lyrick poetry, which on some future occasion may be fully explained.

THE HYMN.

BUT ah! what glories yon blue vault emblaze?
What living meteors from the zenith stream?
Or hath a rapt'rous dream
Perplex'd the isle-born bard in fiction's maze?
He wakes; he hears; he views no fancied rays.
'Tis INDRA mounted on the sun's bright beam;
And round him revels his empyreal train:
How rich their tints! how sweet their strain!

Like shooting stars around his regal seat
A veil of many-colour'd light they weave,
That eyes unholy would of sense bereave:
Their sparkling hands and lightly-tripping feet
Tir'd gales and panting clouds behind them leave.
With love of song and sacred beauty smit
The mystick dance they knit;
Pursuing, circling, whirling, twining, leading,
Now chasing, now receding;
Till the gay pageant from the sky descends
On charm'd *Suméru*, who with homage bends.

Hail, mountain of delight,
Palace of glory, bless'd by glory's king!
With prosp'ring shade embow'r me, whilst I sing
Thy wonders yet unreach'd by mortal flight.

Sky-piercing mountain! In thy bow'rs of love
No tears are seen, save where medicinal stalks
Weep drops balsamick o'er the silver'd walks;
No plaints are heard, save where the restless dove
Of coy repulse and mild reluctance talks;
Mantled in woven gold, with gems enchas'd,
With em'rald hillocks grac'd,
From whose fresh laps in young fantastick mazes
Soft crystal bounds and blazes
Bathing the lithe convolvulus, that winds
Obsequious, and each flaunting arbour binds.

When sapient BRAHMA' this new world approv'd,
On woody wings eight primal mountains mov'd;
But INDRA mark'd *Suméru* for his own,
And motionless was ev'ry stone.

Dazzling the moon he rears his golden head:
Nor bards inspir'd, nor heav'n's all-perfect speech
Less may unhallow'd rhyme his beauties teach,
Or paint the pavement which th' immortals tread;
Nor thought of man his awful height can reach:
Who sees it, maddens; who approaches, dies;
For, with flame-darting eyes,
Around it roll a thousand sleepless dragons;
While from their diamond flagons
The feasting Gods exhaustless nectar sip,
Which glows and sparkles on each fragrant lip.

This feast, in mem'ry of the churned wave
Great INDRA gave, when *Amrit* first was won
From impious demons, who to *Máyà*'s eyes
Resign'd the prize, and rued the fight begun.

Now, while each ardent *Cinnara* persuades
The soft-ey'd *Apsarà* to break the dance,
And leads her loth, yet with love-beaming glance,
To banks of marjoram and *Champac* shades,
Celestial *Genii* tow'rd their king advance
(So call'd by men, in heav'n *Gandharva's* nam'd)
For matchless musick fam'd.
Soon, where the bands in lucid rows assemble,
Flutes breathe, and citherns tremble;
Till Chitraratha sings—His painted car,
Yet unconsum'd, gleams like an orient star.

Hush'd was ev'ry breezy pinion,
Ev'ry stream his fall suspended:
Silence reign'd; whose sole dominion
Soon was rais'd, but soon was ended.

He sings, how ‘ whilom from the troubled main
‘ The sov'reign elephant *Airávan* sprang;
‘ The breathing shell, that peals of conquest rang;
‘ The parent cow, whom none implores in vain;
‘ The milkwhite steed, the bow with deaf'ning clang;
‘ The Goddesses of beauty, wealth, and wine;
‘ Flow'rs, that unfading shine,
‘ Na'ra'yan's gem, the moonlight's tender languish;
‘ Blue venom, source of anguish;
‘ The solemn leech, slow-moving o'er the strand,
‘ A vase of long-sought *Amrit* in his hand.

‘ To soften human ills dread Siva drank
‘ The pois'nous flood, that stain'd his azure neck;
‘ The rest thy mansions deck,
‘ High *Swerga*, stor'd in many a blazing rank.

'Thou, God of thunder, satst on *Méru* thron'd,
'Cloud-riding, mountain-piercing, thousand-ey'd,
'With young PULO'MAJA`, thy blooming bride,
'Whilst air and skies thy boundless empire own'd;
'Hail, DYUPETIR, dismay to BALA's pride!
'Or speaks PURANDER best thy martial fame,
'Or SACRA, mystick name?
'With various praise in odes and hallow'd story
'Sweet bards shall hymn thy glory.
'Thou, VA'SAVA, from this unmeasur'd height
'Shedst pearl, shedst odours o'er the sons of light!'

The Genius rested; for his pow'rful art
Had swell'd the monarch's heart with ardour vain,
That threaten'd rash disdain, and seem'd to low'r
On Gods of loftier pow'r and ampler reign.

He smil'd; and, warbling in a softer mode,
Sang, 'the red light'ning, hail, and whelming rain
'O'er *Gócul* green and *Vraja*'s nymph-lov'd plain
'By INDRA hurl'd, whose altars ne'er had glow'd,
'Since infant CRISHNA rul'd the rustick train
'Now thrill'd with terrour—Them the heav'nly child
'Call'd, and with looks ambrosial smil'd,
'Then with one finger rear'd the vast *Govérdhen*,
'Beneath whose rocky burden
'On pastures dry the maids and herdsmen trod:
'The Lord of thunder felt a mightier God!'

What furies potent modulation soothes!
E'en the dilated heart of INDRA shrinks:
His ruffled brow he smoothes,
His lance half-rais'd with listless languor sinks.

A sweeter strain the sage musician chose:
He told, how 'SACHI, soft as morning light,
'Blythe SACHI, from her Lord INDRA'NI' hight,
'When through clear skies their car ethereal rose,
'Fix'd on a garden trim her wand'ring sight,
'Where gay pomegranates, fresh with early dew,
'Vaunted their blossoms new:
"Oh! pluck, she said, yon gems, which nature dresses
"To grace my darker tresses."
'In form a shepherd's boy, a God in soul,
'He hasten'd, and the bloomy treasure stole.

'The reckless peasant, who those glowing flow'rs,
'Hopeful of rubied fruit, had foster'd long,
'Seiz'd and with cordage strong
'Shackled the God, who gave him show'rs.

'Straight from sev'n winds immortal Genii flew,
'Green *Varuna*, whom foamy waves obey,
'Bright *Vahni* flaming like the lamp of day,
'*Cuvéra* sought by all, enjoyed by few,
'*Marut*, who bids the winged breezes play,
'Stern *Yama*, ruthless judge, and *Isa* cold
'With *Nairrit* mildly bold:
'They with the ruddy flash, that points his thunder,
'Rend his vain bands asunder.
'Th' exulting God resumes his thousand eyes,
'Four arms divine, and robes of changing dyes.'

Soft memory retrac'd the youthful scene:
The thund'rer yielded to resistless charms,
Then smil'd enamour'd on his blushing queen,
And melted in her arms.

Such was the vision, which, on *Varan*'s breast
Or *Asì* pure with offer'd blossoms fill'd,
DWAIPA'YAN slumb'ring saw; (thus NA'RED will'd)
For waking eye such glory never bless'd,
Nor waking ear such musick ever thrill'd.
It vanish'd with light sleep: he, rising, prais'd
The guarded mount high-raised,
And pray'd the thund'ring pow'r, that sheafy treasures,
Mild show'rs and vernal pleasures,
The lab'ring youth in mead and vale might cheer,
And cherish'd herdsmen bless th' abundant year.

Thee, darter of the swift blue bolt, he sang;
Sprinkler of genial dews and fruitful rains
O'er hills and thirsty plains!
' When through the waves of war thy charger sprang,
' Each rock rebellow'd and each forest rang,
' Till vanquish'd *Asurs* felt avenging pains.
' Send o'er their seats the snake, that never dies,
' But waft the virtuous to thy skies!'

A HYMN

TO

SÚRYA.

THE ARGUMENT.

A PLAUSIBLE opinion has been entertained by learned men, that the principal source of idolatry among the ancients was their enthusiastick admiration of the Sun; and that, when the primitive religion of mankind was lost amid the distractions of establishing regal government, or neglected amid the allurements of vice, they ascribed to the great visible luminary, or to the wonderful fluid, of which it is the general reservoir, those powers of pervading all space and animating all nature, which their wiser ancestors had attributed to one eternal MIND, by whom the substance of fire had been created as an inanimate and secondary cause of natural phenomena. The Mythology of the East confirms this opinion; and it is probable, that the *triple Divinity* of the *Hindus* was originally no more than a personification of the Sun, whom they call *Treyitenu*, or *Three-bodied,* in his triple capacity of producing forms by his genial *heat*, preserving them by his *light*, or destroying them by the concentrated force of his *igneous* matter: this, with the wilder conceit of a *female power* united with the Godhead, and ruling nature by his authority, will account for nearly the whole system of *Egyptian*, *Indian*, and *Grecian* polytheism, distinguished from the sublime Theology of the Philosophers, whose understandings were too strong to admit the popular belief, but whose influence was too weak to reform it.

Su'rya, the Phœbus of *European* heathens, has near fifty names or epithets in the *Sanscrit* language; most of which, or at least the meanings of them, are introduced in the following Ode; and every image, that seemed capable of poetical ornament, has been selected from books of the highest authority among the *Hindus:* the title *Arca* is very singular; and it is remarkable, that the *Tibetians* represent the Sun's car in the form of a *boat.*

It will be necessary to explain a few other particulars of the *Hindu* Mythology, to which allusions are made in the poem. Soma, or the Moon, is a *male* Deity in the *Indian* system, as *Mona* was, I believe, among the *Saxons,* and *Lunus* among some of the nations, who settled in *Italy:* his titles also, with one or two of the ancient fables, to which they refer, are exhibited in the second stanza. Most of the *Lunar mansions* are believed to be the daughters of *Casyapa,* the first production of *Brahmà*'s head, and from their names are derived those of the twelve months, who are here feigned to have married as many constellations: this primeval *Bráhman* and *Vinatà* are also supposed to have been the parents of *Arun,* the charioteer of the Sun, and of the bird *Garuda,* the eagle of the great *Indian* Jove, one of whose epithets is *Mádhava.*

After this explanation the Hymn will have few or no difficulties, especially if the reader has perused and studied the *Bhagavadgítà,* with which our literature has been lately enriched, and the fine episode from the *Mahábhárat,* on the production of the *Amrita*, which seems to be almost wholly astronomical, but abounds with poetical beauties. Let the following description of the demon *Ráhu*, decapitated by *Náráyan*, be compared with similar passages in *Hesiod* and *Milton* :

> *tach ch'hailasringapratiman dánavasya sirò mahat*
> *chacrach'hinnam c'hamutpatya nenáditi bhayancaram,*
> *tat cabandham pepátásya visp'hurad dharanítalè*
> *sapervatavanadwípán daityasyácampayanmahím.*

THE HYMN.

FOUNTAIN of living light,
That o'er all nature streams,
Of this vast microcosm both nerve and soul;
Whose swift and subtil beams,
Eluding mortal sight,
Pervade, attract, sustain th' effulgent whole,
Unite, impel, dilate, calcine,
Give to gold its weight and blaze,
Dart from the diamond many-tinted rays,
Condense, protrude, transform, concoct, refine
The sparkling daughters of the mine;
Lord of the lotos, father, friend, and king,
O Sun, thy pow'rs I sing:
Thy substance *Indra* with his heav'nly bands
Nor sings nor understands;
Nor e'en the *Védas* three to man explain
Thy mystick orb triform, though *Brahmà* tun'd the strain.

Thou, nectar-beaming Moon,
Regent of dewy night,
From yon black roe, that in thy bosom sleeps,
Fawn-spotted *Sasin* hight;
Wilt thou desert so soon
Thy night-flow'rs pale, whom liquid odour steeps,

And *Oshadhi's* transcendent beam
Burning in the darkest glade?
Will no lov'd name thy gentle mind persuade
Yet one short hour to shed thy cooling stream?
But ah! we court a passing dream:
Our pray'r nor *Indu* nor *Himánsu* hears;
He fades; he disappears—
E'en *Casyapa*'s gay daughters twinkling die,
And silence lulls the sky,
Till *Chátacs* twitter from the moving brake,
And sandal-breathing gales on beds of ether wake.

Burst into song, ye spheres;
A greater light proclaim,
And hymn, concentrick orbs, with sev'nfold chime
The God with many a name;
Nor let unhallow'd ears
Drink life and rapture from your charm sublime:
'Our bosoms, *Aryama*, inspire,
'Gem of heav'n, and flow'r of day,
'*Vivaswat*, lancer of the golden ray,
'*Divácara*, pure source of holy fire,
'Victorious *Ráma*'s fervid sire,
'Dread child of *Aditi*, *Martunda* bless'd,
'Or *Súra* be address'd,
'*Ravi*, or *Mihira*, or *Bhánu* bold,
'Or *Arca*, title old,
'Or *Heridaswa* drawn by green-hair'd steeds,
'Or *Carmasacshi* keen, attesting secret deeds.

'What fiend, what monster fierce
'E'er durst thy throne invade?
'Malignant *Ráhu*. Him thy wakeful sight,
'That could the deepest shade
'Of snaky *Narac* pierce,
'Mark'd quaffing nectar; when by magick sleight

‘ A *Sura*’s lovely form he wore,
‘ Rob’d in light, with lotos crown’d,
‘ What time th’ immortals peerless treasures found
‘ On the churn’d Ocean’s gem-bespangled shore,
‘ And *Mandar*’s load the tortoise bore:
‘ Thy voice reveal’d the daring sacrilege;
‘ Then, by the deathful edge
‘ Of bright *Sudersan* cleft, his dragon head
‘ Dismay and horror spread
‘ Kicking the skies, and struggling to impair
‘ The radiance of thy robes, and stain thy golden hair.

‘ With smiles of stern disdain
‘ Thou, sov’reign victor, seest
‘ His impious rage: soon from the mad assault
‘ Thy coursers fly releas’d;
‘ Then toss each verdant mane,
‘ And gallop o’er the smooth aerial vault;
‘ Whilst in charm’d *Gócul*’s od’rous vale
‘ Blue-ey’d *Yamunà* descends
‘ Exulting, and her tripping tide suspends,
‘ The triumph of her mighty sire to hail:
‘ So must they fall, who Gods assail!
‘ For now the demon rues his rash emprise,
‘ Yet, bellowing blasphemies
‘ With pois’nous throat, for horrid vengeance thirsts,
‘ And oft with tempest bursts,
‘ As oft repell’d he groans in fiery chains,
‘ And o’er the realms of day unvanquish’d *Súrya* reigns.’

Ye clouds, in wavy wreathes
Your dusky van unfold;
O’er dimpled sands, ye surges, gently flow,
With sapphires edg’d and gold!
Loose-tressed morning breathes,
And spreads her blushes with expansive glow;

But chiefly where heav'n's op'ning eye
Sparkles at her saffron gate,
How rich, how regal in his orient state!
Erelong he shall emblaze th' unbounded sky:
The fiends of darkness yelling fly;
While birds of liveliest note and lightest wing
The rising daystar sing,
Who skirts th' horizon with a blazing line
Of topazes divine;
E'en, in their prelude, brighter and more bright,
Flames the red east, and pours insufferable light*.

First o'er blue hills appear,
With many an agate hoof
And pasterns fring'd with pearl, sev'n coursers green;
Nor boasts yon arched woof,
That girds the show'ry sphere,
Such heav'n-spun threads of colour'd light serene,
As tinge the reins, which *Arun* guides,
Glowing with immortal grace,
Young *Arun*, loveliest of *Vinatian* race,
Though younger He, whom *Mádhava* bestrides,
When high on eagle-plumes he rides:
But oh! what pencil of a living star
Could paint that gorgeous car,
In which, as in an ark supremely bright,
The lord of boundless light
Ascending calm o'er th' empyrean sails,
And with ten thousand beams his awful beauty veils.

Behind the glowing wheels
Six jocund seasons dance,
A radiant month in each quick-shifting hand;
Alternate they advance,
While buxom nature feels
The grateful changes of the frolick band:

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* See GRAY's Letters, p. 382, 4to. and the note.

Each month a constellation fair
Knit in youthful wedlock holds,
And o'er each bed a varied sun unfolds,
Lest one vast blaze our visual force impair,
A canopy of woven air.
Vasanta blythe with many a laughing flow'r
Decks his *Candarpa*'s bow'r;
The drooping pastures thirsty *Gríshma* dries,
Till *Vershà* bids them rise;
Then *Sarat* with full sheaves the champaign fills,
Which *Sisira* bedews, and stern *Hémanta* chills.

Mark, how the all-kindling orb
Meridian glory gains!
Round *Méru*'s breathing zone he winds oblique
O'er pure cerulean plains:
His jealous flames absorb
All meaner lights, and unresisted strike
The world with rapt'rous joy and dread.
Ocean, smit with melting pain,
Shrinks, and the fiercest monster of the main
Mantles in caves profound his tusky head
With sea-weeds dank and coral spread:
Less can mild earth and her green daughters bear
The noon's wide-wasting glare;
To rocks the panther creeps; to woody night
The vulture steals his flight;
E'en cold cameleons pant in thickets dun,
And o'er the burning grit th' unwinged locusts run!

But when thy foaming steeds
Descend with rapid pace
Thy fervent axle hast'ning to allay,
What majesty, what grace
Dart o'er the western meads
From thy relenting eye their blended ray!

Soon may th' undazzled sense behold
Rich as *Vishnu*'s diadem,
Or *Amrit* sparkling in an azure gem,
Thy horizontal globe of molten gold,
Which pearl'd and rubied clouds infold.
It sinks; and myriads of diffusive dyes
Stream o'er the tissued skies,
Till *Sóma* smiles, attracted by the song
Of many a plumed throng
In groves, meads, vales; and, whilst he glides above,
Each bush and dancing bough quaffs harmony and love.

Then roves thy poet free,
Who with no borrow'd art
Dares hymn thy pow'r, and durst provoke thy blaze,
But felt thy thrilling dart;
And now, on lowly knee,
From him, who gave the wound, the balsam prays.
Herbs, that assuage the fever's pain,
Scatter from thy rolling car,
Cull'd by sage *Aswin* and divine *Cumàr*;
And, if they ask, "What mortal pours the strain?"
Say (for thou seest earth, air, and main)
Say: "From the bosom of yon silver isle,
"Where skies more softly smile,
"He came; and, lisping our celestial tongue,
"Though not from *Brahmà* sprung,
"Draws orient knowledge from its fountains pure,
"Through caves obstructed long, and paths too long obscure."

Yes; though the *Sanscrit* song
Be strown with fancy's wreathes,
And emblems rich, beyond low thoughts refin'd,
Yet heav'nly truth it breathes
With attestation strong,
That, loftier than thy sphere, th' Eternal Mind,

Unmov'd, unrival'd, undefil'd,
Reigns with providence benign:
He still'd the rude abyss, and bade it shine
(Whilst Sapience with approving aspect mild
Saw the stupendous work, and smil'd);
Next thee, his flaming minister, bade rise
O'er young and wondering skies.
Since thou, great orb, with all-enlight'ning ray
Rulest the golden day,
How far more glorious He, who said serene,
Be, and *thou wast*—Himself unform'd, unchang'd, unseen!

A HYMN

TO

LACSHMÍ.

THE ARGUMENT.

MOST of the allusions to *Indian* Geography and Mythology, which occur in the following Ode to the Goddess of Abundance, have been explained on former occasions; and the rest are sufficiently clear. LACSHMI′, or SRI′, the CERES of *India*, is the *preserving power* of nature, or, in the language of allegory, the consort of VISHNU or HERI, a personification of the divine goodness; and her origin is variously deduced in the several *Purãná's*, as we might expect from a system wholly figurative and emblematical. Some represent her as the daughter of BHRIGU, a son of BRAHMA′; but, in the *Márcandéya Puràn*, the *Indian* ISIS, or *Nature*, is said to have assumed three transcendent forms, according to her three *guna's* or *qualities*, and, in each of them, to have produced a pair of divinities, BRAHMA′ and LACSHMI′, MAHE′SA and SERESWATI′, VISHNU and CA′LI′; after whose intermarriage, BRAHMA′ and SERESWATI′ formed the mundane Egg, which MAHE′SA and CA′LI′ divided into halves; and VISHNU together with LASCHMI′ preserved it from destruction: a third story supposes her to have sprung from the *Sea of milk*, when it was churned on the second incarnation of HERI, who is often painted reclining on the serpent ANANTA, the emblem of eternity; and this fable, whatever may be the meaning of it, has been chosen as the most poetical. The other names of SRI′, or *Prosperity*, are HERIPRIYA′, PEDMA′LAYA′, or PEDMA′, and CAMALA; the first implying the wife of VISHNU, and the rest derived from the names of the Lotos. As to the tale of SUDA′MAN, whose wealth is proverbial among the *Hindus*, it is related at considerable length in the *Bhágavat*, or great *Puràn* on the Achievements of CRISHNA: the *Bráhmen*, who read it with me, was frequently stopped by his tears. We may be inclined perhaps to think, that the wild fables of idolaters are not worth knowing, and that we may be satisfied with mispending our time in learning the Pagan Theology of old *Greece* and *Rome*; but we must consider, that the allegories contained in the Hymn to LACSHMI′ constitute at this moment the prevailing religion of a most extensive and celebrated Empire, and are devoutly believed by many millions, whose industry adds to the revenue of *Britain*, and whose manners, which are interwoven with their religious opinions, nearly affect all *Europeans*, who reside among them.

THE HYMN.

DAUGHTER of Ocean and primeval Night,
Who, fed with moonbeams dropping silver dew,
And cradled in a wild wave dancing light,
Saw'st with a smile new shores and creatures new,
Thee, Goddess, I salute; thy gifts I sing,
And, not with idle wing,
Soar from this fragrant bow'r through tepid skies,
Ere yet the steeds of noon's effulgent king
Shake their green manes and blaze with rubied eyes:
Hence, floating o'er the smooth expanse of day,
Thy bounties I survey,
See through man's oval realm thy charms display'd,
See clouds, air, earth, performing thy behest,
Plains by soft show'rs, thy tripping handmaids, dress'd,
And fruitful woods, in gold and gems array'd,
Spangling the mingled shade;
While autumn boon his yellow ensign rears,
And stores the world's true wealth in rip'ning ears.

But most that central tract thy smile adorns,
Which old *Himála* clips with fost'ring arms,
As with a wexing moon's half-circling horns,
And shields from bandits fell, or worse alarms
Of *Tatar* horse from *Yunan* late subdued,
Or *Bactrian* bowmen rude;

Snow-crown'd *Himâla*, whence, with wavy wings
Far spread, as falcons o'er their nestlings brood,
Fam'd *Brahmaputra* joy and verdure brings,
And *Sindhu's* five-arm'd flood from *Cashghar* hastes,
To cheer the rocky wastes,
Through western this and that through orient plains;
While bluish *Yamunà* between them streams,
And *Gangà* pure with sunny radiance gleams,
Till *Vánì*, whom a russet ochre stains,
Their destin'd confluence gains:
Then flows in mazy knot the triple pow'r
O'er laughing *Magadh* and the vales of *Gour*.

Not long inswath'd the sacred infant lay
(Celestial forms full soon their prime attain):
Her eyes, oft darted o'er the liquid way,
With golden light emblaz'd the darkling main;
And those firm breasts, whence all our comforts well,
Rose with enchanting swell;
Her loose hair with the bounding billows play'd,
And caught in charming toils each pearly shell,
That idling through the surgy forest stray'd;
When ocean suffer'd a portentous change,
Toss'd with convulsion strange;
For lofty *Mandar* from his base was torn,
With streams, rocks, woods, by God and Demons whirl'd,
While round his craggy sides the mad spray curl'd,
Huge mountain, by the passive Tortoise borne:
Then sole, but not forlorn,
Shipp'd in a flow'r, that balmy sweets exhal'd,
O'er waves of dulcet cream PEDMA'LA' sail'd.

So name the Goddess from her Lotos blue,
Or CAMALA', if more auspicious deem'd:
With many-petal'd wings the blossom flew,
And from the mount a flutt'ring sea-bird seem'd,

Till on the shore it stopp'd, the heav'n-lov'd shore,
Bright with unvalued store
Of gems marine by mirthful INDRA won;
But she, (what brighter gem had shone before?)
No bride for old MA′RI′CHA's frolick son,
On azure HERI fix'd her prosp'ring eyes:
Love bade the bridegroom rise;
Straight o'er the deep, then dimpling smooth, he rush'd;
And tow'rd th' unmeasur'd snake, stupendous bed,
The world's great mother, not reluctant, led:
All nature glow'd, whene'er she smil'd or blush'd;
The king of serpents hush'd
His thousand heads, where diamond mirrors blaz'd,
That multiplied her image, as he gaz'd.

Thus multiplied, thus wedded, they pervade,
In varying myriads of ethereal forms,
This pendent Egg by dovelike MA′YA′ laid,
And quell MAHE′SA's ire, when most it storms;
Ride on keen lightning and disarm its flash,
Or bid loud surges lash
Th' impassive rock, and leave the rolling barque
With oars unshatter'd milder seas to dash;
And oft, as man's unnumber'd woes they mark,
They spring to birth in some high-favour'd line,
Half human, half divine,
And tread life's maze transfigur'd, unimpair'd:
As when, through blest *Vrindávan*'s od'rous grove,
They deign'd with hinds and village girls to rove,
And myrth or toil in field or dairy shar'd,
As lowly rusticks far'd:
Blythe RA′DHA′ she, with speaking eyes, was nam'd,
He CRISHNA, lov'd in youth, in manhood fam'd.

Though long in *Mathurá* with milkmaids bred,
Each bush attuning with his past'ral flute,
ANANDA's holy steers the Herdsman fed,
His nobler mind aspir'd to nobler fruit:
The fiercest monsters of each brake or wood
His youthful arm withstood,
And from the rank mire of the stagnant lake
Drew the crush'd serpent with ensanguin'd hood;
Then, worse than rav'ning beast or fenny snake,
A ruthless king his pond'rous mace laid low,
And heav'n approv'd the blow:
No more in bow'r or wattled cabin pent,
By rills he scorn'd and flow'ry banks to dwell;
His pipe lay tuneless, and his wreathy shell
With martial clangor hills and forests rent;
On crimson wars intent
He sway'd high *Dwáracá*, that fronts the mouth
Of gulfy *Sindhu* from the burning south.

A Bráhmen young, who, when the heav'nly boy
In *Vraja* green and scented *Gócul* play'd,
Partook each transient care, each flitting joy,
And hand in hand through dale or thicket stray'd,
By fortune sever'd from the blissful seat,
Had sought a lone retreat;
Where in a costless hut sad hours he pass'd,
Its mean thatch pervious to the daystar's heat,
And fenceless from night's dew or pinching blast:
Firm virtue he possess'd and vig'rous health,
But they were all his wealth.
SUDA'MAN was he nam'd; and many a year
(If glowing song can life and honour give)
From sun to sun his honour'd name shall live:

Oft strove his consort wise their gloom to cheer,
And hide the stealing tear;
But all her thrift could scarce each eve afford
The needful sprinkling of their scanty board.

Now Fame, who rides on sunbeams, and conveys
To woods and antres deep her spreading gleam,
Illumin'd earth and heav'n with CRISHNA's praise:
Each forest echoed loud the joyous theme,
But keener joy SUDA'MAN's bosom thrill'd,
And tears ecstatick rill'd:
" My friend, he cried, is monarch of the skies!"
Then counsell'd she, who nought unseemly will'd:
" Oh! haste; oh! seek the God with lotos eyes;
" The pow'r, that stoops to soften human pain,
" None e'er implor'd in vain.
To *Dwáracà*'s rich tow'rs the pilgrim sped,
Though bashful penury his hope depress'd;
A tatter'd cincture was his only vest,
And o'er his weaker shoulder loosely spread
Floated the mystick thread:
Secure from scorn the crowded paths he trode
Through yielding ranks, and hail'd the Shepherd God.

" Friend of my childhood, lov'd in riper age,
" A dearer guest these mansions never grac'd:
" O meek in social hours, in council sage!"
So spake the Warriour, and his neck embrac'd;
And e'en the Goddess left her golden seat
Her lord's compeer to greet:
He charm'd, but prostrate on the hallow'd floor,
Their purfled vestment kiss'd and radiant feet;
Then from a small fresh leaf, a borrow'd store

(Such off'rings e'en to mortal kings are due)
Of modest rice he drew.
Some proffer'd grains the soft-ey'd Hero ate,
And more had eaten, but, with placid mien,
Bright Rucmini' (thus name th' all-bounteous Queen)
Exclaim'd: " Ah, hold! enough for mortal state!"
Then grave on themes elate
Discoursing, or on past adventures gay,
They clos'd with converse mild the rapt'rous day.

At smile of dawn dismiss'd, ungifted, home
The hermit plodded, till sublimely rais'd
On granite columns many a sumptuous dome
He view'd, and many a spire, that richly blaz'd,
And seem'd, impurpled by the blush of morn,
The lowlier plains to scorn
Imperious: they, with conscious worth serene,
Laugh'd at vain pride, and bade new gems adorn
Each rising shrub, that clad them. Lovely scene
And more than human! His astonish'd sight
Drank deep the strange delight:
He saw brisk fountains dance, crisp riv'lets wind
O'er borders trim, and round inwoven bow'rs,
Where sportive creepers, threading ruby flow'rs
On em'rald stalks, each vernal arch intwin'd,
Luxuriant though confin'd;
And heard sweet-breathing gales in whispers tell
From what young bloom they sipp'd their spicy smell.

Soon from the palace-gate in broad array
A maiden legion, touching tuneful strings,
Descending strow'd with flow'rs the brighten'd way,
And straight, their jocund van in equal wings

Unfolding, in their vacant centre show'd
Their chief, whose vesture glow'd
With carbuncles and smiling pearls atween;
And o'er her head a veil translucent flow'd,
Which, dropping light, disclos'd a beauteous queen,
Who, breathing love, and swift with timid grace,
Sprang to her lord's embrace
With ardent greeting and sweet blandishment;
His were the marble tow'rs, th' officious train,
The gems unequal'd and the large domain:
When bursting joy its rapid stream had spent,
The stores, which heav'n had lent,
He spread unsparing, unattach'd employ'd,
With meekness view'd, with temp'rate bliss enjoy'd.

Such were thy gifts, PEDMA'LA', such thy pow'r!
For, when thy smile irradiates yon blue fields,
Observant INDRA sheds the genial show'r,
And pregnant earth her springing tribute yields
Of spiry blades, that clothe the champaign dank,
Or skirt the verd'rous bank,
That in th' o'erflowing rill allays his thirst:
Then, rising gay in many a waving rank,
The stalks redundant into laughter burst;
The rivers broad, like busy should'ring bands,
Clap their applauding hands;
The marish dances and the forest sings;
The vaunting trees their bloomy banners rear;
And shouting hills proclaim th' abundant year,
That food to herds, to herdsmen plenty brings,
And wealth to guardian kings.

Shall man unthankful riot on thy stores?
Ah, no! he bends, he blesses, he adores.

But, when his vices rank thy frown excite,
Excessive show'rs the plains and valleys drench,
Or warping insects heath and coppice blight,
Or drought unceasing, which no streams can quench,
The germin shrivels or contracts the shoot,
Or burns the wasted root:
Then fade the groves with gather'd crust imbrown'd,
The hills lie gasping, and the woods are mute,
Low sink the riv'lets from the yawning ground;
Till Famine gaunt her screaming pack lets slip,
And shakes her scorpion whip;
Dire forms of death spread havock, as she flies,
Pain at her skirts and Mis'ry by her side,
And jabb'ring spectres o'er her traces glide;
The mother clasps her babe, with livid eyes,
Then, faintly shrieking, dies:
He drops expiring, or but lives to feel
The vultures bick'ring for their horrid meal.

From ills, that, painted, harrow up the breast,
(What agonies, if real, must they give!)
Preserve thy vot'ries: be their labours blest!
Oh! bid the patient *Hindu* rise and live.
His erring mind, that wizard lore beguiles
Clouded by priestly wiles,
To senseless nature bows for nature's God.
Now, stretch'd o'er ocean's vast from happier isles,
He sees the wand of empire, not the rod;

Ah, may those beams, that western skies illume,
Disperse th' unholy gloom!
Meanwhile may laws, by myriads long rever'd,
Their strife appease, their gentler claims decide;
So shall their victors, mild with virtuous pride,
To many a cherish'd grateful race endear'd,
With temper'd love be fear'd:
Though mists profane obscure their narrow ken,
They err, yet feel; though pagans, they are men.

A HYMN

TO

NÁRÁYENA.

THE ARGUMENT.

A COMPLETE introduction to the following Ode would be no less than a full comment on the VAYDS and PURA'NS of the HINDUS, the remains of *Egyptian* and *Persian* Theology, and the tenets of the *Ionick* and *Italick* Schools; but this is not the place for so vast a disquisition. It will be sufficient here to premise, that the inextricable difficulties attending the *vulgar notion* of *material substances,* concerning which

> "We know this only, that we nothing know,"

induced many of the wisest among the Ancients, and some of the most enlightened among the Moderns, to believe, that the whole Creation was rather an *energy* than a *work*, by which the Infinite Being, who is present at all times in all places, exhibits to the minds of his creatures a set of perceptions, like a wonderful picture or piece of musick, always varied, yet always uniform; so that all bodies and their qualities exist, indeed, to every wise and useful purpose, but exist only as far they are *perceived*; a theory no less pious than sublime, and as different from any principle of Atheism, as the brightest sunshine differs from the blackest midnight. This *illusive operation* of the Deity the *Hindu* philosophers call, MA'YA', or *Deception*; and the word occurs in this sense more than once in the commentary on the *Rig Vayd*, by the great VASISHTHA, of which Mr. HALHED has given us an admirable specimen.

The *first* stanza of the Hymn represents the sublimest attributes of the Supreme Being, and the three forms, in which they most clearly appear to us, *Power*, *Wisdom*, and *Goodness*, or, in the language of ORPHEUS and his disciples, *Love*: the *second* comprises the *Indian* and *Egyptian* doctrine of the Divine Essence and Archetypal *Ideas*; for a distinct account of which the reader must be referred to a noble description in the sixth book of PLATO'S *Republick*; and the fine explanation of that passage in an elegant discourse by the author of CYRUS, from whose learned work a hint has been borrowed for the conclusion of this piece. The *third* and *fourth* are taken from the Institutes of MENU, and the eighteenth *Puran* of VYA'SA', entitled *Srey Bhagawat*, part of which has been translated into *Persian*, not without elegance, but rather too paraphrastically. From BREHME, or the *Great Being*, in the *neuter* gender, is formed BREHMA', in the *masculine*; and the second word is appropriated to the *creative power* of the Divinity.

The spirit of GOD, call'd NA'RA'YENA, or *moving on the water*, has a multiplicity of other epithets in *Sanscrit*, the principal of which are introduced, expressly or by allusion, in the *fifth* stanza; and two of them contain the names of the *evil beings*, who are feigned to have sprung from the ears of VISHNU; for thus the divine spirit is entitled, when considered as the *preserving power*: the *sixth* ascribes the perception of *secondary* qualities by our *senses* to the immediate influence of MA'YA'; and the *seventh* imputes to her operation the *primary* qualities of *extension* and *solidity*.

THE HYMN.

SPIRIT of Spirits, who, through ev'ry part
Of space expanded and of endless time,
Beyond the stretch of lab'ring thought sublime,
Badst uproar into beauteous order start,
Before Heav'n was, Thou art:
Ere spheres beneath us roll'd or spheres above,
Ere earth in firmamental ether hung,
Thou satst alone; till, through thy mystick Love,
Things unexisting to existence sprung,
And grateful descant sung.
What first impell'd thee to exert thy might?
Goodness unlimited. What glorious light
Thy pow'r directed? Wisdom without bound.
What prov'd it first? Oh! guide my fancy right;
Oh! raise from cumbrous ground
My soul in rapture drown'd,
That fearless it may soar on wings of fire;
For Thou, who only knowst, Thou only canst inspire.

Wrapt in eternal solitary shade,
Th' impenetrable gloom of light intense,
Impervious, inaccessible, immense,
Ere spirits were infus'd or forms display'd,
Brehm his own Mind survey'd,

As mortal eyes (thus finite we compare
 With infinite) in smoothest mirrors gaze:
 Swift, at his look, a shape supremely fair
 Leap'd into being with a boundless blaze,
  That fifty suns might daze.
Primeval MAYA was the Goddess nam'd,
 Who to her sire, with Love divine inflam'd,
 A casket gave with rich *Ideas* fill'd,
From which this gorgeous Universe he fram'd;
  For, when th' Almighty will'd,
  Unnumber'd worlds to build,
 From Unity diversified he sprang,
While gay Creation laugh'd, and procreant Nature rang.

First an all-potent all-pervading sound
 Bade flow the waters——and the waters flow'd,
 Exulting in their measureless abode,
 Diffusive, multitudinous, profound,
  Above, beneath, around;
Then o'er the vast expanse primordial wind
 Breath'd gently, till a lucid bubble rose,
 Which grew in perfect shape an Egg refin'd:
 Created substance no such lustre shows,
  Earth no such beauty knows.
Above the warring waves it danc'd elate,
 Till from its bursting shell with lovely state
 A form cerulean flutter'd o'er the deep,
 Brightest of beings, greatest of the great:
  Who, not as mortals steep,
  Their eyes in dewy sleep,
 But heav'nly-pensive on the Lotos lay,
That blossom'd at his touch and shed a golden ray.

Hail, primal blossom! hail empyreal gem!
  Kemel, or Pedma, or whate'er high name
  Delight thee, say, what four-form'd Godhead came,
  With graceful stole and beamy diadem,
    Forth from thy verdant stem?
Full-gifted Brehma! Rapt in solemn thought
  He stood, and round his eyes fire-darting threw;
  But, whilst his viewless origin he sought,
  One plain he saw of living waters blue,
      Their spring nor saw nor knew.
Then, in his parent stalk again retir'd,
  With restless pain for ages he inquir'd
  What were his pow'rs, by whom, and why conferr'd:
  With doubts perplex'd, with keen impatience fir'd
    He rose, and rising heard
    Th' unknown all-knowing Word,
  "Brehma! no more in vain research persist:
My veil thou canst not move—Go; bid all worlds exist."

Hail, self-existent, in celestial speech
  Narayen, from thy watry cradle, nam'd;
  Or Venamaly may I sing unblam'd,
  With flow'ry braids, that to thy sandals reach,
    Whose beauties, who can teach?
Or high Peitamber clad in yellow robes
  Than sunbeams brighter in meridian glow,
  That weave their heav'n-spun light o'er circling globes?
  Unwearied, lotos-eyed, with dreadful bow,
    Dire Evil's constant foe!
Great Pedmanabha, o'er thy cherish'd world
  The pointed *Checra*, by thy fingers whirl'd,
  Fierce Kytabh shall destroy and Medhu grim
  To black despair and deep destruction hurl'd.

Such views my senses dim,
My eyes in darkness swim:
What eye can bear thy blaze, what utt'rance tell
Thy deeds with silver trump or many-wreathed shell?

Omniscient Spirit, whose all-ruling pow'r
Bids from each sense bright emanations beam;
Glows in the rainbow, sparkles in the stream,
Smiles in the bud, and glistens in the flow'r
That crowns each vernal bow'r;
Sighs in the gale, and warbles in the throat
Of ev'ry bird, that hails the bloomy spring,
Or tells his love in many a liquid note,
Whilst envious artists touch the rival string,
Till rocks and forests ring;
Breathes in rich fragrance from the sandal grove,
Or where the precious musk-deer playful rove;
In dulcet juice from clust'ring fruit distills,
And burns salubrious in the tasteful clove:
Soft banks and verd'rous hills
Thy present influence fills;
In air, in floods, in caverns, woods, and plains;
Thy will inspirits all, thy sov'reign MAYA reigns.

Blue crystal vault, and elemental fires,
That in th' ethereal fluid blaze and breathe;
Thou, tossing main, whose snaky branches wreathe
This pensile orb with intertwisted gyres;
Mountains, whose radiant spires
Presumptuous rear their summits to the skies,
And blend their em'rald hue with sapphire light;
Smooth meads and lawns, that glow with varying dyes
Of dew-bespangled leaves and blossoms bright,
Hence! vanish from my sight:

Delusive Pictures! unsubstantial shows!
  My soul absorb'd One only Being knows,
  Of all perceptions One abundant source,
  Whence ev'ry object ev'ry moment flows:
    Suns hence derive their force,
    Hence planets learn their course;
  But suns and fading worlds I view no more:
God only I perceive; God only I adore.

A HYMN

TO

SERESWATY.

THE ARGUMENT.

THE *Hindu* Goddesses are uniformly represented as the subordinate *powers* of their respective lords: thus LACSHMY, the consort of VISHNU the *Preserver*, is the Goddess of *abundance* and *prosperity*; BHAVA'NY, the wife of MAHA'DE'V, is the genial power of *fecundity;* and SERESWATY, whose husband was the *Creator* BREHMA', possesses the powers of Imagination and Invention, which may justly be termed *creative*. She is, therefore, adored as the patroness of the fine arts, especially of Musick and Rhetorick, as the inventress of the SANSCRIT Language, of the *Dévanágry* Letters, and of the sciences, which writing perpetuates; so that her attributes correspond with those of MINERVA MUSICA, in *Greece* and *Italy*, who invented the flute, and presided over literature. In this character she is addressed in the following ode, and particularly as the *Goddess of Harmony*; since the *Indians* usually paint her with a musical instrument in her hand: the seven notes, an artful combination of which constitutes *Musick* and variously affects the passions, are feigned to be her earliest production; and the greatest part of the Hymn exhibits a correct delineation of the RA'GMA'LA', or *Necklace* of *Musical Modes*, which may be considered as the most pleasing invention of the ancient *Hindus*, and the most beautiful union of Painting with poetical Mythology and the genuine theory of Musick.

The different position of the *two* semitones in the scale of *seven* notes gives birth to seven *primary* modes; and, as the whole series consists of *twelve* semitones, every one of which may be made a *modal* note or *tonick,* there are in nature, (though not universally in practice) *seventy-seven* other modes, which may be called *derivative:* all the *eighty-four* are distributed by the PERSIANS, under the notion of *locality,* into three classes consisting of *twelve* rooms, *twenty-four* angles, and *forty-eight* recesses; but the HINDU arrangement is elegantly formed on the variations of the *Indian* year, and the association of ideas; a powerful auxiliary to the ordinary effect of modulation. The Modes, in this system, are deified; and, as there are *six* seasons in *India,* namely, two Springs, Summer, Autumn, and two Winters, an original RA'G, or *God of the Mode,* is conceived to preside over a particular season; each principal mode is attended by *five* RA'GNYS, or *Nymphs of Harmony*; each has *eight* Sons, or *Genii* of the same divine Art; and each RA'G, with his family, is appropriated to a distinct season, in which alone his melody can be sung or played at prescribed hours of the day and night: the mode of DEIPEC, or CUPID the *Inflamer,* is supposed to be lost; and a tradition is current in *Hindustan,* that a musician, who attempted to restore it, was consumed by fire from heaven. The natural distribution of modes would have been *seven, thirty-three,* and *forty-four,* according to the number of the *minor* and *major* secondary tones; but this order was varied for the sake of the charming fiction above-mentioned. NA'RED, who is described in the *third* stanza, was one of the first created beings, corresponding with the MERCURY of the *Italians*, inventor of the VENE, a fretted instrument supported by two large *gourds*, and confessedly the finest used in *Asia*.

A full discussion of so copious a subject would require a separate dissertation; but here it will be sufficient to say, that almost every allusion and every epithet in the Poem, as well as the names, are selected from approved treatises, either originally *Persian* or translated from the *Sanscrit*, which contain as lively a display of genius, as human imagination ever exhibited.

The last couplet alludes to the celebrated place of pilgrimage, at the confluence of the *Gangá* and *Yamná*, which the *Sereswaty*, another sacred river, is supposed to join under ground.

THE HYMN.

SWEET grace of BREHMA's bed!
Thou, when thy glorious lord
Bade airy nothing breathe and bless his pow'r,
Satst with illumin'd head,
And, in sublime accord,
Sev'n sprightly notes, to hail th' auspicious hour,
Ledst from their secret bow'r:
They drank the air; they came
With many a sparkling glance,
And knit the mazy dance,
Like yon bright orbs, that gird the solar flame,
Now parted, now combin'd,
Clear as thy speech and various as thy mind.

Young Passions at the sound
In shadowy forms arose,
O'er hearts, yet uncreated, sure to reign;
Joy, that o'erleaps all bound,
Grief, that in silence grows,
Hope, that with honey blends the cup of pain,
Pale Fear, and stern Disdain,
Grim Wrath's avenging band,
Love, nurs'd in dimple smooth,
That ev'ry pang can soothe;
But, when soft Pity her meek trembling hand
Stretch'd, like a new-born girl,
Each sigh was musick, and each tear a pearl.

Thee her great parent owns
All-ruling Eloquence,
That, like full GANGA, pours her stream divine
Alarming states and thrones:
To fix the flying sense
Of words, thy daughters, by the varied line
(Stupendous art!) was Thine;
Thine, with pointed reed
To give primeval Truth
Th' unfading bloom of youth,
And paint on deathless leaves high Virtue's meed:
Fair Science, heav'n-born child,
And playful Fancy on thy bosom smil'd.

Who bids the fretted *Vene*
Start from his deep repose,
And wakes to melody the quiv'ring frame?
What youth with godlike mien
O'er his bright shoulder throws
The verdant gourd, that swells with struggling flame?
NA'RED, immortal name!
He, like his potent Sire,
Creative spreads around
The mighty world of sound,
And calls from speaking wood ethereal fire;
While to th' accordant strings
Of boundless heav'ns and heav'nly deeds he sings.

But look! the jocund hours
A lovelier scene display,
Young HINDOL sportive in his golden swing
High-canopied with flow'rs;
While *Rágny's* ever gay
Toss the light cordage, and in cadence sing
The sweet return of Spring;

Here dark *Viráwer* stands;
There *Rámcary* divine
And fawn-eyed *Lelit* shine;
But stern *Daysásha* leads her warring bands,
And slow in ebon clouds
Petmenjary her fading beauty shrouds.

Ah! where has DEIPEC veil'd
His flame-encircled head?
Where flow his lays too sweet for mortal ears?
O loss how long bewail'd!
Is yellow *Cámód* fled?
And blythe *Cárnáty* vaunting o'er her peers?
Where stream *Caydára's* tears
Intent on scenes above,
A beauteous anchorite?
No more shall *Daysa* bright
With gentle numbers call her tardy love?
Has *Netta*, martial maid,
Lock'd in sad slumbers her sky-temper'd blade?

Once, when the vernal noon
Blaz'd with resistless glare,
The Sun's eye sparkled, and a God was born:
He smil'd; but vanish'd soon——
Then groan'd the northern air;
The clouds, in thunder mutt'ring sullen scorn,
Delug'd the thirsty corn.
But, earth-born artist, hold!
If e'er thy soaring lyre
To *Deipec's* notes aspire,
Thy strings, thy bow'r, thy breast with rapture bold,
Red lightning shall consume;
Nor can thy sweetest song avert the doom.

See sky-form'd MAYGH descend
In fertilising rain,
Whilst in his hand a falchion gleams unsheath'd!
Soft nymphs his car attend,
And raise the golden grain,
Their tresses dank with dusky spikenard wreath'd:
(A sweeter gale ne'er breath'd)
Tenca with laughing eyes,
And *Gujry*'s bloomy cheek,
Melár with dimple sleek,
On whose fair front two musky crescents rise:
While *Dayscár* his rich neck
And mild *Bhopály* with fresh jasmin deck.

Is that the King of Dread
With ashy musing face,
From whose moon-silver'd locks fam'd GANGA springs?
'Tis BHAIRAN, whose gay bed
Five blushing damsels grace,
And rouse old Autumn with immortal strings,
Till ev'ry forest rings;
Bengály lotos-crown'd,
Vairáty like the morn,
Sindvy with looks of scorn,
And *Bhairavy*, her brow with *Champa's* bound;
But *Medhumádha*'s eyes
Speak love, and from her breast pomegranates rise.

Sing loud, ye lucid spheres;
Ye gales, more briskly play,
And wake with harmony the drooping meads:
The cooler season cheers
Each bird, that panting lay,
And SIRY bland his dancing bevy leads
Hymning celestial deeds:

Marvá with robes like fire,
Vasant whose hair perfumes
With musk its rich-eyed plumes,
A'sávery, whom list'ning asps admire,
Dhenásry, flow'r of glades,
And *Málsry*, whom the branching *Amra* shades.

Malcaus apart reclines
Bedeck'd with heav'n-strung pearls,
Blue-mantled, wanton, drunk with youthful pride;
Nor with vain love repines,
While softly-smiling girls
Melt on his cheek or frolick by his side,
And wintry winds deride;
Shambháwty leads along
Cocabh with kerchief rent,
And *Gaúry* wine-besprent,
Warm *Guncary*, and *Toda* sweet in song,
Whom antelopes surround
With smooth tall necks, and quaff the streaming sound.

Nor deem these nuptial joys
With lovely fruit unblest:
No; from each God an equal race proceeds,
From each eight blooming boys;
Who, their high birth confess'd,
With infant lips gave breath to living reeds
In valleys, groves, and meads:
Mark how they bound and glance!
Some climb the vocal trees,
Some catch the sighing breeze,
Some, like new stars, with twinkling sandals dance;
Some the young *Shamma* snare,
Some warble wild, and some the burden bear.

These are thy wond'rous arts;
Queen of the flowing speech,
Thence SERESWATY nam'd and VA'NY bright!
Oh, joy of mortal hearts,
Thy mystick wisdom teach;
Expand thy leaves, and, with ethereal light,
Spangle the veil of night.
If LEPIT please thee more,
Or BRA'HMY, awful name,
Dread BRA'HMY's aid we claim,
And thirst, VA'CDE'VY, for thy balmy lore
Drawn from that rubied cave,
Where meek-ey'd pilgrims hail the triple wave.

A HYMN

TO

GAṄGÁ.

THE ARGUMENT.

THIS poem would be rather obscure without geographical notes; but a short introductory explanation will supply the place of them, and give less interruption to the reader.

We are obliged to a late illustrious *Chinese* monarch named CAN-HI′, who directed an accurate survey to be made of *Pótyid* or (as it is called by the *Arabs*) *Tebbut*, for our knowledge, that a chain of mountains nearly parallel with *Imaus*, and called *Cantésè* by the *Tartars*, forms a line of separation between the sources of two vast rivers; which, as we have abundant reason to believe, run at first in opposite directions, and, having finished a winding circuit of two thousand miles, meet a little below *Dhácà*, so as to inclose the richest and most beautiful peninsula on earth, in which the BRITISH nation, after a prosperous course of brilliant actions in peace and war, have now the principal sway. These rivers are *deified* in INDIA; that, which rises on the *weſtern* edge of the mountain, being considered as the daughter of MAHA′DE′VA or SIVA, and the other as the son of BRAHMA′: their loves, wanderings, and nuptials are the chief subject of the following Ode, which is feigned to have been the work of a BRA′HMEN, in an early age of HINDU antiquity, who, by a prophetical spirit, discerns the toleration and equity of the BRITISH government, and concludes with a prayer *for its peaceful duration under good laws well administered.*

After a general description of the *Ganges*, an account is given of her fabulous birth, like that of *Pallas*, from the forehead of *Siva*, the *Jupiter Tonans* and *Genitor* of the *Latins*; and the creation of her lover by an act of *Brahmă*'s will is the subject of another stanza, in which his course is delineated through the country of *Pótyid*, by the name of *Sanpò*, or *Supreme Bliss*, where he passes near the fortress of *Rimbù*, the island of *Palté* or *Yambrò* (known to be the seat of a high priestess almost equally venerated with the Goddess *Bhawáni*) and *Trashilhumbo* (as a *Pótya* or *Tebbutian* would pronounce it), or the sacred mansion of the *Lama* next in dignity to that of *Pótala*, who resides in a city, to the south of the *Sanpò*, which the *Italian* travellers write *Sgigatzhè*, but which, according to the letters, ought rather to be written in a manner, that would appear still more barbarous in our orthography. The *Brahmaputra* is not mentioned again till the *twelfth* stanza, where his progress is traced, by very probable conjecture, through *Rangamáti*, the ancient *Rangamriticà* or *Rangamar*, celebrated for the finest spikenard, and *Sríhàt* or *Siret*, the *Serratæ* of *Elian*, whence the fragrant essence extracted from the *Malobathrum*, called *Sádah* by the *Persians*, and *Téjapátra* by the *Indians*, was carried by the *Persian* gulf to *Syria*, and from that coast into *Greece* and *Italy*. It is not, however, positively certain, that the *Brahmaputra* rises as it is here described: two great geographers are decidedly of opposite opinions on this very point; nor is it impossible that the *Indian* rivèr may be one arm of the *Sanpò*, and the *Nau-cyan*, another; diverging from the mountains of *Ashám*, after they have been enriched by many rivers from the rocks of *China*.

The *fourth* and *fifth* stanzas represent the Goddess obstructed in her passage to the west by the hills of *Emodi*, so called from a *Sanscrit* word signifying *snow*, from which also are derived both *Imaus* and *Himálaya* or *Himola*. The *sixth* describes her, after her entrance into *Hindústan* through the straits of *Cúpala*, flowing near *Sambal*, the *Sambalaca* of *Ptolemy*, famed for a beautiful plant of the like name, and thence to the once opulent city and royal place of residence, *Cányacuvja*, erroneously named *Calinipaxa* by the *Greeks*, and *Canauj*, not very accurately, by the modern *Asiaticks*: here she is joined by the *Calinadi*, and pursues her course to *Prayága*, whence the people of *Bahár* were named *Prasii*, and where the *Yamunà*, having received the *Sereswatì* below *Indraprest'ha* or *Dehlì*, and watered the poetical ground of *Mat'hurà* and *Agarà*, mingles her noble stream with the *Gangà* close to the modern fort of *Ilahábàd*. This place is considered as the confluence of *three* sacred rivers, and known by the name of *Trivéni*, or the *three plaited locks*; from which a number of pilgrims, who there begin the ceremonies to be completed at *Gayà*, are continually bringing vases of water, which they preserve with superstitious veneration, and are greeted by all the *Hindus*, who meet them on their return.

Six of the principal rivers, which bring their tribute to the *Ganges*, are next enumerated, and are succinctly described from real properties: thus the *Gandac*, which the *Greeks* knew by a similar name, abounds, according to *Giorgi*, with *crocodiles* of enormous magnitude; and the *Mahanadi* runs by the plain of *Gaura*, once a populous district with a magnificent capital, from which the *Bengalese* were probably called *Gangaridæ*, but now the seat of desolation, and the haunt of wild beasts. From *Prayága* she hastens to *Cásì*, or as the *Muslimans* name it, *Benáres*; and here occasion is taken to condemn the cruel and intolerant spirit of the crafty tyrant AURANGZI'B, whom the *Hindus* of *Cashmìr* call *Aurangásùr*, or the *Demon*, not the *Ornament*, of the *Throne*. She next bathes the skirts of *Pátaliputra*, changed into *Patna*, which, both in situation and name, agrees better on the whole with the ancient *Palibothra*, than either *Prayága*, or *Cányacuvja*: if *Megasthenes* and the ambassadors of *Seleucus* visited the last-named city, and called it *Palibothra*, they were palpably mistaken. After this are introduced the beautiful hill of *Muctigiri*, or *Mengìr*, and the wonderful pool of *Sítá*, which takes its name from the wife of *Ráma*, whose conquest of *Sinhaldwíp*, or *Sílàn*, and victory over the giant *Ráwan*, are celebrated by the immortal *Válmíci*, and by other epick poets of *India*.

The pleasant hills of *Cáligràm* and *Gangá-presàd* are then introduced, and give occasion to deplore and extol the late excellent AUGUSTUS CLEVLAND, Esq. who nearly completed by lenity the glorious work, which severity could not have accomplished, of civilizing a ferocious race of *Indians*, whose mountains were formerly, perhaps, a rocky island, or washed at least by that sea, from which the fertile champaign of *Bengal* has been gained in a course of ages. The western arm of the *Ganges* is called *Bhágirathì*, from a poetical fable of a demigod or holy man, named *Bhágírat'ha*, whose devotion had obtained from *Siva* the privilege of leading after him a great part of the heavenly water, and who drew it accordingly in two branches; which embrace the fine island, now denominated from *Kásimbázàr*, and famed for the defeat of the monster *Sirájuddaulah*, and, having met near the venerable *Hindu* seminary of *Nawadwìp* or *Nedíyá*, flow in a copious stream by the several *European* settlements, and reach the Bay at an island which assumes the name of *Ságar*, either from the *Sea* or from an ancient Raja of distinguished piety. The *Sundarabans* or *Beautiful Woods*, an appellation to which they are justly entitled, are incidentally mentioned, as lying between the *Bhágirat'hì* and the *Great River*, or *Eastern* arm, which, by its junction with the *Brahmáputra*, forms many considerable islands; one of which, as well as a town near the conflux, derives its name from *Lacshmì*, the Goddess of Abundance.

It will soon be perceived, that the *form* of the stanza, which is partly borrowed from GRAY, and to which he was probably partial, as he uses it *six* times in *nine*, is enlarged in the following Hymn by a line of *fourteen* syllables, expressing the long and solemn march of the great *Asiatick* rivers.

THE HYMN.

HOW sweetly GANGA′ smiles, and glides
Luxuriant o'er her broad autumnal bed!
Her waves perpetual verdure spread,
Whilst health and plenty deck her golden sides;
As when an eagle, child of light,
On *Cambala*'s unmeasur'd height,
By *Pótala*, the pontiff's throne rever'd,
O'er her eyry proudly rear'd
Sits brooding, and her plumage vast expands,
Thus GANGA′ o'er her cherish'd lands,
To *Brahmà*'s grateful race endear'd,
Throws wide her fost'ring arms, and on her banks divine
Sees temples, groves, and glitt'ring tow'rs, that in her crystal shine.

Above the stretch of mortal ken,
On bless'd *Cailása*'s top, where ev'ry stem
Glow'd with a vegetable gem,
MAHE′SA stood, the dread and joy of men;
While *Párvatì*, to gain a boon,
Fix'd on his locks a beamy moon,
And hid his frontal eye, in jocund play,
With reluctant sweet delay:
All nature straight was lock'd in dim eclipse
Till *Bráhmans* pure, with hallow'd lips
And warbled pray'rs restor'd the day;

When GANGA' from his brow by heav'nly fingers press'd
Sprang radiant, and descending grac'd the caverns of the west.

The sun's car blaz'd, and laugh'd the morn;
What time near proud *Cantésa*'s eastern bow'rs,
(While *Dévatà's* rain'd living flow'rs)
A river-god, so *Brahmà* will'd, was born,
And roll'd mature his vivid stream
Impetuous with celestial gleam:
The charms of GANGA', through all worlds proclaim'd,
Soon his youthful breast inflam'd,
But destiny the bridal hour delay'd;
Then, distant from the west'ring maid,
He flow'd, now blissful *Sanpò* nam'd,
By *Paltè* crown'd with hills, bold *Rimbu*'s tow'ring state,
And where sage *Trashilhumbo* hails her *Lama*'s form renate.

But she, whose mind, at *Siva*'s nod,
The picture of that sov'reign youth had seen,
With graceful port and warlike mien,
In arms and vesture like his parent God,
Smit with the bright idea rush'd,
And from her sacred mansion gush'd,
Yet ah! with erring step—The western hills
Pride, not pious ardour, fills:
In fierce confed'racy the giant bands
Advance with venom-darting hands,
Fed by their own malignant rills;
Nor could her placid grace their savage fury quell:
The madding rifts and should'ring crags her foamy flood repell.

"Confusion wild and anxious wo
"Haunt your waste brow, she said, unholy rocks,
"Far from these nectar-dropping locks!
"But thou, lov'd Father, teach my waves to flow."

Loud thunder her high birth confess'd;
Then from th' inhospitable west
She turn'd, and, gliding o'er a lovelier plain,
Cheer'd the pearled East again:
Through groves of nard she roll'd, o'er spicy reeds,
Through golden vales and em'rald meads;
Till, pleas'd with INDRA's fair domain,
She won through yielding marl her heav'n-directed way:
With lengthen'd notes her eddies curl'd, and pour'd a blaze
 of day.

Smoothly by *Sambal*'s flaunting bow'rs,
Smoothly she flows, where *Calinadi* brings
To *Cányacuvja*, seat of kings,
On prostrate waves her tributary flow'rs;
Whilst *Yamunà*, whose waters clear
Fam'd *Indrapreštha*'s vallies cheer,
With *Sereswatí* knit in mystick chain,
Gurgles o'er the vocal plain
Of *Mathurà*, by sweet *Brindâvan*'s grove,
Where *Gópa*'s love-lorn daughters rove,
And hurls her azure stream amain,
Till blest *Prayága*'s point beholds three mingling tides,
Where pilgrims on the far-sought bank drink nectar, as it glides.

From *Himola*'s perennial snow,
And southern *Palamau*'s less daring steep,
Sonorous rivers, bright though deep,
O'er thirsty deserts youth and freshness throw.
'A goddess comes,' cried *Gumti* chaste,
And roll'd her flood with zealous haste:
Her follow'd *Sona* with pellucid wave
Dancing from her diamond cave,
Broad *Gogra*, rushing swift from northern hills,
Red *Gandac*, drawn by crocodiles,
(Herds, drink not there, nor, herdsmen, lave!)

Cosa, whose bounteous hand *Népálian* odour flings,
And *Mahanadi* laughing wild at cities, thrones, and kings.

Thy temples, CA′SI′, next she sought,
And verd'rous plains by tepid breezes fann'd,
Where health extends her pinions bland,
Thy groves, where pious *Válmic* sat and thought,
Where *Vyása* pour'd the strain sublime,
That laughs at all-consuming time,
And *Bráhmans* rapt the lofty *Véda* sing.
Cease, oh! cease—a ruffian king,
The demon of his empire, not the grace,
His ruthless bandits bids deface
The shrines, whence gifts ethereal spring:
So shall his frantick sons with discord rend his throne,
And his fair-smiling realms be sway'd by nations yet unknown.

Less hallow'd scenes her course prolong;
But *Cáma*, restless pow'r, forbids delay:
To Love all virtues homage pay,
E'en stern religion yields. How full, how strong
Her trembling panting surges run,
Where *Pátali*'s immortal son
To domes and turrets gives his awful name
Fragrant in the gales of fame!
Nor stop, where RA′MA, bright from dire alarms,
Sinks in chaste *Sítà*'s constant arms,
While bards his wars and truth proclaim:
There from a fiery cave the bubbling crystal flows,
And *Muctigir*, delightful hill, with mirth and beauty glows.

Oh! rising bow'rs, great *Cálì's* boast,
And thou, from *Gangà* nam'd, enchanting mount,
What voice your wailings can recount
Borne by shrill echoes o'er each howling coast,

When He, who bade your forests bloom,
Shall seal his eyes iron gloom?
Exalted youth! The godless mountaineer,
Roaming round his thickets drear,
Whom rigour fir'd, nor legions could appall,
I see before thy mildness fall,
Thy wisdom love, thy justice fear:
A race, whom rapine nurs'd, whom gory murder stains,
Thy fair example wins to peace, to gentle virtue trains.

But mark, where old *Bhágírath* leads
(This boon his pray'rs of *Mahádèv* obtain:
Grace more distinguish'd who could gain?)
Her calmer current o'er his western meads,
Which trips the fertile plains along,
Where vengeance waits th' oppressor's wrong;
Then girds, fair *Nawadwìp*, thy shaded cells,
Where the *Pendit* musing dwells;
Thence by th' abode of arts and commerce glides,
Till *Ságar* breasts the bitter tides:
While She, whom struggling passion swells,
Beyond the labyrinth green, where pards by moonlight prowl,
With rapture seeks her destin'd lord, and pours her mighty soul.

Meanwhile o'er *Pótyid*'s musky dales,
Gay *Rangamar*, where sweetest spikenard blooms,
And *Siret*, fam'd for strong perfumes,
That, flung from shining tresses, lull the gales,
Wild *Brahmaputra* winding flows,
And murmurs hoarse his am'rous woes;
Then, charming GANGA' seen, the heav'nly boy
Rushes with tumultuous joy;
(Can aught but Love to men or Gods be sweet?)
When she, the long-lost youth to greet,
Darts, not as earth-born lovers toy,

But blending her fierce waves, and teeming verdant isles;
While buxom *Lacshmí* crowns their bed, and sounding ocean smiles.

What name, sweet bride, will best allure
Thy sacred ear, and give thee honour due?
Vishnupedì? Mild *Bhíshmasù?*
Smooth *Suranimnagà?* *Trisrótà* pure?
By that I call? Its pow'r confess;
With growing gifts thy suppliants bless,
Who with full sails in many a light-oar'd boat
On thy jasper bosom float;
Nor frown, dread Goddess, on a peerless race
With lib'ral heart and martial grace,
Wafted from colder isles remote:
As they preserve our laws, and bid our terror cease,
So be their darling laws preserv'd in wealth, in joy, in peace!

THE

FIRST NEMEAN ODE

OF

PINDAR.

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PINDAR.

I. 1.

CALM breathing-place of ALPHEUS dread,
ORTYGIA, *graceful* branch of SYRACUSE renown'd,
Young DIANA's *rosy* bed,
Sister of DELOS, thee, with sweet, *yet lofty*, sound
Bursting numbers call, to raise
Of tempest-footed steeds the trophies glorious
(Thus ETNEAN JOVE we praise);
While CHROMIUS' car invites, and NEMEA's plain,
For *noble* acts victorious
To weave th' encomiastick strain.

I. 2.

From *prosp'ring* Gods the song begins;
Next hails that godlike man and virtue's holy meeds:
He the flow'r of greatness wins,
Whom smiling fortune crowns; and vast heroick deeds

Ev'ry muse delights to sing.
Now wake to that *fair* isle the splendid story,
Which the *great* OLYMPIAN king,
JOVE, gave to PROSPERPINE, and wav'd his locks
Vowing, that, supreme in glory,
Fam'd for sweet fruits and *nymph-lov'd* rocks,

I. 3.

SICILIA's full nutricious breast
With tow'r'd and wealthy cities he would crown.
Her the son of SATURN bless'd
With suitors brazen-arm'd for war's renown
By lance and fiery steed; yet oft thy leaves,
OLYMPICK olive, bind their hair
In wreathy gold. Great subjects I prepare;
But none th' immortal verse deceives.

II. 1.

Oft in the portals was I plac'd
Of that guest-loving man, and pour'd the dulcet strain,
Where becoming dainties grac'd
His hospitable board; for ne'er with efforts vain
Strangers to his mansion came:
And thus the virtuous, when detraction rages,
Quench with lib'ral streams her flame.
Let each in virtue's path right onward press,
As each his art engages,
And, urg'd by genius, win success.

II. 2.

Laborious action Strength applies,
And wary conduct, Sense: the future to foresee

Nature gives to few, the wise.
Agesidamus' son, she frankly gave to thee
Pow'rful might and wisdom deep.
I seek not in dark cells the hoarded treasure
Grov'ling with low care to keep,
But, as wealth flows, to spread it; and to hear
Loud fame, with ample measure
Cheering my friends, since hope and fear

II. 3.

Assail disastrous men. The praise
Of Hercules with rapture I embrace:
On the heights, which virtue's raise,
The rapid legend old his name shall place;
For, when he *brook'd no more the cheerless gloom*,
And burst into the blaze of day,
The child of Jove with his twin-brother lay,
Refulgent from the sacred womb.

III. 1.

Not unobserv'd the godlike boy
By Juno golden-thron'd the saffron cradle press'd;
Straight heav'n's queen with furious joy
Bade *hideous* dragons fleet th' *unguarded* floor infest:
They, the portals op'ning wide,
Roll'd through the chamber's broad recess *tremendous*,
And in jaws *fire-darting* tried
The slumb'ring babe to close. He, *starting light*,
Rear'd his *bold* head *stupendous*,
And first in battle prov'd his might.

III. 2.

With both resistless hands he clasp'd
Both *struggling horrid* pests, and cloth'd their necks with death;
They expiring, as he grasp'd,
Pour'd from their throats compress'd the foul envenom'd breath.

Horror seiz'd the female train,
Who near ALCMENA's *genial* couch attended:
She, from agonizing pain
Yet weak, *unsandal'd and* unmantled rush'd,
And her lov'd charge defended,
Whilst he the *fiery* monsters crush'd.

III. 3.

Swift the CADMEAN leaders ran
In brazen mail precipitately bold:
First AMPHITRYON, dauntless man,
Bar'd his rais'd falchion from its sheathing gold,
While griding anguish pierc'd his *flutt'ring* breast;
For private woes most keenly bite
Self-loving man; but soon the heart is light,
With sorrow, not its own, oppress'd.

IV. 1.

Standing in deep amazement wild
With rapt'rous pleasure mix'd, he saw th' enormous force,
Saw the valour of his child:
And fated heralds prompt, as heav'n had shap'd their course,
Wafted round the varied tale;
Then call'd he from high JOVE's contiguous region,
Him, whose warnings never fail,
TIRESIAS *blind*, who told, in diction sage,
The chief and thronging legion
What fortunes must his boy engage;

IV. 2.

What lawless tyrants of the wood,
What serpents he would slay, what monsters of the main,
What proud foe to human good,
The worst of monstrous forms, *that holy manhood stain,*

His huge arm to death would dash:
How, when heav'n's host, o'er PHLEGRA's champaign *hasting*,
With embattled giants *rash*
Vindictive warr'd, his pond'rous mace would storm
With dreadful strokes *wide-wasting*,
And dust their glitt'ring locks deform,

IV. 3.

He told; and how in blissful peace
Through cycles infinite of gliding time,
When his mortal task should cease,
Sweet prize of perils hard and toil sublime,
In gorgeous mansions he should hold entranc'd
Soft HEBE, fresh with blooming grace,
And crown, exalting his majestick race,
The bridal feast near JOVE advanc'd.

AN

EXTRACT

FROM THE

BHÚSHANDÁ RÁMÁYAN.

THE beautiful and lofty mountain, called NEIL, *or azure,* has a pointed ſummit of pure gold: the holy trees, *Peipel*, *Ber*, and *Pacr*, flouriſh on its brow; and its top is crowned with a pool of water ſhining like diamonds of exquiſite brilliancy: clear, freſh, and ſweet ſtreams, diſplaying a rich variety of colours, flow from all ſides of it; and thouſands of birds warble rapturous lays among the ſacred branches. Here the Crow BHU'SHANDA', who had been adorned with many virtues, and diſgraced by many vices, who had lived in every part of the univerſe, and knew all events from the beginning of time, had fixed his abode. Under the *Peipel,* he meditated on the divinity; under the *Pacr* he poured forth invocations: under the ſhade of the *Ber* he chanted the ſtory of VISHN; to hear which the feathered inhabitants of woods and of waters aſſembled around him; and even MAHADAYO, in the form of the *large white-plumed* MARA'L, perched on a bough, was delighted with liſtening to the adventures of the all-good and all-powerful RA'M.

To this mountain the ſage Eagle GERHUR, eſſence of all amiable qualities, who ſtands near *Viſhn* himſelf, and is ridden by that ſtupendous God, haſtily took his flight, and was relieved, on beholding it, from the cares, which before oppreſſed him: he bathed his pinions in the pool, and refreſhed his beak with a draught of the hallowed water. Juſt as *Bhúſhandá* was opening his divine hiſtory, the king of air appeared in his preſence: the winged aſſembly paid him reſpectful homage, ſaluted him with ſolemn expreſſions of reverence, and then, addreſſing him with ſweet words of affection, placed him on a ſeat becoming his high dignity.

" Monarch of birds, began the Crow, the ſight " of thee tranſports me with joy, ſignify to me " thy commands; and inform me what induce" ment has brought thee to the manſion of thy " ſervant."

" Brother, anſwered *Gerúr*, the purpoſe of my " viſit was in part anſwered by my firſt view of " thy charming retreat; and the doubts, which " thou alone couldſt have removed from this

" breaſt, are now almoſt wholly diſperſed: but " liſten to my recital.

" When the ſon of RA'WAN, the giant, with a " thouſand arms, had bound *Rám* with a ſnake " diſcharged from his bow, NARED commiſ- " ſioned me to diſentangle the celeſtial warriour; " and the commiſſion was executed with faithful " diſpatch: but pride aroſe in my heart; and " conſidering that even mortals are exempt " through devotion, from the ſhackles of terror, " I concluded that, if *Rám* had in truth been a " deity of boundleſs power, he could never have " been made captive by the fold of a reptile. " All night was I diſturbed by theſe embarraſſing " reflexions; and my arrogance, as the deliverer " of a god, attained ſuch a height, that my rea- " ſon had nearly forſaken me: I retained, how- " ever, ſenſe enough to ſeek a ſolution of my " doubts; and, haſtening to my wiſe employer " *Náred*, laid open to him the ſecret of my " boſom.

" Thou *art fallen*, ſaid the ſon of BREHMA', " with a compaſſionate aſpect, *into the ſnares of* " *paſſion, from which the moſt virtuous, when they* " *fail to exert their underſtandings, cannot be ſe-* " *cure: that appearance, by which thou haſt been* " *caught, was only the* MA'YA', *or deception of* " *Viſhn, which has often deluded even me. To* " *give thee perfect relief, exceeds my power: go*

" *to the palace of my father, and implicitly follow* " *his directions.*

" With all imaginable ſwiftneſs I flew to the " heaven of *Brehmá*, giving praiſes to my lord " and rider *Viſhn*, and explained to the benign " God, the grounds of my perplexity. The " Creator ſtood awhile in ſilence, reflecting on " the glories of *Rám*, and the force of his illu- " ſions; then, leaving his meditation, " *It is no* " *wonder*, ſaid he, *that thou haſt been deceived by* " *a power*, *from which I, at the very time of the* " *creation*, *was not exempt.* RA'M *has tried thee* " *by a deluſive appearance*; *and*, *when thou hadſt* " *untwiſted the living chain*, *which entangled him*, " *thou ſatſt all night elated with pride*, *and con-* " *templating thy own proweſs.* Haſten, there- " fore, to the palace of MAHA'DAYO, than whom " no deity better knows the ſupremacy of " RA'M: he will diſſipate thy ſorrows.

" His words were inſtantly followed by my " flight towards *Cailás*, but I met the deſtroying " power near the manſion of COBAYR, the " wealthy genius of the north. Having liſtened " benignantly to my narrative, he thus inſtructed " me: 'Thou art under the influence of a ſtrong " paſſion, from which no diſcourſe of mine can " ſo ſoon relieve thee, as the converſation of re- " ligious perſons, and ſerious attention to the " hiſtory of *Viſhn*, related by pious *Munys* in "ſweet accents. Without converſing with the "religious, the noble deeds of the preſerving "power cannot be known; without that know-"ledge, the paſſions cannot be conquered; "without that conqueſt, true devotion cannot "be acquired; and without that acquiſition, "whatever ſacrifices may be performed, or cere-"monies obſerved, God will never be ſeen by "man. Fly, O *Gerúr*, to the regions of the "weſt, and piouſly attend, with birds of inferior "wing, to the achievements of *Rám*; as they "will be related by the wiſe habitant of the "azure mountain, the virtuous *Bhúſandá*: the "relation will ſubdue thy paſſion, and wholly "diſpel thy ſorrows. Expect not a remedy "from me; ſince thou haſt entertained proud "thoughts concerning *Rám*, by whom I have "been highly favoured: beſides, one bird will "convey inſtruction more effectually to another "bird in their common dialect.'

"Not a moment was loſt by me in ſeeking "thy delightful abode; and the ſight of it al-"moſt entirely deſtroyed my pride with its bit-"ter, but certain, fruit, affliction. Complete "my recovery, beloved brother, by reciting the "ſacred ſtory of *Rám*."

The devout *Bhúſhandá* complied immediately with his requeſt; and having pronounced an eulogium on the incarnate God, began with an account of his *Avatar*, or *Deſcent*; and then related the adventures of his childhood, the actions of his youth, and the circumſtances of his marriage with SEI'TA'. He next informed the attentive eagle, how the machinations of B'HA'RT, the half-brother of *Rám*, and of CAYCAI', his ſtep-mother, induced king JESRET, his father, to ſend him into the woods, while the whole nation in agony mourned his loſs; how LECH'HMEN, his affectionate brother, inſiſted on accompanying him in exile; how they meditated on Providence in a great foreſt, and afterwards paſſed the *Ganga* to preach leſſons of devotion in populous towns: he proceeded to the death of the old *Rájá*, the penitence of *B'hárt*, and his journey in purſuit of *Rám*, who, after long and earneſt ſolicitation, returned to *Ayodhya*, where he lived with the ſplendour of a divinity: he told, how *Rám* again retired among the thickets, and there gave inſtructions to hermits and reverend *Munys*; how *Lech'hmen* was provoked to disfigure a gianteſs, and ſlay two giants, the ſiſter and kinſmen of *Rávan*; how that imperious demon violently ſeized the incomparable *Seítá*, and bore her captive to the place of his tyrannous empire, the iſle of LANCA'; how *Rám*, afflicted to exceſs, paſſed the whole rainy ſeaſon upon a mountain, having contracted a friendſhip with the race of

Apes, and appointed their chief, HENU'MAN, ſon of the wind, to the command of his new-raiſed army; how they diſcovered the bower of *Aſoca*'s*, in which *Seitá* was confined; how a vaſt bridge was erected by them over the ſea, from which *Henúman* leaped into the iſland, conſoled the faithful *Seitá*, and ſet fire to the gardens of *Ráwan*; who, in a deſperate engagement, was routed and ſlain by *Rám*; laſtly, how the divine conqueror reviſited his country, reſtored to joy its diſconſolate inhabitants, conferred high honours on the learned Bráhmens, treated his preceptor BA'SISHT with ſuch reverence, that he drank the water in which he had waſhed the feet of the *Muny*, and inſtructed the humble *B'hárt* in celeſtial knowledge; how the *Ránys* and high-born damſels, having bathed the lovely *Seíta*, decorated her with ineſtimable jewels, and offered her holy curds in golden baſons, crowned with branches of *Tulſy*; how the princes of the apes, and other warlike beaſts, aſſumed the moſt beautiful human forms; how men of all ranks, who flocked to the palace, forgetting their homes, as the pious forget their enemies, concurred in ſinging the praiſes of their king, while the gods rained flowers from heaven on the delighted aſſembly.

"The feſtivals and entertainments," added the crow, on his receiving the ſacred mark of vermilion, and aſcending the throne with *Seítá*, "thou ſawſt, O monarch of the air, and waſt "enraptured with devout joy; for *Brahma*, "*Mahádayo*, *Náred*, and other deities, attended "them; nor wouldſt thou be abſent on ſo ſignal "an occaſion. During this reign, no terrors "alarmed, or ſorrows rent, the boſoms of his "votaries; all was love, piety, concord; the "name of vice was unknown or unheard; none "were then infirm, none ignorant, none diſ-"treſſed; ſweet and ſalutary liquors flowed from "every tree; perpetual bloſſoms laughed on the "ſtalks, and perpetual fruit hung glittering from "the branches; a cool placid gale blew without "ceaſing; the birds charmed each foreſt with "aëreal melody; and animals, the moſt oppo-"ſite in their kinds, lived together, like the ve-"nerable cow with her own calf, in perfect "amity, and even tenderneſs. Such were the "bleſſings derived by mankind from *Rám*, "whoſe preſence rendered the *ſilver* age equal "in virtue and happineſs to that of *gold*."

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* Joneſia of Doctor Roxburgh.

As ſoon as *Buſunda* had concluded his narration: "O adorable *Rám*," exclaimed the eagle, "I revere thee for thy power, and love thee for "thy goodneſs! Hadſt thou not been pleaſed to "raiſe doubts in my mind, and, by thy divine "*Máyá*, to beguile me into the ſin of pride, "how ſhould I have been directed to this noble

" mountain? How ſhould I have heard the " recital of thy glorious actions? How ſhould " the ardent love of thee have been kindled in " my boſom?"

" Me too," ſaid the crow, " has *Rám* exalted, " by procuring me the honour of being thus " conſulted by the ſovereign of birds. To thee " his affection has been ſignally manifeſted; and " thou mayeſt now ceaſe to wonder, that the " moſt eminent among the deities, and the moſt " virtuous *Riſhys*, have fallen under the dominion " of the paſſions. What being exiſts, but " God, who was never ſeduced by the love of " wealth; whom nothing has provoked to wrath, " or ſtimulated to vengeance; whom the pleaſures " of youth have not allured, nor female " beauty ſmitten with the ſhafts of large and " languiſhing eyes? Who can boaſt of a conſtant " exemption from groundleſs terrors and unavailing " grief? Whoſe fame has never been blemiſhed " by pride? Whom has ambition never captivated " with falſe views of greatneſs? All theſe " temptations and blandiſhments are the daughters " of *Máyá*, with whoſe faſcinations, diffuſed " over the world, *Viſhn* deludes all creatures for " their ultimate advantage. He is the being of " beings, one ſubſtance in three forms; without " mode, without quality, without paſſion; immenſe, " incomprehenſible, infinite, indiviſible,

" immutable, incorporeal, irreſiſtible: His ope-" rations no mind can conceive; and his will " moves all the inhabitants of the univerſe, as " puppets are moved by ſtrings. The pious, " whom he loves, as a mother loves her only " infant, rejoice in his government, and exult in " his glory; while the irreligious, who are " proud, ignorant, captious, and madly impute " to *Rám* the conſequences of their own ſtupi-" dity, vainly afflict themſelves, and view all " objects in falſe colours; as they, whoſe eyes " are inflamed, ſuppoſe the moon alſo to be red: " their folly would make them believe, that the " ſun riſes in the weſt, and their fears agi-" tate them, like ſmall barques toſſed by the " waves. Were the firmament illumined by " ſixteen moons, yet, if no ſun roſe, the ſtars " would not diſappear: thus, without religion " and humility, vice and error cannot be diſ-" perſed. As an illuſtration of theſe truths, " hear, O *Gerúr*, the ſtory of my life; and mark " the sad effects of my ſin.

" When *Rám* was born in *Audh*, I repaired " eagerly to his birthplace, attended him five " years with aſſiduity, contemplating his beau-" tiful features, and receiving happineſs from " the ſparkles of his eye. He uſed to laugh " when I approached him, and when I departed, " to weep: ſometimes he tried to ſeize me by

" the feet, and ſhed tears if I flew out of his " reach. *Can this*, I thought, *can this be the ruler* " *of the univerſe?* Thus was I entangled by his " illuſion, and my mind was perplexed with " doubts; I became ſad and penſive; but the " divine infant laughed at my diſtreſs. One " day, he ran ſuddenly to catch me; but ſeeing " his body black and his feet ruddy, I took my " flight aloft with inexpreſſible agitation: he " ſtretched out his arm, and how high ſoever I " flew, the ſame arm purſued me at an equal " diſtance. As ſoon as I reached the heaven of " *Brahma*, I looked back, and ſtill ſaw behind " me the arm of *Viſhn*; amazed and ſtupefied, I " cloſed my eyes in a trance, and found my" ſelf, when I opened them, near the city of " *Ayodhya*.

" On my return to the palace of *Jeſret*, I " renewed my homage to *Rám*; but he made a " ſport of my confuſion, which was ſo great, " that, as he laughed, I flew into his mouth: " there I ſaw myriads of heavens infinitely ſpen" did, myriads of *Brahma*'s and *Mahadayo*'s, " myriads of ſuns, moons, and ſtars, gods and " goddeſſes, *Rájá*'s and *Rány*'s, and gazed beneath " me on this vaſt earth, girt with multitudinous " ſeas, veined with rivers, clothed with foreſts, " and peopled with numberleſs animals. An hun" dred complete years I dwelled in each heaven;

" and traverſing them all, was dazzled with their " endleſs and unutterable glories; but, whitherſoever I ſhaped my courſe, I beheld ONE only, " RA'M, the ſame lovely infant, whoſe idea was " impreſſed indelibly on my mind.

" Having ſpent a wonderful period of revolv- " ing ages in this ethereal jaunt, I returned to " my own habitation; where I heard, that *Rám* " was become incarnate, and, haſtening to the " place of his birth, I enjoyed the rapture of " beholding him: yet was my heart ſtill agitated " by a ſtorm of paſſions, and a thouſand cares " aroſe in my breaſt. *Rám*, knowing what " anxiety his deceptions had produced, again " laughed, and I flew out of his mouth into " open air. On finding that I had rambled over " ſo many worlds, and ſeen ſo many wonders in " ſo few minutes, and on conſidering the power " of the divine ſpirit, I fell breathleſs to the " ground: at length: ' Have pity, ſaid I, have " pity on me; and ceaſe, O thou, who rewardeſt " the devout! ceaſe to delude and grieve thy " humiliated votary." The deity then perceiv- " ing my unfeigned anguiſh, ſuſpended the in- " fluence of his *Maia*, placed his hands with " gentleneſs on my head, relieved at once my " ſolicitude; and, having mildly heard a fervent " effuſion, which I pronounced with weeping " eyes, commanded me to aſk for whatever I

" moſt deſired: I aſked for true piety towards " him; and he gave it with gracious praiſe, added " to heavenly benedictions. Adore, therefore, " and invoke perpetually that inviſible being, " who, having no ſhape, is deſcribed in the " *Vayds* by a ſimilitude, and compared to a " bottomleſs ocean of innumerable virtues."

" How ſalutary," ſaid *Gerúr*, " are the leſſons " of a ſpiritual inſtructor! If a hundred *Brahmas* " and a hundred *Mahadayos* had aſſiſted me, " I ſhould not have been ſo effectually relieved."

After a long converſation between *Buſund* and his penitent viſitor, in which they reciprocally told their moſt intereſting adventures, the crow diſcourſed more at large on the grandeur of *Rám*, and the bleſſings of the age, in which he appeared on earth. " Very different," continued he, " will be the *Cal Yug*, or age of " *impurity!* Then ſhall prieſts, kings, and ſub" jects, be wholly abandoned to vice; neglecting " holy rites, and the due obſervance of ranks; " not conſidering genuine piety, as the true and " invaluable gem, which all ought to ſeek: ſuch " as babble faſteſt will be dignified with the title " of *Pendits*; and ſuch as relate moſt untruths, " with the epithet of virtuous; they who wear " necklaces of beads, and the dreſs of *Goſains*, " will be reverenced as obſervers of inſpired

" ſcripture; and they who ſuffer their nails to
" grow unpared, and their hair uncut, or ſtand
" longeſt on one leg, holding the other in their
" hand, as devout *Senniyáſys:* the low caſt of
" *Shudrs* will have *Bráhmens* for their diſciples,
" and preſume to wear the ſame cord; while
" the *Bráhmens* will be diſtinguiſhed only by
" that mark, which they will be ſure to diſplay
" uncovered: they will be illiterate, covetous,
" luxurious, inobſervant of rites, and reſembling
" bulls without their tails; diſſipating the property, not the ignorance, or uneaſineſs, of
" their pupils; and even parents will inſtruct
" their children in gluttony, not in religion.
" Then will *Rájás* be mercileſs, and profligate,
" putting *Bráhmens* to death, and continually
" racking or a mercing their ſubjects numbers of
" whom will die through want, ſince famine will
" from time to time deſolate whole provinces;
" the clouds will ſhed no rain; and the ground
" will yield no return for the grains it has received: yet, even in this debaſed age, the miſerable race of men may be ſaved by affectionate devotion towards *Rám*, not appearing in
" external acts, but glowing in the receſſes of
" the heart."

" The diſorders of that age," ſaid the eagle,
" will, indeed, be as terrible, as the remedy is
" delightful, and certain."

"Happy," ſaid *Bhuſhunda*, "will be they, "who faithfully apply it; but the domination "of pride is more or leſs abſolute in every human breaſt: this abominable ſin cauſed the "many changes of my form, and my condemnation to a lonely reſidence among the rocks.

"In a temple of *Mahádayo* I ſtood invoking his name, when the guide of my youth, "my inſtructor in religious duties, entered it "with true humility; yet ſuch was my arrogance, from a vain conceit of my own piety "and knowledge, that I made him no ſalutation, "and ſhowed him no reſpect. He opened not "his lips, nor was he moved to anger by my "preſumption; but the God, whom we adored, "bore it not ſo mildly, and in a tremendous "voice from above, thundered againſt me a ſentence of perpetual miſery. This dreadful "judgement threw my indulgent preceptor into "an agony of grief; his limbs trembled, his "tongue faultered; and caſting himſelf on "the earth, with claſped hands, he ſupplicated "for a mitigation of my doom. Such benignity, and zeal, could not but appeaſe the "wrathful divinity, who ſpoke thus from the "ſummit of *Cáilás:* 'Juſtice requires the chaſtiſement of this proud mortal, but thy piety "has procured a remiſſion of its greateſt pains. "He ſhall ſuffer a thouſand tranſmigrations, and "in all of them ſhall exiſt without pleaſure, but

"not without wiſdom; he ſhall be a conſtant
"adorer of *Viſhn*, and again ſhall aſſiduouſly
"invoke my name. This bleſſing, too, ſhall
"attend him: he ſhall be loved by all.' On
"leaving my human ſhape by death, I was re-
"born in that of a ſerpent; and in all my
"metamorphoſes, continued to worſhip *Mahá-*
"*dayo*, by whoſe grace I left each body, as a
"man puts off his old veſture.

"After many changes I became a *Bráhmen*,
"but the ſeeds of pride ſtill germinating in my
"heart, I diſliked the inſtructions of my father,
"and retiring to the woods and mountains, me-
"ditated inceſſantly on the attributes of GOD;
"there I heard the diſcourſes of a venerable
"*Ricſhy*, with whom I had the boldneſs to con-
"tend in argument, and to maintain the prefer-
"ence of devotion towards the *viſible*, or *incar-*
"*nate*, over that towards the *inviſible* deity. The
"ſage, irritated by my obſtinate preſumption,
"loſt for a while the command of his temper,
"and uttered an imprecation, in conſequence of
"which I thus exiſt as a bird of the loweſt race;
"but *Mahádayo*, having calmed his diſturbed
"intellect, he repented of his anger, and when
"I aſſumed my preſent figure, conſoled me with
"tender expreſſions, gave me the *Mentr*, or
"*Incantation* of *Rám*, adviſed me to attend the
"God in his infancy, and afterwards to ſeek this
"retirement, in which I have ſpent myriads of

“ years: he concluded with a benizon, confirmed “ by a voice from heaven, ſaying: ‘ Granted “ be the wiſhes of the pious!’”

“ Here has my opinion been more and more “ deeply fixed, that the ignorant who neglect “ the cow CA´MD´HEN, ſource of all true felicity, “ and aſpire only to ſenſual gratifications, re“ ſemble thoſe who go ſearching for the herb “ *acun*, but only deſire its milk; that men with“ out religion, are like thoſe who try to paſs the “ ocean without a ſhip; and that, although the “ human ſoul be an immortal emanation from “ the divinity, they who are ſwayed by their “ paſſions, become like parrots in a cage, or apes “ confined by a chain. Not ſo the religious, “ who ſtudy the *Vayds*, and perform good ac“ tions; they reſemble cows depaſturing green “ plains, whoſe udders are diſtended with milk, “ with which the herdſman fills his bowl; then, “ having boiled it, he lets it cool in the freſh air, “ turns it into curd, and beats it into delicious “ butter. Piety is the fire, which increaſes the “ goodneſs of the milk, burning away the ſtains “ of vice; and repentance conſtitutes the butter, “ which being converted into oil, ſupplies the “ lamp of the underſtanding, by which divine “ books are peruſed, and luminous truths diſco“ vered. Then the propitious gods delight to co“ operate with mortals; in each of whoſe corporeal "ſenſes are many lattices, where the deities "continually keep watch; and, if the ſoul unwarily leaves them open to the hot envenomed "wind of temptation, a ſincere invocation of "thoſe heavenly guardians will preſerve the precious light from total extinction.'

"The tranſported eagle attentively heard the "ſublime doctrines of *Buſundá*, and requeſted "him to complete the leſſon, by defining the "moſt excellent of natural *forms*, the higheſt "*good*, the chief *pain* and *pleaſure*, the greateſt "*wickedneſs*, and the ſevereſt puniſhment.

"'I will then deſcribe them,' anſwered the "crow, 'with preciſion. In the three worlds, "empyreal, terreſtrial, and infernal, no *form* excels the *human*; ſupreme *felicity* on earth, conſiſts in genuine *piety*, and *contempt of worldly* "*advantages*; the higheſt enjoyment is the converſation of the devout, and virtuous; the "keeneſt *pain* is inflicted by *extreme poverty*; the "worſt of ſins is *uncharitableneſs*, and the uncharitable, who never fail to blaſpheme the "deities, and contemn the *Vayds*, ſhall be puniſhed in *the profoundeſt hell*; while the deſpiſers of their ſpiritual guides, ſhall eternally "live as *frogs*; of the *Bráhmens*, as *crows*; of "the pious, as *night-ravens*; of other men, as "*bats*: ſuch miſeries are the fruit of ungoverned paſſion!'

"How ſhould he,' continued *Buſundá*, 'who "loves all men, and whom all men love, be "torn by affliction; or he be neceſſitous, who "poſſeſſes the ſtone *Paras?* How can they who "hate their neighbours, be free from terror; or "how can the voluptuous be ultimately free "from pain? How can that country proſper, "in which *Bráhmens* are injuriouſly treated? or "how ſhall that kingdom ſtand, in which juſtice "is not adminiſtered? How can he fail of ſuc-"ceſs, who acts with circumſpection? How "ſhall they be tormented with gloomy appre-"henſions, who deſpiſe not the virtuous? How "ſhall he be reſcued from perdition, who ſeduces "the wife of another? or he live happily, who "murmurs at Providence? Who can be glorified "without merit? and who can be diſhonoured "without blame? How, laſtly, can ſin dwell in "him, who liſtens to the ſtory, and pours forth "the praiſes of RA'M? No happineſs can equal "the pure devotion of his adorers."

EXTRACTS

FROM

THE VEDAS.

THE following fragments were submitted to the purusal of a friend*, and are now published at his recommendation, communicated to the Editor in the following terms:

"The fragments submitted to my perusal, consist " of translations of passages in the Védas, and appear to be materials selected by Sir William " Jones for the elucidation of a Dissertation '*On* " *the Primitive Religion of the Hindus*.' This Dissertation was professedly intended, '*to remove* " *the veil from the supposed mysteries of the primeval* " *Indian Religion*;' and it is much to be regretted, " that it was never completed, and that the fragments, which are extremely curious and interesting, cannot be published with that elucidation " which they would have received from the pen " of the translator. I recommend, however, the " publication of them, as well as of the following " extract."

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* Lord Teignmouth.

Extract from a Diſſertation on the primitive Religion of the Hindus.

* * * * * * * but that I may not ſeem to appropriate the merit of diſcoveries which others have previouſly made, I think it neceſſary to ſay, that the original *Gayatri*, or holieſt verſe in the Veda, has already been publiſhed, though very incorrectly, by *Fra Manuel da Aſſomcaon*, a ſucceſsful miſſionary from *Portugal*, who may have received it, as his countrymen aſſert, from a converted *Bráhman*; that the ſame venerable text was ſeen in the hand of Mr. WILKINS, who no doubt well underſtood it, by two Pandits of my acquaintance; and that a paraphraſe of it in Persian may be found in the curious work of DARASHUCUH, which deſerves to be mentioned very particularly. That amiable, but impolitic prince, who ſacrificed his throne, and his life, to a premature declaration of his religious opinions, had employed ſix months, as he tells us, at *Banaras*, in tranſlating, and explaining, fifty-one *Upaniſhads*, or ſecrets of the old Indian ſcripture; but he tranſlated only the verbal interpretation of his Pandits, and blended the text of the *Veda*, with

different gloſſes, and even with the converſation, I believe, of his living Hindu expoſitors, who are naturally ſo loquacious, that when they have began talking, they hardly know how to cloſe their lips.

Of this book I procured, with the aſſiſtance of Colonel *Polier*, a complete copy, collected by a learned *Rájá*, named *Anandarám*, with whom the Colonel was very intimate: but though ſublime, and majeſtick, features of the original were diſcernible, in parts, through folds of the *Perſian* drapery; yet the Sanſcrit names were ſo barbarouſly written, and the additions of the tranſlator has made the work ſo deformed, that I reſolved to poſtpone a regular peruſal of it till I could compare it with the Sanſcrit original

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THE GAYATRI OR HOLIEST VERSE OF THE VEDAS.

LET us adore the ſupremacy of *that* divine ſun*, the godhead † who illuminates all, who recreates all, from whom all proceed, to whom all muſt return, whom we invoke to direct our underſtandings aright in our progreſs toward his holy ſeat.

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WHAT the ſun and light are to this viſible world, that, are the *ſupreme good*, and *truth*, to the intellectual and inviſible univerſe; and, as our corporeal eyes have a diſtinct perception of objects enlightened by the ſun, thus our ſouls acquire certain knowledge, by meditating on the light of truth, which emanates from the Being of beings: *that* is the light by which alone our minds can be directed in the path to beatitude.

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* Opposed to the visible luminary.

† *Bhargas*, a word consisting of three consonants, derived from *bhá*, to shine; *ram*, to delight; *gam*, to move.

apánipádó javanó grĭhítá,
páſyatyachacſhah ſa s'rĭnó tyacarnah:
ſa vétti vedyaṁ na che taſya véttá*
tamáhuragryaṁ peruſham maháritam.

Without hand or foot he runs rapidly, and graſps firmly; without eyes he ſees, without ears he hears *all*; he knows whatever can be known, but there is none who knows him: Him the wiſe call the great, ſupreme, pervading ſpirit.

Of this text, and a few others, RA'DHA'CANT has given a paraphraſe:

"Perfect truth; perfect happineſs; without equal; immortal; abſolute unity; whom neither ſpeech can deſcribe, nor mind comprehend; all-pervading; all-tranſcending; delighted with his own boundleſs intelligence, not limited by ſpace, or time; without feet,

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* Instead of *Véttá* some copies of the text have *chétiá* for *chétayitá, or director of the mind.* Τὸ ἡγεμονικὸν.

" moving ſwiftly ; without hands, graſping all " worlds; without eyes, all-ſurveying; without " ears, all-hearing; without an intelligent guide, " underſtanding all; without cauſe, the firſt " of all cauſes; all-ruling; all-powerful; the " creator, preſerver, transformer, of all things; " ſuch is the Great One: this the Védas de- " clare."

1. WHAT reliſh can there be for enjoyments in this unſound body, filled with bad odours, compoſed of bones, ſkin, tendons, membranes, muſcles, blood, ſaliva, tears, ordure and urine, bile and mucus?

2. What reliſh can there be for enjoyment in this body; aſſailed by deſire and wrath, by avarice and illuſion, fear and ſorrow, envy and hate, by abſence from thoſe whom we love, and by union with thoſe whom we diſlike, by hunger and thirſt, by diſeaſe and emaciation, by growth and decline, by old age and death?

3. Surely we ſee this univerſe tending to decay, even as theſe biting gnats and other inſects; even as the graſs of the field, and the trees of the foreſt, which ſpring up and then periſh.

4. But what are they? Others, far greater, have been archers mighty in battle, and ſome have been kings of the whole earth.

5. SUDHUMNA, BHURIDHUMNA, INDRADHUMNA, CUVALAYA'SWA, YANVANA'SWA, AVADHYASWA, ASWAPATI, SASABINDU, HAVISEHANDRA, BARISHSHA, NAHUSHA, SURYATI, YAYATI, VICRAVA, ACSHAYASENA, PRIYAVRATA, and the reſt.

6. MARUTTA likewiſe, and BHARATA, who enjoyed all corporeal delights, yet left their

boundleſs proſperity, and paſſed from this world to the next.

7. But what are they? Others yet greater, *Gandawas*, *Aſuras*, *Racſhaſas*, companies of ſpirits, *Piſachas*, *Uragas*, and *Gràhas*, have we ſeen been deſtroyed.

8. But what are they? Others, greater ſtill, have been changed; vaſt rivers dried; mountains torn up; the pole itſelf moved from its place; the cords of the ſtars rent aſunder; the whole earth itſelf deluged with water; even the *ſuſes* or angels hurled from their ſtations.

9. In ſuch a world, then, what reliſh can there be for enjoyment? Thou alone art able to raiſe up.

I am in this world like a frog in a dry well: Thou only, O Lord, art my refuge: thou only art my refuge.

1. MAY that ſoul of mine, which mounts aloft in my waking hours, as an ethereal ſpark, and which, even in my ſlumber, has a like aſcent, ſoaring to a great diſtance, as an emanation from the light of lights, be united by devout meditation with the Spirit ſupremely bleſt, and ſupremely intelligent!

2. May that ſoul of mine, by an agent *ſimilar to* which the low-born perform their menial works, and the wiſe, deeply verſed in ſciences, duly ſolemnize their ſacrificial rite; *that* ſoul, which was itſelf the primeval oblation placed within all creatures, be united by devout meditation with the Spirit ſupremely bleſt, and ſupremely intelligent!

3. May that ſoul of mine, which is *a ray* of perfect wiſdom, pure intellect and permanent exiſtence, which is the unextinguiſhable light fixed within created bodies, without which no good act is performed, be united by devout meditation with the Spirit ſupremely bleſt, and ſupremely intelligent!

4. May that ſoul of mine, in which, as an immortal eſſence, may be compriſed whatever has paſt, is preſent, or will be hereafter; by which the ſacrifice, where ſeven miniſters officiate, is properly ſolemnized; be united by devout me-

ditation with the Spirit ſupremely bleſt, and ſupremely intelligent!

5. May that ſoul of mine, into which are inſerted, like the ſpokes of a wheel in the axle of a car, the holy texts of the *Rigveda*, the *Sáman*, and the *Yajuſh*; into which is interwoven all that belongs to created forms, be united by devout meditation with the Spirit ſupremely bleſt, and ſupremely intelligent!

6. May that ſoul of mine, which, *diſtributed in other bodies*, guides mankind, as a ſkilful charioteer guides his rapid horſes with reins; that ſoul which is fixed in my breaſt, exempt from old age, and extremely ſwift in its courſe, be united, by divine meditation, with the Spirit ſupremely bleſt, and ſupremely intelligent!

Veda, and 1ſt Article of our Church.

"There is one living and true GOD, everlaſt-
"ing, without body, parts, or paſſion, of infinite
"power, wiſdom, and goodneſs; the maker and
"preſerver of all things, both viſible, &c. &c."

I'SA'VA'SYAM;

OR,

AN UPANISHAD FROM THE YAJUR VEDA.

1. BY one Supreme Ruler is this univerſe pervaded; even every world in the whole circle of nature. Enjoy pure delight, O man! by abandoning *all thoughts* of this periſhable world; and covet not the wealth of any creature exiſting.

2. He who, in this life, continually performs his religious duties, may deſire to live a hundred years; but even to the end of that period thou ſhouldſt have no other occupation here below.

3. To thoſe regions, where evil ſpirits dwell, and which utter darkneſs involves, will ſuch men ſurely go after death, as deſtroy *the purity* of their own ſouls.

4. There is one ſupreme Spirit, which nothing can ſhake, more ſwift than the thought of man. That primeval Mover, even divine intelligences cannot reach: that Spirit, though unmoved, infinitely tranſcends others, how rapid ſoever their courſe.

5. That ſupreme Spirit moves at pleaſure,

but in itſelf is immoveable; it is diſtant from us, yet very near us; it pervades this whole ſyſtem of worlds, yet is infinitely beyond it.

6. The man who conſiders all beings as exiſting even in the ſupreme ſpirit, and the ſupreme ſpirit as pervading all beings, henceforth views no creature with contempt.

7. In him who knows that all ſpiritual beings are the ſame *in kind* with the ſupreme ſpirit, what *room can there be for* deluſion of mind, or what room for ſorrow when he reflects on the identity of ſpirit?

8. The pure enlightened ſoul aſſumes a luminous form with no groſs body, with no perforation, with no veins, or tendons, unblemiſhed, untainted by ſin, *itſelf being a ray from the infinite ſpirit*, which knows the paſt and the future, which pervades all, which exiſted with no cauſe but itſelf, which created all things as they are in ages very remote.

9. They who are ignorantly devoted to the mere ceremonies of religion are fallen into thick darkneſs, but they ſurely have a thicker gloom around them who are ſolely attached to ſpeculative ſcience.

10. A diſtinct reward, they ſay, is reſerved for ceremonies, and a diſtinct reward, they ſay, for divine knowledge; adding, "This we have "heard from ſages who declared it to us."

11. He alone is acquainted with the nature of ceremonies, and with that of ſpeculative ſcience, who is acquainted with both at once: by religious ceremonies he paſſes the gulph of death, and by divine knowledge he attains immortality.

12. They who adore only the appearances and forms of the deity are fallen into thick darkneſs, but they ſurely have a thicker gloom around them who are ſolely devoted to the abſtract eſſence of the divine eſſence.

13. A diſtinct reward, they ſay, is obtained by adoring the forms and attributes, and a diſtinct reward, they ſay, by adoring the abſtract eſſence; adding: "This we have heard from ſages who declare it to us."

14. He only knows the forms and the eſſence of the deity who adores both at once; by adoring the appearances of the deity, he paſſes the gulph of death, and by adoring his abſtract eſſence he attains immortality.

15. Unveil, O Thou who giveſt ſuſtenance to the world, that face of the true ſun, which is now hidden by a vaſe of golden light! ſo that we may ſee the truth, and know our whole duty!

16. O Thou who giveſt ſuſtenance to the world, thou ſole mover of all, thou who reſtraineſt ſinners, who pervadeſt yon great luminary, who appeareſt as the Son of the Creator;

hide thy dazzling beams, and expand thy ſpiritual brightneſs, that I may view thy moſt auſpicious, moſt glorious, real form.

"OM, Remember me, divine ſpirit!"

"OM, Remember my deeds."

17. That all-pervading ſpirit, that ſpirit which gives light to the viſible ſun, even the ſame *in kind* am I, *though infinitely diſtant in degree.* Let my ſoul return to the immortal ſpirit of God, and then let my body, which ends in aſhes, return to duſt!

18. O ſpirit, who pervadeſt fire, lead us in a ſtraight path to the riches of beatitude! Thou, O God, poſſeſſeſt all the treaſures of knowledge: remove each foul taint from our ſouls; we continually approach thee with the higheſt praiſe, and the moſt fervid adoration.

FROM THE YAJURVEDA.

1. AS a tree, the lord of the foreſt, even ſo, without fiction, is man: his hairs are as leaves; his ſkin, as exterior bark.

2. Through the ſkin flows blood; through the rind, ſap: from a wounded man, therefore, blood guſhes, as the vegetable fluid from a tree *that is* cut.

3. His muſcles are as interwoven fibres; the membrane round his bones as interior bark, which is cloſely fixed: his bones are as the hard pieces of wood within: their marrow is compoſed of pith.

4. Since the tree, when felled, ſprings again, ſtill freſher, from the root, from what root ſprings mortal man when felled by the hand of death?

5. Say not, he ſprings from ſeed: ſeed ſurely comes from the living. A tree, no doubt, riſes from ſeed, and after death has a viſible renewal.

6. But a tree which they have plucked up by the root, flouriſhes individually no more. From what root then ſprings mortal man when felled by the hand of death?

7. Say not he was born before; he is born: who can make him ſpring again to birth?

8. God, who is perfect wiſdom, perfect happineſs, He is the final refuge of the man, who has liberally beſtowed his wealth, who has been firm in virtue, who knows and adores that Great One.

A HYMN TO THE NIGHT.

NIGHT approaches illumined with ſtars and planets, and looking on all ſides with numberleſs eyes, overpowers all meaner lights. The immortal goddeſs pervades the firmament covering the low valleys and ſhrubs and the lofty mountains and trees, but ſoon ſhe diſturbs the gloom with celeſtial effulgence. Advancing with brightneſs, at length ſhe recalls her ſiſter Morning; and the nightly ſhade gradually melts away.

May ſhe, at this time, be propitious! She, in whoſe early watch, we may calmly recline in our manſion, as birds repoſe on the tree.

Mankind now ſleep in their towns; now herds and flocks peacefully ſlumber, and winged creatures, even ſwift falcons and vultures.

O Night, avert from us the ſhe-wolf and the wolf; and oh! ſuffer us to paſs thee in ſoothing reſt!

O Morn, remove, in due time, this black, yet viſible, overwhelming darkneſs which at preſent infolds me, as thou enableſt me to remove the cloud of their debts.

Daughter of heaven, I approach thee with praiſe, as the cow approaches her milker; accept, O Night, not the hymn only, but the oblation of thy ſuppliant, who prays that his foes may be ſubdued.

The following Fragment is a Tranſlation from a Sanscrit Work, entitled,

THE IGNORANT INSTRUCTED.

1. RESTRAIN, O ignorant man, thy deſire of wealth, and become a hater of it in body, underſtanding, and mind: let the riches thou poſſeſſeth be acquired by thy own good actions, with thoſe gratify thy ſoul.

2. The boy ſo long delights in his play, the youth ſo long purſues his beloved, the old ſo long brood over melancholy thoughts, that no man meditates on the ſupreme being.

3. Who is thy wife, and who thy ſon? How great and wonderful is this world: whoſe thou art, and whence thou comeſt? Meditate on this, my brother, and again on this.

4. Be not proud of wealth and attendants, and youth; ſince time deſtroys all of them in the twinkling of an eye: check thy attachment to all theſe illuſions, like *Maya*; fix thy heart on the foot of *Brahmà*, and thou wilt ſoon know him.

5. As a drop of water moves on the leaf of the lotus; thus, or more ſlippery, is human life: the company of the virtuous endures here but for a moment; that is the vehicle to bear thee over land and ocean.

6. To dwell in the manſion of Gods at the foot of a tree; to have the ground for a bed, and a hide for veſture; to renounce all ties of family or connections; who would not receive delight from this devout abhorrence of the world.

7. Set not thy affections on foe, or friend; on a ſon, or a relation; in war, or in peace; bear an equal mind towards all; if thou deſireſt it, thou wilt ſoon be like *Viſhnu.*

8. Day and night, evening and morn, winter and ſpring, depart and return! Time ſports, age paſſes on, deſire and the wind continue unreſtrained.

9. When the body is tottering, the head grey, and the mouth toothleſs; when the ſmooth ſtick trembles in the hand, which it ſupports, yet the veſſel of covetouſneſs remains unemptied.

10. So ſoon born, ſo ſoon dead! ſo long lying in thy mother's womb! ſo great crimes are committed in the world! How then, O man, canſt thou live here below with complacency?

11. There are eight original mountains, and ſeven ſeas—*Brahma*, *Indra*, *the Sun*, and *Kudra*.

—Theſe are permanent, not thou, not I, not this, or that people: what, therefore, ſhould occaſion our ſorrow?

12. In thee, in me, in every other, *Viſhnu* reſides: in vain art thou angry with me, not bearing my approach: this is perfectly true, all muſt be eſteemed equal: be not, therefore, proud of a magnificent palace.

This is the inſtruction of learners, delivered in twelve meaſures: what more can be done with thoſe, whom this work doth fill with devotion?

Thus ends the book, named *Móhadmudgara*, or the Ignorant Inſtructed, (properly the Mallet of the Ignorant,) compoſed by the holy, devout, and proſperous *Sancar Acharya.*

THE

SEASONS;

A

DESCRIPTIVE POEM.

BY CA'LIDA'S.

FROM THE ORIGINAL SANSCRIT.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THIS book is the firſt ever printed in *Sanſcrit*; and it is by the preſs alone, that the ancient literature of *India* can long be preſerved: a learner of that moſt intereſting language who had carefully peruſed one of the popular grammars, could hardly begin his courſe of ſtudy with an eaſier or more elegant work, than the *Rĭtuſanhára*, or *Aſſemblage of Seaſons*. Every line compoſed by CA'LIDA's is exquiſitely poliſhed; and every couplet in the poem exhibits an *Indian* landſcape, always beautiful, ſometimes highly coloured, but never beyond nature: four copies of it have been diligently collated; and where they differed, the cleareſt and moſt natural reading has conſtantly had the preference.

W. J.

LAILÍ MAJNÚN,

A

PERSIAN POEM

OF

HÁTIFÍ.

THE

PREFACE.

AMONG eleven or twelve *Perſian* poems on the ſtory of LAILI′ and MAJNU′N, that of HA′TIFI′ ſeems univerſally eſteemed the ſimpleſt and moſt pathetick. The tale itſelf is extremely ſimple; and the more affecting, becauſe it is true; for KAIS, who became *frantick* from diſappointed love, and thence had the ſurname of *Majnún*, was a moſt accompliſhed and amiable youth, the only ſon of an *Arabian* chieftain in the firſt age of the *Mohammedan* empire: fragments of his beautiful poetry are ſtill repeated with rapture by the *Arabs* of *Hejáz*; and the beſt works of the *Perſians* abound in alluſions to his unfortunate paſſion. LAILI′, or LAILA, as her name is pronounced in *Arabia*, was the daughter of a neighbouring chief, and was alſo eminently accompliſhed; yet ſhe had no tranſcendant beauty, it ſeems, in any eyes but thoſe of her lover: SADI′, who repreſents her with a ſwarthy complexion and of low ſtature, tells a long, but agreeable, ſtory on the ſame ſubject, which the *Maulaví* of *Rúm* has comprized in two couplets—"The *Khalífah* ſaid to LAILI, *art* "*thou the damſel, for whom the loſt* MAJNU'N *is* "*become a wanderer in the deſert? Thou ſurpaſſeſt* "*not other girls in beauty.* She ſaid: *Be ſilent;* "*for thou art not* Majnún."

For the ſhort account of our Poet exhibited in the *Perſian* preface, we are obliged to the kindneſs of ALI' IBRA'HI'M KHA'N, one of the beſt bred, moſt learned, and moſt virtuous *Muſelmáns* in the *Britiſh* territories. ABDULLAH, ſurnamed HA'TIFI', who died in the year 1520 of our era, was a nephew, we find, of NU'RUDDI'N, uſually called JA'MI' from the village of *Jám* in *Khoráſán*, with whom he lived on more amicable terms, than could naturally have been expected between rival poets; and, if he was inferiour to his uncle in learning or in art, he certainly ſurpaſſed him in genius. His principal ambition was to enter the liſts with NIZA'MI', by compoſing five poems on the ſame or ſimilar ſubjects with the *Khamſah* of that illuſtrious author; and how far he ſucceeded in his competition, every reader muſt decide for himſelf: for my opinion is, that he has not even approached the ſplendour and ſublimity of his maſter's diction, but that he has excelled him in tenderneſs and ſimplicity; and, moſt probably, Niza'mi' valued himſelf ſolely on his rich and elevated compoſition, whilſt Ha'tifi' aimed only at ſweetneſs and pathos, each attaining the ſummit of excellence in the ſtyle which he profeſſed. The fate of the two poets has been very different; for, while the five poems of Niza'mi' have a place in moſt *Aſiatick* libraries and in general are beautifully copied, thoſe of Ha'tifi' are extremely ſcarce and negligently tranſcribed: his *Haft Paicar*, or the *Seven Images*, is barely named by D'Herbelot, who mentions alſo his *Zafar Námah*, an Heroick Poem on the actions of Taimu'r, which was deſigned to emulate that of Niza'mi' on the victories of Alexander; but I have never been able to procure any of his works except his Laili' Majnu'n, the ſcarcity of which was my chief inducement for publiſhing it. The reader muſt not expect a complete edition of the poem, which I have neither materials nor leiſure to exhibit, but merely an impreſſion of my manuſcript, which unhappily is far from being correct. A *Muſelmán* of high rank, who firſt named the work to me, promiſed to ſend me in *Bengal* a well-collated copy of it; but he forgot his promiſe; and the imperfection of this edition muſt partly be aſcribed to his forgetfulneſs; partly to my own haſte, inadvertence, or ignorance. Since the book has been printed, I have read it four or five times with great attention; and, having procured two other manuſcripts, when the laſt ſheet was in the preſs, I peruſed them alſo with as much attention as they deſerved, but with very trifling advantage: I then formed a table of corrections, while two learned natives were ſeverally engaged in the ſame labour; but, finding their tables to differ conſiderably from each other, I have reduced them to a ſhort compaſs by omitting every doubtful emendation, and every grammatical errour, by which no *Perſian* ſcholar could be miſled. In many places the common orthographical marks are omitted (as they are, indeed, in the beſt manuſcripts), and in ſome places they are added, where the ſenſe or the metre neceſſarily requires their omiſſion: between ſome few words the copulative is erroneouſly inſerted, and between others it is inaccurately omitted, having probably dropped out in the preſs-work: laſtly, ſome couplets are evidently tranſpoſed, eſpecially in the dialogue between MAJNU'N and LAILI's mother, where I ſuſpected on the firſt peruſal of it, that near thirty diſtichs were out of their place; but I had not the courage to depart from the authority of my manuſcript in a moſt pathetick epiſode, where it might have been the poet's deſign to break the uſual connexion of ideas in minds diſtracted with anguiſh; as the great *Italian* compoſers often violate every rule of harmony in expreſſing tumultuous paſſions. On the whole, the book is by no means perfect; but, ſince it is far more correct than any *Perſian* or *Arabick* book of the ſame length, that I ever peruſed, I am fully convinced that it will afford the reader as much delight, as I have myſelf received, and ſhall continue to receive, from it.

The beſt guide in amending all poetical works is an accurate knowledge of the meaſures, in which they are compoſed; yet a want of that knowledge in editors of *Greek* and *Arábian* poems, has been the occaſion of ſo many miſtakes, that a collection of them would fill a volume: in *Perſian* few poems have been printed; but, if GENTIUS had only been able to diſtinguiſh proſe from verſe, as it is manifeſt that he was not able, he would have done more juſtice to the beautiful *Guliſtán*, which he had the merit of ſelecting for publication. The meaſure of the poem before us, which has enabled me to correct a number of lines in it, is exactly in this form:

Lex ómnibus imperáre debét,

with a ſtrong accent on the *ſecond*, *ſeventh*, and *tenth* ſyllables; and it is very remarkable, that almoſt every couplet in that meaſure may be tranſpoſed, by an eaſy change of the accent, into common *Engliſh* verſe : thus HA′TIFI′ ſays,

ān t′orfah ſabí kadí gulendám
az kais robúd s′abru ārám,
búdí birokhi nicúyi ù ſhád,
vaz khwáb u khoreſh nayámadì yád,
îſhk āmad u der du sínah já card,
khodrá bidu yár āſhná card,
báz āmadì u bihem niſhaſtí,
vaz goft u ſhenìd leb nabaſtí,
íſhán ghemi dil bicas nagoftend,
rázi del az ìn u àn nahoftend.

Theſe five diſtichs may be thus tranſlated in the meaſure of the original :

With cheéks, where eternal páradise bloóm'd,
Sweet *Laíli* the soul of *Kaís* had consúm'd ;
Transpórted her heav'nly gráces he viéw'd,
Of slúmber no more he thoúght, nor of foód :
Love raís'd in their glowing bósoms his thróne,
Adópting the chosen paír as his ówn,
Togéther on flow'ry seáts they repós'd ;
Their líps not one idle móment were clós'd :
To mórtals they gave no hínt of their smárt ;
Love ónly the secret dréw from each heárt.

And a bare tranſpoſition of the accents gives us five *Engliſh* couplets in the form, which ſome call heroick, and others, elegiack :

With cheeks, where paradise eternal bloom'd,
Sweet *Laíli* had the soul of *Kaís* consum'd;
Her heav'nly graces he transported view'd;
No more he thought of slumber or of food.
Love in their glowing bosoms rais'd his throne,
The chosen pair adopting as his own.
On flow'ry seats together they repos'd;
Their lips one idle moment were not clos'd;
No hint they gave to mortals of their smart;
Love only drew the secret from each heart.

Neverthelеſs, if the whole poem ſhould ever be tranſlated into *Engliſh* (by me it certainly never will), I would recommend a verſion in modulated, but unaffected, proſe in preference to rhymed couplets; and, though not a ſingle image or thought ſhould be added by the tranſlator, yet it would be allowable to omit ſeveral conceits, which would appear unbecoming in an *European* dreſs; for the poem, with all its beauties, has conceits in it, like the black ſpots on ſome very beautiful flowers; but they are neither ſo numerous nor ſo unpleaſing, as thoſe in the poem of VENUS and ADONIS, and we cannot with juſtice ſhow leſs indulgence to a poet of *Irán*, than we all ſhow to our immortal countryman, SHAKSPEARE.

I wiſh I could conceal the principal object of this publication, without impeding or delaying the object itſelf; but, ſince I am conſcious, that what I am going to add has the appearance only of oſtentation, and that my purpoſe cannot be anſwered, unleſs it be ſpeedily and generally known, I think it neceſſary to declare, that the property of the whole impreſſion belongs from this moment to the attorney for the poor in the Supreme Court, in truſt for the miſerable perſons under execution for debt in the priſon of *Calcutta:* ſhould all the copies be ſold, there will be near twelve thouſand Sicca Rupees in the hands of the truſtee, who will immediately apply them, without any diſtinction of religion or country, to the effectual relief, as far as they will extend, of ſuch priſoners as have been longeſt confined, and are not relievable by the rules of the Court. This aſſiſtance, I fear, will ſet at liberty but few of the unhappy men, who now ſuffer the worſt of human misfortunes; but it is poſſible, that the liberality of the publick may, in ſome mode or another, extend itſelf to thoſe who remain in priſon; for, even if the legiſlature ſhould ultimately relieve them, yet multitudes of them will periſh, and all muſt wiſh to periſh, before any relief can arrive from *Europe.*

The incorrectneſs of modern *Arabian* and *Perſian* books is truly deplorable: nothing can preſerve them in any degree of accuracy but the art of printing; and, if *Aſiatick* literature ſhould ever be general, it muſt diffuſe itſelf, as *Greek* learning was diffuſed in *Italy* after the taking of *Conſtantinople*, by mere impreſſions of the beſt manuſcripts without verſions or comments, which future ſcholars would add at their leiſure to future editions; but no printer could engage in ſo expenſive a buſineſs without the patronage and the purſe of monarchs or ſtates or ſocieties of wealthy individuals, or at leaſt without a large publick ſubſcription: there are printers in *Bengal*, who, if they were duly encouraged, would give us editions of HA'FIZ and SADI, or, perhaps, of NIZA'MI' and FIRDAUSI'; and there are indigent natives of eminent learning, who would gladly correct the preſs for a ſmall monthly ſalary. I ſhall ever be ready to promote ſuch undertakings as a ſubſcriber, but ſhall never more appear as an editor or a tranſlator of any *Perſian* book whatever.

W. JONES.

A Catalogue of Sanſcrit, and other Oriental Manuſcripts, preſented to the Royal Society by Sir William and Lady Jones.

The following letter will ſhew the motives which induced the Editor to complete Sir William Jones's gift, by preſenting the remainder of his valuable collection of Eaſtern Manuſcripts to the Royal Society, in the hopes of their becoming a general accommodation to the learned.

Gardens, near Calcutta, Jan. 29, 1792.

My dear Sir JOSEPH,

I annex a bill of lading, which will explain itſelf. Should I live to have the pleaſure of ſeeing you again, you will have the goodneſs to let me take the manuſcripts, with the care of which I now trouble you; ſhould I die, you will depoſit them in the Royal Society, ſo that they may be lent out, without difficulty, to any ſtudious men who may apply for them. I am ſo buſy at this ſeaſon, that I can only bid you farewel, from,

Dear Sir JOSEPH,
Your ever-faithful,
And obedient ſervant,
W. JONES.

Sir Joſeph Banks, Bart.

A CATALOGUE, &c. *taken by* C. WILKINS, Eſq. F.R.S. *part of which (as far as No. 56) was read before the* ROYAL SOCIETY, *June* 28, 1798.

All the notes at the bottom of the page, are copied from the Manuſcript of Sir William Jones, in each of the books referred to.

1. *a.* MAHA'-BHA'RATA.

A poem in eighteen books, excluſive of the part called *Raghuvanſa*; the whole attributed to *Criſhna Dwaipáyana Vyáſa*; with copious notes by *Nila-canta.* This ſtupendous work, when perfect, contains upwards of one hundred thouſand metrical verſes. The main ſubject is the hiſtory of the race of *Bhárata,* one of the ancient kings of India, from whom that country is ſaid to have derived the name of *Bhárata-varſha*; and more particularly that of two of its collateral branches, diſtinguiſhed by the patronymics, the *Curavas* and the *Puravas* (ſo denominated from two of their anceſtors, *Curu* and *Puru)*, and of their bloody contentions for the ſovereignty of *Bhárata-varſha*, the only general name by which the aborigines know the country we call *India*,

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1. *Maha-Bharati.* The great story from Bharati speech.

and the Arabs and Perſians *Hind* and *Hindoſtan*. But, beſides the main ſtory, a great variety of other ſubjects is treated of, by way of introduction and epiſode. The part entitled *Raghu-vanſa* contains a diſtinct hiſtory of the race of *Criſhna*. The *Mahá-bhárata* is ſo very popular throughout the Eaſt, that it has been tranſlated into moſt of its numerous dialects; and there is an abridgment of it in the Perſian language, ſeveral copies of which are to be found in our publick libraries. The *Gitá*, which has appeared in an Engliſh dreſs, forms part of this work; but, as it contains doctrines thought too ſublime for the vulgar, it is often left out of the text, as happens to be the caſe in this copy. Its place is in the 6th book, called *Bhiſhma-parva*. This copy is written in the character which, by way of pre-eminence, is called *Déva-nágari*. Ly J.

1. *b. Ditto.*

Another copy, without notes, written in the character peculiar to the province of *Bengal*, in which the *Brahmans* of that country are wont to tranſcribe all their *Sanſcrit* books. Moſt of the alphabets of India, though they differ very much in the ſhape of their letters, agree in their number and powers, and are capable of expreſsing the *Sanſcrit*, as well as their own particular language. This copy contains the *Gitá*, in its proper place. Ly J.

2. *a. Rámáyana.*

The adventures of *Ráma*, a poem in ſeven books, with notes, in the *Dévanágari* character. There are ſeveral works with the ſame title, but this, written by *Válmic*, is the moſt eſteemed. The ſubject of all the *Rámáyan's* is the ſame: the popular ſtory of *Ráma*, ſurnamed *Dáſarathi*, ſuppoſed to be an incarnation of the god *Viſhnu*, and his wonderful exploits, to recover his beloved *Sitá* out of the hands of *Rávana*, the gigantick tyrant of *Lancá*. Ly J.

2. *b. Ditto.*

Another copy, in the *Bengal* character, without notes, by *Válmic*. Ly J.

2. *c. Ditto.*

A very fine copy, in the *Dévanágari* character, without notes; but unfortunately not finiſhed, the writer having been reduced to a ſtate of inſanity, by habitual intoxication. Sir W. J.

3. *a. Sri Bhágavat.*

A poem in twelve books, attributed to *Criſhna Dwaipáyana Vyáſa*, the reputed author of the *Mahá-bhárat*, and many other works; with notes by *Sridhará Swámi*. *Dévanágari* character. It is to be found in moſt of the vulgar dialects of India, and in the Perſian language. It has alſo appeared, in a very imperfect and abridged form, in French, under the title of *Bagavadam*, tranſlated from the *Támul* verſion. The chief ſubject of the *Bhagavat* is the life of *Criſhna*; but, being one of that ſpecies of compoſition which is called *Purána*, it neceſſarily compriſes five ſubjects, including that, which may be conſidered the chief. The Bráhmans in their book, define a *Purána* to be "a poem "treating of five ſubjects: primary creation, or "creation of matter in the abſtract; ſecondary "creation, or the production of the ſubordinate be-"ings, both ſpiritual and material; chronological "account of their grand periods of time, called "*Manwantaras*; genealogical riſe of families, "particularly of thoſe who have reigned in "*India*; and, laſtly, a hiſtory of the lives of "particular families." Ly J.

3. *b. Ditto.*

Another copy, in the *Bengal* character, without notes. Ly J.

3. *c. Ditto.*

Another copy, on palm leaves, in the *Bengal* character. Sir W. J.

4. *Agni Purána.*

This work, feigned to have been delivered by *Agni*, the god of fire, contains a variety of ſubjects, and ſeems to have been intended as an epitome of Hindu learning. The poem opens with a ſhort account of the ſeveral incarnations of *Viſhnu*; particularly in the perſons of *Ráma*, whoſe exploits are the theme of the *Rámáyan*, and of *Criſhna*, the material offspring of *Vaſudéva.* Then follow a hiſtory of the creation; a tedious diſſertation on the worſhip of the gods, with a deſcription of their images, and directions for conſtructing and ſetting them up; a conciſe deſcription of the earth, and of thoſe places which are eſteemed holy, with the forms of worſhip to be obſerved at them; a treatiſe on aſtronomy, or rather aſtrology; a variety of incantations, charms, and ſpells, for every occaſion; computation of the periods called *Manwantaras*; a deſcription of the ſeveral religious modes of life, called *A'ſrama*, and the duties to be performed in each of them reſpectively; rules for doing penance; feaſts and faſts to be obſerved throughout the year; rules for beſtowing charity; a diſſertation on the great advantages to be derived from the myſtic word OM! with an hymn to *Vaſiſhta.* The next ſubject relates to the office and duties of princes; under which head are given rules for knowing the qualities of men and women; for chooſing arms and enſigns of royalty; for the choice of precious ſtones; which are followed by a treatiſe on the art of war, the greateſt part of which is wanting in this copy. The next head treats of worldly tranſactions between man and man, in buying and ſelling, borrowing and lending, giving and receiving, &c. &c. and the laws reſpecting them. Then follow certain ordinances, according to the

Véda, reſpecting means of ſecurity from misfortunes, *&c.* and for the worſhip of the gods. Liſts of the two races of kings, called the *Suryavanſa*, and the *Chandravanſa*; of the family of *Yadu*, and of *Criſhna*; with a ſhort hiſtory of the twelve-years' war, deſcribed in the *Mahá-bhárat*. A treatiſe on the art of healing, as applicable to man and beaſt, with rules for the management of elephants, horſes, and cows; charms and ſpells for curing various diſorders; and the mode of worſhipping certain divinities. On the letters of the *Sanſcrit* alphabet; on the ornaments of ſpeech, as applicable to proſe, verſe, and the drama; on the myſtic ſignification of the ſingle letters of the *Sanſcrit* alphabet; a grammar of the *Sanſcrit* language, and a ſhort vocabulary. The work is divided into 353 ſhort chapters, and is written in the *Bengal* character. Ly J.

5. *Cálica Purána.*

A mythological hiſtory of the goddeſs *Cálí*, in verſe, and her adventures under various names and characters; a very curious and entertaining work, including, by way of epiſode, ſeveral beautiful allegories, particularly one founded upon the motions of the moon. There ſeems to be ſomething wanting at the end. *Bengal* character, without notes. Ly J.

6. *a. Vàyu Purána.*

This work, attributed to *Vàyu* the god of wind, contains, among a variety of other curious ſubjects, a very circumſtantial detail of the creation of all things celeſtial and terreſtrial, with the genealogy of the firſt inhabitants; a chronological account of the grand periods called *Manwantaras*, *Calpas*, &c.; a deſcription of the earth, as divided into *Dwipas*, *Varſhas*, &c., with its dimenſions in *Yojanas*; and alſo of the other planets, and fixed ſtars, and their relative diſtances, circumferences of orbits, *&c. &c.* Written in the *Dévanágari* character. Ly J.

6. *b. Ditto.*

A duplicate in the *Dévanágari* character. Ly J.

7. *Vrihan Náradiya Purána.*

This poem, feigned to have been delivered to *Sanatcumára*, by the inſpired *Nárada*, like others of the *Puránas*, opens with chaos and creation; but it treats principally of the unity of God, under the title of *Mahá Viſhnu*; arguing, that all other gods are but emblems of his works, and the goddeſſes, of his powers; and that the worſhipping of either of the triad, creator, preſerver, or deſtroyer, is, in effect, the worſhipping of him. The book concludes with rules for the ſeveral tribes, in their ſpiritual and temporal conduct through life. It is a new copy, in the *Bengal* character, and, for a new copy, remarkably correct. Ly J.

8. *Náradiya Purána.*

This poem treats principally on the worſhip of *Viſhnu*, as practiſed by *Rukmángada*, one of their ancient kings. *Dévanágari* character. Sir W. J.

9. *a. Bhaviſhyóttara Purána.*

The ſecond and only remaining part. The ſubject is confined to religious ceremonies. *Dévanágari* character. Sir W. J.

9. *b. Ditto.*

With an Index. *Dévanágari* character. Ly J.

10. *Gita-góviñda.*

A beautiful and very popular poem, by *Jayadéva*, upon *Criſhna*, and his youthful adventures. *Bengal* character. Ly J.

11. *a. Cumá a Sambhava.*

An epick poem on the birth of *Cártica*, with notes, by *Calidáſa*. *Dévanágari* character. The notes are ſeparate. Ly J.

11. *b. Ditto.*

A duplicate of the text only, in the *Bengal* character. Ly J.

12. *Naiſhadha.*

The adventures of *Nala*; a poem, with notes. *Bengal* character. Ly J.

13. *Bhatti.*

A popular heroick poem, in the *Bengal* character. Ly J.

14. *Raghu-vanſa.*

11. Read six times.

The race of *Criſhna*, a poem by *Calidas*, with notes. *Dévanágari* character. Ly J.

15. *Vribatcatbá.*

Indian Tales in verſe, by *Somadéva*. *Dévanágari* character. Ly J.

16. *Singbáſána.*

The throne of *Ràjà Vicramáditya*; a ſeries of inſtructive tales, ſuppoſed to have been related by thirty-two images which ornamented it. *Dévanágari* character. It has been tranſlated into Perſian. Ly J.

17. *Cat'há Saritſágara.*

A collection of tales by *Somadéva*. *Dévanágari* character. Two books in Ruſſia. Ly J.

18. *Suca Saptati.*

The ſeventy tales of a parrot. *Dévanágari* character. Sir W. J. The Perſians ſeem to have borrowed their *Tuti-náma* from this work.

19. *Raſamanjari.*

The analyſis of love, a poem, by *Bhánudatta Miſra*. *Dévanágari* character. Ly J.

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15. This poet resembles Ariosto, but even surpasses him in eloquence.—" We do homage to the poets who composed the *Rámáyan*, the *Mahábárat*, and the *Vribatcathá*—*Válmic*, *Vyása* and *Somadeva*; by whom delightful eloquence blazes forth, divided like the river with three streams, *Goverdhana Achárya*.

19. I have read this delightful book four times at least.

20. *Sántiſataca.*

A poem, in the *Bengal* character. Ly J.

21. *Arjuna Gitá.*

A dialogue, ſomething in the manner of the *Bhagavat Gitá. Dévanágari* character. Ly J.

22. *Hitópadéſa.*

Part of the fables tranſlated by C. W. Written in the *Bengal* character. Ly J.

23. *Brahmá Nirupana.*

On the nature of *Brahmá. Dévanágari* character. Imperfect. Ly J.

24. *Méghaduta.*

A poem. *Bengal* character. Ly J.

25. *Tantra Sára.*

On religious ceremonies, by *Criſhnánanda Battáchárya. Bengal* character. Sir W. J.

26. *Sahaſra Náma.*

The thouſand names of *Viſhnu. Dévanágari* character. Sir W. J.

27. *Cirátárjuniya.*

A poem, in the *Bengal* character. Ly J.

28. *Siddhánta Sirómani.*

A treatiſe on geography and aſtronomy, by *Bháſcaráchárya. Dévanágari* character.
Sir W. J.

29. *Sangita Náráyana.*

A treatiſe on muſick and dancing. *Dévanágari* character. Sir W. J.

30. *Vrihadaranyaca.*

Part of the *Yajur Véda*, with a gloſs, by *Sancara*. *Dévanágari* character. Ly J.

31. *Niructi*, or *Nairucta*.

A gloſs on the *Véda*. *Dévanágari* character. Ly J.

32. *Aitaréya*.

A diſcourſe on part of the *Véda*. *Dévanágari* character. Ly J.

33. *Chandaſi*.

From the *Sáma Véda*. *Dévanágari* character. Ly J.

34. *Mágha Ticá*.

A comment on ſome other work. *Dévanágari* character. Ly J.

35. *Rájaballabha*.

De materia Indorum medicá; by *Náráyanadáſa*. *Bengal* character. Ly J.

36. *Hatha Pradípaca*.

Inſtructions for the performance of the religious diſcipline called *Yóga*; by *Swátmáráma*. *Bengal* character. Ly J.

37. *a. Mánava Dharma Sáſtra*.

The inſtitutes of *Menu*, tranſlated into Engliſh by Sir W. J. under the title of "*Inſtitutes* "*of Hindu Law, or the Ordinances of Menu.*" *Dévanágari* character. Ly J.

37. *b. Ditto.*

Duplicate in the *Dévanágari* character. Ly J.

38. *Mugdha-bódha-ticá*.

A commentary on the *Mugdha-bódha*, which is a *Sanſcrit* grammar, peculiar to the province of Bengal, by *Durgá Dáſa.* *Bengal* character. Four vols. Ly J.

39. *Sáraſwati-Vyácarana.*

The *Sanſcrit* grammar called *Sáraſwati.* (That part only which treats of the verb.) *Dévanágari* character. Ly J.

40. *Sárávali.*

A grammar of the *Sanſcrit* language. Incomplete. *Bengal* character. Sir W. J.

41. *Siddhánta Caumudi.*

A grammar of the *Sanſcrit* language, by *Pánini*, *Cátáyana*, and *Pátanjali*; with a duplicate of the firſt part, as far as compounds. *Dévanágari* character. Ly J.

42. *a. Amara Cóſa.*

A vocabulary of the *Sanſcrit* language, with a grammatical comment. Not perfect. *Dévanágari* character. Ly J.

42. *b. Ditto.*

The botanical chapter only, with a comment. *Dévanágari* character. Ly J.

41. *The Great Siddhanta Caumudi*—Part I. Collected by *Bhattaje Dushita*, from the grammatick explanations of Chatyana.

I finished the attentive reading of this grammar by Panani, Chatyana, and Patanjali, 18 Aug. 1792.

42. A grammatical comment on the botanical chapter of Amarcosha.

Finished reading, September 18, 1792, Crishna-nagar.

42. *c. Ditto.*

The whole complete. *Bengal* character.

Sir W. J.

43. *Mèdini Cóſa.*

A dictionary of the *Sanſcrit* language. *Dévanágari* character. Ly J.

44. *Viſwàpracáſa Cóſa.*

A dictionary of the *Sanſcrit* language; by *Mahéſwára.* *Dévanágari* character. Ly J.

45. *Sabda Sandarbha Sindu.*

A dictionary of the *Sanſcrit* language; by *Cáſináth Sarman.* It appears from the introduction, that it was compiled expreſsly for the uſe of Sir W. J. The learned author is, at preſent, head profeſſor in the newly-eſtabliſhed college at *Varanási.* *Dévanágari* character. Two vols. folio. Ly J.

46. *Veniſanhára.*

A drama, *Sanſcrit* and *Prácrit,* in the *Bengal* character. Ly J.

47. *Mahá Nátaca.*

A drama, *Sanſcrit* and *Prácrit,* in the *Bengal* character. Ly J.

48. *Sacontalá.*

A drama, *Sanſcrit* and *Prácrit,* in the *Bengal* character. This is the beautiful play which was tranſlated into Engliſh by Sir W. J. but not the copy he uſed for that purpoſe. Ly J.

49. *Málati* and *Mádhava.*

A drama, *Sanſcrit* and *Prácrit*, in the *Bengal* character. Ly J.

50. *Háſyárnava.*

A farce, *Sanſcrit* and *Prácrit*, in the *Bengal* character. Ly J.

51. *Cautuca Sarvaſwam.*

A farce, *Sanſcrit* and *Prácrit*, in the *Bengal* character. Ly J.

52. *Chandrábhiſhéca.*

A drama, *Sanſcrit* and *Prácrit.* *Bengal* character. Ly J.

53. *Ratnávali.*

A drama, *Sanſcrit* and *Prácrit.* *Bengal* character. Ly J.

54. *Vicramórvaſi.*

A drama, *Sanſcrit* and *Prácrit.* *Bengal* character. Ly J.

55. *Manavicágnimitra.*

A drama, *Sanſcrit* and *Prácrit.* *Bengal* character. Ly J.

56. A catalogue of *Sanſcrit* books, on various ſubjects. *Dévanágari* character. Ly J.

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50. The Sea of Laughter *(Hasyarnava).* A farce by Jagadiswara.

It is a bitter satire on kings, and their servants, who are described as profligate scoundrels; and on priests, who are represented as vicious hypocrites.

51. Cautuca Servaswam; a Farce. King, *Cativatrali;* five Councellors, *Sishtantaca*, *Dhermanala*, *Anritaserra*, *Panditapira*, *Abhavyasec hava.*

57. *Gita* and *Dharmánuſáſana.*

Two extracts from the *Máhabhárat*, with beautiful drawings, written in the *Dévanágari* character. Sir W. J.

58. *Raghuvanſa.*

The Children of the Sun, a poem by *Cálidás*, in *Bengal* character. Sir W. J.

59. *Prabódha Chandródaya.*

The Riſing Moon of Knowledge, a drama by *Céſava Miſra.* *Bengal* character. Sir W. J.

CHINESE.

60. *Con Fu Tſu.* The works of *Confucius*, Vol. II. III. IV. V. VI. Sir W. J.

61. *Tahia Su Shuw.* A commentary. Sir W. J.

62. *Shun Lon Su Shuw.* A commentary. Sir W. J.

63. *Hor Lon Su Shuw.* A commentary. Sir W. J.

64. *Shung Morng Su Shuw.* A commentary. Sir W. J.

65. *Hor Morng Su Shuw.* A commentary. Sir W. J.

66. *Shi Kin.* A book of Chineſe odes. Ly J.

67. *Lon Yu.* A grammar of the Chineſe language. Ly J.

68. *A dictionary.* Chineſe and Latin. Ly J.

PERSIAN.

69. *Zafar Námeh.* A moſt elegant hiſtory of *Taimur*, written in the *Niſkh* character. Ly J.

70. *Towárikh i Gújarát.* A Hiſtory of the Province of *Guzerat.* Ly J.

71. *Tárikh i Baháderſháhi.* A Hiſtory of the Emperor *Baháder Sháh.* Ly J.

72. *Tárikh i Jeháncuſhá.* The Hiſtory of *Nadir Sháh*, by *Mirza Mahádi Khan.* Ly J.

73. *Narrative* of the Proceedings of *Scindia*, and the Confederates. Ly J.

74. *Jehángir Nameh.* The Hiſtory of *Jehángir Sháh.* Ly J.

75. *Mujmel ut Tarikh i Nádiri.* An Abridgment of the Hiſtory of *Nádir Sháh.* Ly J.

76. *Hiſtory of Hindoſtan*, by *Gholam Huſſain.* Sir W. J.

77. *Behar i Daniſh.* The Tales of *Ináyetulla.* Ly J.

78. *Boſtán i Khyál.* The Garden of Imagination, an hiſtorical romance, in eight vols. Ly J.

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68. The letters A and B must be procured from China. If the letters A and B can be supplied, the work will be ineſtimable. Mr. Jitsingh says, no Chinese words begin with A or B.

79. *Jámay ul Hecáyet.* A collection of tales. Written in the *Niſkh* character.

Sir W. J.

80. *a. Sháh Námeh.* The heroick poem of *Ferdoſi.* Ly J.

80. *b. Ditto.* In four volumes. Sir W. J.

81. *a. Maſnavi.* A poem, by *Jalal ud Din,* ſurnamed *Rumi.* Ly J.

81. *b. Ditto.* Six volumes. Sir W. J.

81. *c. Ditto.* Firſt book only. Ly J.

81. *d. Ditto.* A commentary on the firſt book. Ly J.

81. *e. Ditto.* A commentary on the firſt book. Ly J.

81. *f. Ditto.* A table of contents of the firſt book. Ly J.

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80. *a.* I finished the reading of this book a second time, November 3, 1787, Calcutta. W. J.

81. *a.* By Mahommed. Jel'alu'ddin of *Bulkh*; called *Rumi,* because he settled in the lower Asia. W. J.

So extraordinary a book as the Mesnavi was never, perhaps, composed by man. It abounds with beauties, and blemishes, equally great; with gross obscenity, and pure ethicks; with exquisite strains of poetry, and flat puerilities; with wit, and pleasantry, mixed with dull jests; with ridicule on all established religions, and a vein of sublime piety: it is like a wild country in a fine climate overspread with rich flowers, and with the odour of beasts. I know of no writer, to whom the Maulavi can justly be compared, except *Chaucer* or *Shakspeare.* W. J.

82. *a. Culyát i Jámi.* The works of the poet *Jámi.* Sir W. J.

82. *b. Ditto.* The miſcellaneous poems of *Jámi.* Ly J.

83. *Yuſuf wa Zuleyca.* A poem by *Jámi.* Ly J.

84. *a. Culyát i Nizámi.* The works of the poet *Nizámi.* Sir W. J.

84. *b. Ditto.* The five poems of *Nizámi.* Ly J.

85. *Culyát i Anwári.* The works of the poet *Anwári.* Sir W. J.

86. *Dewán i Khoſru.* The odes of *Khoſru.* Sir W. J.

87. *Dewán i Saib.* The odes of *Saib.* Sir W. J.

88. *Dewán i Arfi.* The odes of *Arfi.* Sir W. J.

89. *Dewán i Cáſim.* The odes of *Cáſim.* Ly J.

90. *Dewán i Jámi.* The odes of *Jámi.*

91. *Aſrár*; or, *Iſhak Námeh.* Secrets; or, the Hiſtory of Love, a Poem. Ly J.

92. *Miſcellaneous Poems.* Chiefly by *Arfi.*

93. *Mujma uz Záya.* On the Art of Poetry. Ly J.

94. *Mekhzen i Aſrár.* The Treaſury of Secrets, a poem by *Nizámi.* Ly J.

83. Master-piece of Jami.

95. *Dewán i Cátibi.* A book of odes. Ly J.

96. *A Poem*, by *Jámi.* (Imperfect.) Ly J.

97. *Miſcellaneous*, proſe and verſe. Ay *Arfi*, and others. Sir W. J.

98. *Sharah i Khájah Háfiz.* A commentary on the odes of *Háfiz.* Ly J.

99. *Silſilat uz Zahib.* The Chain of Gold, a Poem, by *Jámi.* Ly J.

100. *Pand Námah.* Moral ſentences, in verſe, by *Faríd ud Din Attar.* Ly J.

101. *Baharám and Gulandám.* A love tale, by *Cátábi.* Ly J.

102. *Farhang i Jehángiri.* A dictionary of the Perſian language, by *Jamál ud Din Huſain Anju.* Complete. Ly J.

103. *The Grammatical Introduction to the Farhang i Jehángiri.* Ly J.

104. *Fowáyed i Ghaniya.* A ſhort treatiſe on *Perſian* and *Hindu* grammar. Ly J.

105. *A dictionary* of the Perſian language. (No title). Ly J.

106. *Tohfit ul Hind.* A miſcellaneous trea-

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102. Many corrections of this valuable work, and many additions to it, may be found in the *Siraju'llogbah*, by *Sirajaid'din arzu*; and in the *Mujman'llogbah.*

106. By *Mirza Khan.*

The book consists of an introduction, seven chapters, and a conclusion; the subject of which are: *The Hindu alphabet, prosody, rhyme, rhetorick, love, musick, women, physiognomy,* and *a Hindu vocabulary.*

tiſe on the literature, &c. of the Hindus. Enriched with marginal notes by Sir W. J.

107. *a. Sri Bhágavat.* A tranſlation of No. 3. Ly J.

107. *b. Ditto.* With drawings. Ly J.

108. *Ramáyana.* A tranſlation of No. 2. Ly J.

109. *Anwári Soheili.* A Perſian verſion of the *Hitópadéſa*, by *Huſain Vaiz,* ſurnamed *Caſhiſi.*

110. *Arjuna Gitá.* Tranſlation of the *Gitá.* Ly J.

111. *Siva Purána.* Tranſlation from the *Sanſcrit.* Ly J.

112. *Rága Darpana.* A treatiſe on *Hindu* muſick. Tranſlated from the *Sanſcrit.* Ly J.

113. *Párijátaka.* A treatiſe on *Hindu* muſick. Tranſlated from the *Sanſcrit*, by *Roſhin Zamir*, in the reign of *Aurungzeb.* Ly J.

114. *Hazár Dharpad.* A treatiſe on vocal muſick according to the Hindus. Ly J.

115. *Shams ul áſwát.* The Sun of Sounds. A treatiſe on Hindu muſick. Ly J.

116. *Ceſayet ut Talím.* A treatiſe on aſtronomy, by *Mahommed*, ſon of *Maſawad Mahommed.* Ly J.

109. Anwari Soheili; by Husain Vaiz, surnamed Cushifi. Nizami, Firdausi, Maulavi, Hafiz, Khakani, Sâdi, Saib, Anwari, Sohaili, Zafar Namah, Anwari, Khosrau, Jámi.

All but Khakani are in my possession.

117. *Lowaib ul Kamar.* A treatiſe on aſtronomy. Ly J.

118. *Reſalah Sharifah.* A treatiſe on aſtronomy. Ly J.

119. A treatiſe on aſtronomy, with tables, in the *Niſkh* character. Ly J.

120. *Sharab i Zíj i Merza Ulagh Bég.* A commentary on the tables of *Ulagh Bég.* Ly J.

121. *Sharab i Elm i Hayát.* A commentary on the ſcience of aſtronomy. Ly J.

122. Miſcellaneous looſe ſheets on aſtronomy. Ly J.

123. *Tála Námeh & Sharab Tála.* Two treatiſes on fortune-telling. Ly J.

124. Five tracts on geometry. Ly J.

125. *Ferâyez i Mahommedi.*

126. *Sharab i Burdab.* A commentary on the poems called *Burdab.* Ly J.

127. *Mirát ul Miſáyeb i Mahommed Sháhí.* Expoſitions of matters of faith and juriſprudence, compiled for the uſe of *Mahommed Sháh.* Ly J.

128. *Mirát ul Hakáyak.* Ly J.

129. *Sharifiyah.* A comment on the *Sirájiyah of Alſáyad*, tranſlated from the Arabick, by *Mahommed Káſim.* Ly J.

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129. Read four times with great attention, February 29, 1793. W. J.

130. *Forms of oaths held binding by the Hindus*, by *Ali Ibraham Khán*, chief magiſtrate at *Benaris*. Ly J.

131. *Jáma Abáſi* on Mahommedan duties. Ly J.

132. *Tohfit ul Momenain.* A dictionary of natural hiſtory. Ly J.

133. *Tarjama i Ferâyez i Sirajiyah bá Fowáyed a Sharifiyah.* A tranſlation of two works in Arabick on Mahommedan duties. Ly J.

134. *Reſálah i Mofazzel.* A tranſlation from an Arabick treatiſe by *Mahommed Báker.*

135. *Kitáb ul Biyua.* A law tract tranſlated from the Arabick. Ly J.

136. *Miſcellaneous Fragments.*

ARABICK.

137. *a. Al Kudúri.* Inſtitutes of Mahommedan law, by *Abul Haſan A'hmed*, of *Bagdad*, ſurnamed *Al Kudúri*, of which the *Hadáyah* is a comment. Ly J.

137. *b. Ditto.* Ly J.

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137. An abridgment, or institutes of the law of contracts; by Abul Hasan Ahmed of Bajdad, surnamed Alkuduri, who died Y. H. 428, Y. C. 1036.

The Hedayah, by Burhanuddin Al Marghiani, who died Y. H. 591. Y. C. 1194, is a commentary on this book.

Marghinan is in the district of Firghana.

138. *Hedáyah.* A comment on *Al Kuduri,* by *Burhán ud Din ul Marghináni.* Ly J.

139. *Fatávi Alemgíri.* Deciſions collected by order of the Emperor *Aurungzeb.* Four vols. Ly J.

140. *Al Sharifiyah.* A commentary on a law book, called *Al Sarájiyah,* by *Sayad Sharíf.* Ly J.

141. *Mazheb ul Imám ul Aazem Abu Hanifeh.* The religious doctrines and opinions of *Abu Hanifeh.* Ly J.

142. *Caſhcul.* An Aſiatick Miſcellany, by *Buhá ud Din al Aamili.* Ly J.

143. *Sacardán us Sultán.* A treatiſe on various myſtical ſubjects, in ſeven chapters, by *Shékh Ibn i Hajalah.* Ly J.

144. *Al Cáfiyah.* A grammar of the Arabick language, by *Ibn ul Hájib,* with a commentary by *Mulá Jámi.* Ly J.

145. *a. Kámus.* A dictionary of the Arabick language. Sir W. J.

145. *b. Ditto.* Ly J.

146. *Al Khuláſet.* A grammar of the Arabick language. Ly J.

147. *Two treatiſes* on Arabick grammar. Ly J.

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140. Finished the third careful reading of this book, August 30, 1792. W. J.

148. *A treatiſe* on Arabick grammar. Ly J.

149. *A dictionary* of the Arabick language Ly J.

150. *Elm i Hindiſa.* A treatiſe on geometry, by *Bu Ali Séna.* Ly J.

151. *A treatiſe* on geometry, with tables.

152. *Al Mutálab ul Haſani.* Propoſitions in theology. Ly J.

153. *Hamaſah.* Ancient Arabian poems, collected by *Abu Timmám.* Sir W. J.

154. *Al Motanábi.* The poems of *Abu Taib*, ſurnamed *Al Motanábi.* Sir W. J.

155. *Dewán i Ali.* The poems of *Ali.* Sir W. J.

156. *Dewán ul A'ſhak.* A book of poems. Sir W. J.

153. This book was copied by *Abdullah* of *Mecca*, from a manuscript on transparent paper traced at *Oxford*, from * an estimable copy of the *Hamasah*, which *Pocock* had brought from *Aleppo*, and on which he set a high value. I gave ten guineas to the boy who traced it, and I value this book, at least, at twenty guineas. W. J. November 26, 1788.

154. I received this valuable manuscript by the hands of Mr. Howard, to whose care it was intrusted in June, 1774, at Venice, by Mr. Wortley Montague. It was a present from *Abderrehman Beg*, who wrote the Arabick verses in this page, which are so flattering to me, that I can hardly translate them without blushing. W. J. October 2, 1794.

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* *On* in the original.

157. *Sharah i akáyad i Mulá Saduddin.* A commentary on the *Akáyad,* by *Saduddin.* Sir W. J.

158. *Sharah ul Moalakát.* A commentary on the *Moalakát.* Ly J.

159. *Sharah ul Mobárak.* Another commentary on the *Moalakát.* Ly J.

160. *Kaſáyed ſabah moalakah.* The poems of *Almutálammis,* moſt elegantly written. Ly J.

161. *Kaſáyed ul Muſabba.* Poems. Ly J.

162. *A'dábul Malúk.* The manners of princes. Ly J.

163. *Behr ul Basít.* Ly J.

164. *Taif ul Khiyal.* Sir W. J.

165. *Moruj uz zeheb wa maaden ul Jóher.* An hiſtorical and geographical work, by *Abul Haſſan,* ſurnamed *Maſaudi.* Sir W. J.

166. *Haríri.* The moral diſcourſes of *Haríri.* Sir W. J.

167. An Arabick manuſcript traced on oil-paper. (Probably that mentioned in note to 153.) Ly J.

168. A new copy of a manuſcript, in ſheets (no name). Ly J.

HINDOSTANI.

169. GULISTAN. Tranſlated from the Perſian. Sir W. J.

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169. Busteram Shahzadah, the assistant of the college of Sic'hs at Calcutta, was produced as a witness to ground a

170. A commentary on the *Grunt'ha*, the religious inſtitution of the *Sic'hs*, in the *Nágari* character. Ly J.

motion for commission to examine a woman of high rank. The *Grunt'ha* was not in court, but he read this book with ease, and said it was a religious work, containing extracts from the *Grunt'ha*. November 15.

The Grunt'ha, a very thick 4to volume in this hand, was produced, and the *Sic'hs* sworn by it.

THE END.

A
GENERAL TABLE
OF
CONTENTS.

INDEX TO THE CORRESPONDENCE IN THE MEMOIRS.

MORRIS, Lewis, Esq. to William Jones, Esq. Father to Sir William Jones - - vol. i.—page 2

LETTERS FROM SIR WILLIAM JONES

TO			PAGES
Althorp -	Lord -	vol. i.—	249, 252, 268, 287, 304, 323, 337, 372, 391
Anonymous -	- -	vol. ii.—	34
Asaph -	Bishop of -	vol. i.—	345, 384
Ashburton -	Lord -	vol. ii.—	5
Banks -	Sir Jos. Bart.	vol. ii.—	134, 181, 210, 219
Bayer -	F. P. -	vol. i.—	210, 228
Burnet -	J. Lord Monboddo	vol. ii.—	168

A GENERAL TABLE OF CONTENTS.

LETTERS FROM SIR WILLIAM JONES

TO		PAGES
Caldecott	T. Esquire	vol. ii.—77, 128, 164
Cartwright	The Rev. E.	vol. i.—311, 321, 329, 340, 356, 370
Chapman	Charles, Esq.	vol. ii.—36, 39, 67
Czartoriski	Prince Adam	vol. i.—297
Cornwallis	Earl	vol. ii.—140
D. B.		vol. i.—169
Eyre	Mr. Baron	vol. i.—388
Ford	Dr.	vol. ii.—133, 201
Gibbon	Mr.	vol. i.—364
Halhed	N. B. Esq.	vol. i.—128
Hardynge	G. Esquire	vol. ii.—77, 166, 209
Hastings	Warren, Esq.	vol. ii.—17, 217
Hawkins	Mr.	vol. i.—176, 182
Hyde	Mr. Justice	vol. ii.—29, 30, 82, 84, 95, 171, 176, 185
Howard	Mr.	vol. i.—224
Macpherson	Sir J. Bart.	vol. ii.—54, 55, 57, 59, 60, 64, 74, 79, 166, 205
Michaelis	G. S.	vol. i.—231
Milman	Dr.	vol. i.—314
Morris	R. Esquire	vol. ii.—207
Orme	Robert, Esq.	vol. i.—184
Price	Dr.	vol. ii.—200

LETTERS FROM SIR WILLIAM JONES

TO		PAGES
Reviczki	C.	vol. i.—77, 101, 106, 108, 123, 131, 133, 140, 162, 178, 235
Russel	Dr. P.	vol. ii.—32, 66, 98, 125, 163
Schultens	H. A.	vol. i.—210, 216, 246, 267, 361
Shipley	Miss E.	vol. ii.—96
Shipley	William, Esq.	vol. ii.—103, 167, 202
Shore	John, Esq.	vol. ii.—110, 111, 115, 116, 119, 131, 156, 161, 162, 168, 170, 173, 174, 187, 226
Sinclair	Sir J. Bart.	vol. ii.—208
Sister		vol. i.—39
Sloper	Mrs.	vol. ii.—203
Spencer	Lady	vol. i.—118, 134, 136, 232, 396
Walker	Jos. Cowper, Esq.	vol. ii.—143
Wetherel	Dr.	vol. i.—327
Wheeler	Dr.	vol. i.—319
Wilmot	John, Esq.	vol. i.—109, 172, vol. ii.—130, 184
Yeates	Mr. Thomas	vol. i.—376, 379

LETTERS TO SIR WILLIAM JONES

FROM		
ASAPH	Bishop of	vol. i.—347, 359, 368
Ashburton	Lord	vol. i.—461

A GENERAL TABLE OF CONTENTS.

LETTERS TO SIR WILLIAM JONES

FROM		PAGES
Bates	Mr.	vol. i.—167
Burke	Edmund, Esq.	vol. i.—280, 360
Burrowes	Mr.	vol. i.—313
Cartwright	The Rev. E.	vol. i.—310
Czartoriski	Prince Adam	vol. i.—292—vol. ii. 178
Devonshire	Dutchess of	vol. i.—398
Franklin	Benjamin	vol. i.—405
Howard	Mr.	vol. i.—223
Hunt	Dr.	vol. i.—191, 192, 208
Parr	The Rev. Dr.	vol. i.—200
Reviczki	C.	vol. i.—79, 82, 88, 93, 96, 146, 149, 177, 237, 302 vol. ii.—198
Schultens	H. A.	vol. i.—211, 234, 255, 316
Spencer	Lady	vol. i.—233
Stuart	Dr.	vol. i.—283, 300, 301
Sullivan	J.	vol. ii.—314
Swinney	J.	vol. i.—281

Note.—The originals of the Latin and French letters, of which translations are inserted in the Memoirs, will be found in the Appendix, by referring to the number annexed to the translation.

LETTERS TO SIR WILLIAM JONES.

FROM PAGES
Tucker - Dean - - vol. i.—285, 291
Waddelove Mr. - - vol. i.—226

INDEX TO THE APPENDIX,

VOL. II.

PAGE
A. The design of Britain Discovered, an Heroic Poem, in twelve books - - - 429
Britain Discovered, an Heroic Poem - - 444
B. A Prefatory Discourse to An Essay on the History of the Turks - - - 455
No. 1. De Græcis Oratoribus - - - 496
2. Terzetti - - - - - 498
3. An Ode of Jami - - - - 501
4. A Song from the Persian - - - 502
5. Plassey Plain. A Ballad - - - 503
6. Verses on seeing Miss *,* * ride by him without knowing her - - - 505
7. Au Firmament - - - - 507
8. A Song - - - - - 508
Sketch of a Tragedy - - - 511
Fac Simile of the Writing of Sir William Jones - - - - - 513
Verses on the Death of Sir William Jones; by her Grace the Dutchess of Devonshire 513

CONTENTS OF THE THIRD VOLUME.

PAGE

A DISCOURSE delivered at a Meeting of the Aſiatick Society, in Calcutta, on the 22d of May, 1794, by the Honourable Sir John Shore - - i

A Diſcourſe on the Inſtitution of a Society, for inquiring into the Hiſtory, civil and natural, the Antiquities, Arts, Sciences, and Literature, of Aſia 1

The Second Anniverſary Diſcourſe, delivered 24th of February, 1785 - - - - 10

The Third Anniverſary Diſcourſe, on the Hindus, delivered 2d of February, 1786 - - 24

The Fourth Anniverſary Diſcourſe, on the Arabs, delivered 15th February, 1787 - - 47

The Fifth Anniverſary Diſcourſe, on the Tartars, delivered 21ſt February, 1788 - - 71

The Sixth Anniverſary Diſcourſe, on the Perſians, delivered 19th February, 1789 - - 103

The Seventh Anniverſary Diſcourſe, on the Chineſe, delivered 25th February, 1790 - - 137

The Eighth Anniverſary Diſcourſe, on the Borderers, Mountaineers, and Iſlanders of Aſia, delivered 24th February, 1791 - - - - 162

The Ninth Anniverſary Diſcourſe, on the Origin and Families of Nations, delivered 23d February, 1792 185

The Tenth Anniverſary Diſcourſe, on Aſiatick Hiſtory, civil and natural, delivered 28th February, 1793 205

The Eleventh Anniverſary Diſcourſe, on the Philoſophy of the Aſiaticks, delivered 20th February, 1794 229

A Diſſertation on the Orthography of Aſiatick Words in Roman Letters - . - - 253

On the Gods of Greece, Italy, and India - 319

CONTENTS OF THE FOURTH VOLUME.

PAGE
On the Chronology of the Hindus - - 1
A Supplement to the Eſſay on Indian Chronology 48
Note to Mr. Vanſittart's Paper on the Afghans being deſcended from the Jews - - 70
On the Antiquity of the Indian Zodiack - 71
On the Literature of the Hindus, from the Sanſcrit 93
On the Second Claſſical Book of the Chineſe - 114
The Lunar Year of the Hindus - - 126
On the Muſical Modes of the Hindus - - 166
On the Myſtical Poetry of the Perſians and Hindus 211
Gítagóvinda, or the Song of Jayadéva - - 236
Remarks on the Iſland of Hinzuan, or Johanna 269
A Converſation with Abram, an Abyſſinian, concerning the City of Gwender and the Sources of the Nile - - - - - 314
On the Courſe of the Nile - - - 320
On the Indian Game of Cheſs - - 323
An Indian Grant of Land, found at Tanna - 334
Inſcriptions on the Staff of Fírúz Shah - - 348
On the Baya, or Indian Groſs-beak - - 353
On the Pangolin of Bahar - - - 356
On the Loris, or ſlow-paced Lemur - - 360
On the Cure of the Elephantiaſis - - 367
On the Cure of the Elephantiaſis, and other Diſorders of the Blood - - - - 371

TALES AND FABLES, BY NIZAMI.

On Repentance - - - - 385
On Juſtice - - - - 387
On Labour - - - - 391
On Government - - - - 394
On Independence - - - - 398

PAGE
On Hope - - - - 400
On Protection - - - - 4 3
On Vigilance - - - - 405
On Fate and Freewill - - - 406
On Candour and Detraction - - - 408
On the Inſtability of earthly Advantages - 409
On a Bad Conſcience - - - 411
On Riches - - - - 413
On Truth - - - - 417
On Bad Miniſters - - - - 420
On Prudence - - - - 421
On Retirement and Temptation - - 423
On Secrecy - - - - 424
On Taciturnity - - - - 428
On the Pride of Wealth - - - 429

CONTENTS OF THE FIFTH VOLUME.

THE Design of a Treatise on the Plants of India 1
On the Spikenard of the Ancients - - 13
Additional Remarks on the Spikenard of the Ancients - - - - - 32
Botanical Observations on the Spikenard of the Ancients, intended as a Supplement to the late Sir William Jones's Papers on that Plant, by William Roxburgh, M. D. - - - - - 47
On the Fruit of the Mellori - - - 53
A Catalogue of Indian Plants, comprehending their Sanscrit, and as many of their Linnæan Names as could, with any Degree of Precision, be ascertained - - - - - 55
Botanical Observations on select Indian Plants - 62

PAGE

A GRAMMAR OF THE PERSIAN LANGUAGE.

Preface 165
Of Letters 185
Of Consonants 188
Of Vowels 193
Of Nouns; and first, of Genders 199
Of Cases 201
Of the Article 205
Of Numbers ib.
Of Adjectives 209
Of Pronouns 210
Of Verbs 219
Of Tenses 227
Of the Composition and Derivation of Words 255
Of Persian Numbers 275
Ordinals 277
Adverbs ib.
Conjunctions 280
Prepositions 281
Interjections ib.
Of the Persian Syntax 284
Of Versification 300
A Catalogue of the most valuable Books in the Persian Language 320
Index to the Persian Grammar 337
The History of the Persian Language 409

CONTENTS OF THE SIXTH VOLUME.

POESEOS ASIATICÆ COMMENTARIORUM LIBRI SEX, CUM APPENDICE; SUBJICITUR LIMON, SEU MISCELLANEORUM LIBER.

PROŒMIUM v
CAPUT I.—Asiaticos ferè omnes Poeticæ impensiùs esse deditos 1

A GENERAL TABLE OF CONTENTS.

PAGE
General Note - - - - 152
Letter to the Right Honourable Henry Dundas 157

THE MAHOMEDAN LAW OF SUCCESSION TO PROPERTY OF INTESTATES.

Preface - - - - 161
In Arabick - - - - 169
The Translation - - - - 185

AL SIRA'JIYYAH; OR, THE MOHAMMEDAN LAW OF INHERITANCE.

The Preface - - - - 199
The Introduction - - - - 213
On Impediments to Succession - - 215
On the Doctrine of Shares, and the Persons entitled to them - - - - 215
On Women - - - - 217
On Residuaries - - - - 222
On Exclusion - - - - 225
On the Division of Shares - - - 226
On the Increase - - - - 227
On the Equality, Proportion, Agreement, and Difference of two Numbers - - - 228
On Arrangement - - - 230
Section - - - - - 232
On the Division of the Property left among Heirs, and among Creditors - - - 233
On Subtraction - - - - 234
On the Return - - - - 235
On the Division of the paternal Grandfather - 237
On Succession to vested Interests - - 240
On Distant Kindred - - - 242
On the First Class - - - 244

PAGE
A Section 247
On the Second Class 248
On the Third Class 249
On the Fourth Class 252
On their Children, and the Rules concerning them 254
On Hermaphrodites 256
On Pregnancy 258
On a Lost Person 262
On an Apostate 264
On a Captive 265
On Persons drowned, or burned, or overwhelmed in Ruins ib.
A Commentary on the Sirájiyyah 266

AN ESSAY ON THE LAW OF BAILMENTS.

Introduction 325
The Subject proposed 328
I. The Analysis 329
II. The History 336
  1. Jewish and Athenian Law ib.
  2. Roman Law 337
    Prejudices against it 338
    Distinction between the private and publick, the rational and positive, Laws of Rome 339
    Two famous Laws of Ulpian ib.
    Critical Remarks on them 341
    Definitions and Rules 346
    System of J. Godefroi 349
    Opinions of Zasius and Donellus 351
    System of Le Brun 352
    Vindication of the old System by Pothier 355
    Observations on Le Brun 357
  3. English Law 360
    Lord Holt's Division of Bailments 361
    New Division and Definitions ib.

A GENERAL TABLE OF CONTENTS.

PAGE

1. Law of Deposits.

Bonion's Case - - - 363
Mosaick Laws - - - 366
Southcote's Case - - - 368
Rules and Exceptions - - - 374
Grecian and Arabian Laws - - 378
2. Law of Mandates - - - 379
Distinction between Nonfesance and Misfesance 382
Case of Coggs and Bernard - - 386
Exceptions to the Rule - - - 388
3. Law of Loans for Use - - - 392
Criticism on Bracton - - *note*, ib.
Opinion of Pufendorf disputed - - 395
Cases and Distinctions - - - 398
Controversy among the Civilians - - 399
Exceptions to the Rule - - - 401
Mosaick and Attick Laws - - 403
4. Law of Pledges - - - ib.
Doctrine of Lord Coke denied - - ib.
Conjectural Criticism of Noodt - - 406
Case in the Book of Assises - - ib.
Lord Coke's Reasons contested - - 407
Turkish Law - - - 413

5. Law of Hiring.

1. Hiring of a Thing - - - 415
Lord Holt's Doctrine explained - - 416
Rules and Remarks - - - ib.
2. Hiring of Work - - - 420
Law concerning Innholders - - 425
Remarks on St. German - - 427
Law concerning Factors and Traders - 428
Mahomedan Law - - - 430
Rules and Distinctions - - - 431
Celebrated Law of Alfenus - - 432
3. Hiring of Carriage - - - 433

PAGE
Exception from the general Rule - - 435
Modern Cases - - - ib.
Law concerning Masters of Vessels - 437
Case of Lane and Cotton - - 440
Criticism on Doctor and Student - *note*, 441
4. Laws of the Northern Nations - - 443
5. Laws of the Britons - - - 444
6. Laws of the Indians - - - 445

III. The Synthesis.

1. Definitions - - - 448
2. Rules - - - - 450
3. Propositions - - - - 451
4. Exceptions - - - - 452
5. General Corollary and Remark - - 453
Conclusion - - - - 455
An Inquiry into the Legal Mode of Suppressing Riots - - - - 459
Speech to the assembled Inhabitants of the Counties of Middlesex and Surry, the Cities of London and Westminster, and the Borough of Southwark, 28th May, 1782 - - - 499
Letter to * * * - - - - 516
The Principles of Government - - 525
Character of Lord Ashburton - - 538

CONTENTS OF THE NINTH VOLUME.

THE SPEECHES OF ISÆUS IN CAUSES CONCERNING THE LAW OF SUCCESSION TO PROPERTY AT ATHENS.

The Epistle Dedicatory to the Earl Bathurst - 3
The Prefatory Discourse - - - - 11

A GENERAL TABLE OF CONTENTS.

PAGE
Attick Laws - - - - - - 67
Speech I.—On the Estate of Cleonymus - - 73
Speech II.—On the Estate of Pyrrhus - - 83
Speech III.—On the Estate of Nicostratus - 109
Speech IV.—On the Estate of Dicæogenes - 122
Speech V.—On the Estate of Philoctemon - 143
Speech VI.—On the Estate of Apollodorus - 168
Speech VII.—On the Estate of Ciron - - 187
Speech VIII.—On the Estate of Astyphilus - 208
Speech IX.—On the Estate of Aristarchus - 224
Speech X.—On the Estate of Hagnias - - 238
Fragments of Isæus - - - - 260
Notes on Isæus - - - - - 274
A Commentary on Isæus - - - - 297
Sacontalá; or, the Fatal Ring - - - 363

CONTENTS OF THE TENTH VOLUME.

THE MOALLAKAT; OR, SEVEN ARABIAN POEMS WHICH WERE SUSPENDED ON THE TEMPLE AT MECCA.

Advertisement - - - - - 1
The Poem of Muriolkais - - - - 9
The Poem of Tarafa. - - - - 21
The Poem of Zohair - - - - 41
The Poem of Lebeid - - - - 55
The Poem of Antara - - - - 73
The Poem of Amru - - - - 3
The Poem of Hareth - - - - 21
Originals - - - - - 125

A GENERAL TABLE OF CONTENTS.

PAGE

POEMS, CONSISTING CHIEFLY OF TRANSLATIONS FROM THE ASIATICK LANGUAGES.

Dedication - - - - - 197
The Preface - - - - - 199
Solima, an Arabian Eclogue - - - 206
The Palace of Fortune, an Indian Tale - - 211
The Seven Fountains, an Eastern Eclogue - 230
A Persian Song of Hafiz - - - 251
An Ode of Petrarch, to the Fountain of Valchiusa 255
M. de Voltaire's Paraphrase of the first Stanza - 260
Laura, an Elegy from Petrarch - - - 261
A Turkish Ode of Mesihi - - - 271
The Same, in Imitation of the Pervigilium Veneris 277
Arcadia, a Pastoral Poem - - - - 281
Caissa; or, The Game at Chess - - - 301
Carminum Liber - - - - - 317
An Essay on the Poetry of the Eastern Nations - 329
Essay on the Arts called Imitative - - 361
The Muse recalled, an Ode - - - 381
An Ode in Imitation of Alcæus - - - 389
An Ode in Imitation of Callistratus - - 391
Ad Libertatem Carmen - - - - 394
Lettre à Monsieur A*** du P***, dans laquelle est compris l'Examen de sa Traduction des Livres attribués à Zoroastre - - - - 403

CONTENTS OF THE ELEVENTH VOLUME.

L'HISTOIRE DE NADER CHAH.

INTRODUCTION.

Sommaire de ce qui a précédé l'elevation de Nader Chah - - - - - 1

A GENERAL TABLE OF CONTENTS.

Livre I.

Depuis la Naiſſance de Nader Chah juſqu'à la Reſtoration de Chah Thahmaſp en Mechehed.

PAGE
Chap. I.—De la famille & naiſſance de Nader Chah - - - - 37
Chap. II.—Les premières actions de Nader - 40
Chap. III.—Les forces de Nader marchent vers Mechehed, pour diſſiper les mécontens - 45
Chap. IV.—Guerre de Nader avec Melek Mahmoud, gouverneur de Seiſtan - - 48
Chap. V.—Priſes de pluſieurs châteaux d'Abiverd 52
Chap. VI.—Riza Kuli Khan eſt revêtu du commandement en chef de l'armée royale - 58
Chap. VII.—Mohammed Khan Turcman eſt fait commandant en chef - - - 64
Chap. VIII.—Affaires de Serkhès - - 73
Chap. IX.—Siège de Kourgan, & quelques autres détails - - - - 75
Chap. X.—Chah Thahmaſp ſe détermine à rencontrer Melek Mahmoud - - - 80
Chap. XI.—Mort de Fath Ali Khan Kagiar - 86
Chap. XII.—Priſe de Mechehed - - 88
Chap. XIII.—L'armée de Nader marche vers Khabouchan - - - - 91
Chap. XIV.—Commencement de l'anné 1726 97
Chap. XV.—Melek Mahmoud & Melek Iſhak ſont mis à mort - - - - 103
Chap. XVI.—L'armée marche vers Kaïn; narration de la bataille de Sencan - - - 104
Chap. XVII.—Premières tranſactions de l'année 1727 - - - - - 111
Chap. XVIII.—Bataille d'Ibrahim Khan, donnée contre les Kiurdes & les Turcmans - 118
Chap. XIX.—Troubles d'Aſterabad, & la mort de Zou'lſikhar Khan - - - - 121

Livre II.

Depuis la Guerre contre les Afgans juſqu'au Détrônement de Chah Thahmaſp.

PAGE

Chap. I.—Deſcription allégorique du printemps pour l'année 1728 - - - 126

Chap. II.—Affaires des Afgans d'Hérat - 128

Chap. III.—Expédition d'Echeref contre le Khoraſſan; bataille de Mehmandoſt - 138

Chap. IV.—Sur ce qui arrive dans cet intervalle 142

Chap. V.—Bataille de Serdé khar - - 144

Chap. VI.—La bataille de Mourtchekort - 146

Chap. VII.—Isfahan recouvré - - 152

Chap. VIII.—L'armée marche contre Chiraz 156

Chap. IX.—Overture de l'année 1729 - 164

Chap. X.—Commencement de la guerre avec les Turcs; priſe de Nehavend - - 169

Chap. XI.—Conquête d'Hamadan & de Kermanchahan - - . - 171

Chap. XII.—L'armée marche vers Tauris - 176

Chap. XIII.—Nader ſe rend maître de Demdem, de Merghé, & de Tauris - - 180

Chap. XIV.—Défaite d'Ibrahim Khan - 187

Chap. XV.—L'armée marche vers le Khoraſſan pour punir les Afgans - - - - 192

Chap. XVI.—Ce qui arrive à Mechehed - 195

Chap. XVII.—Premières actions de l'année 1730 200

Chap. XVIII.—Siége de Ferah - - 210

Chap. XIX.—Révolte d'Allagar Khan - 216

Chap. XX.—Bataille de Keboucerkhan - 218

Chap. XXI.—Les Afgans prennent le château d'Oubé - - - 220

Chap. XXII.—Reddition d'Hérat - - 221

Chap. XXIII.—Priſe de Ferah - - 223

Chap. XXIV.—Chah Thahmaſp fait un traité de paix avec les Turcs - - - 231

PAGE
CHAP. XXV.—Commencement de l'année 1731 237
CHAP. XXVI.—L'armée entre en Irak - 242

LIVRE III.

Depuis le Couronnement de Chah Abbas juſqu'à celui de Nader Chah dans les Plaines de Mogan.

CHAP. I.—L'armée arrive à Iſfahan, & Chah Thahmaſp eſt détrôné - - - 245
CHAP. II.—L'armée s'achemine vers Bagdad 252
CHAP. III.—Premiers événemens de l'année 1732 266
CHAP. IV.—L'armée arrive à Kercouk - 277
CHAP. V.—Défaite & mort d'Oſman Pacha, général des Turcs - - - 285
CHAP. VI.—L'armée va contre Mohammed Khan, qui eſt défait - - - 291
CHAP. VII.—Tranſactions du Commencement de l'anné 1733 - - - 299
CHAP. VIII.—L'armée marche vers le Chirvan 303
CHAP. IX.—Conquête du Chirvan - - 306
CHAP. X.—Siége de Cangé - - 315
CHAP. XI.—Ce qui arrive pendant le ſiége de Cangé - - - - 320
CHAP. XII.—L'année 1734. Paix avec les Ruſſes 323
CHAP. XIII.—Abdalla Pacha, général des Turcs, eſt tué près d'Erivan - - - 326
CHAP. XIV.—Reddition de Cangé, Teflis, & Erivan - - - - - 335
CHAP. XV.—L'armée avance des Derbend - 339
Traduction littérale des vers de la première partie 349

LIVRE IV. *PARTIE II.*

Depuis l'Elévation de Nader au Trône de Perſe juſqu'à la Priſe de Kandahar.

CHAP. I.—L'armée arrive à Mogan - - 355
CHAP. II.—Nader eſt élevé au trône de Perſe - 363

PAGE
Chap. III.—Tranſactions de l'année 1735 - 368
Chap. IV.—L'armée royale marche vers le pays montagneux de Bakhtiari - - - 376
Chap. V.—Evénemens de l'année 1736 - 387
Chap. VI.—Affaires du Balougeſtan - - 394
Chap. VII.—Conquête de Balkhe - - 397

Livre V.

Depuis la Priſe de Kandahar, juſqu'au Retour de l'Expédition des Indes.

Chap. I.—Commencement de l'année 1737 - 408
Chap. II.—Les ambaſſadeurs de l'empereur Ottoman arrivent à la cour de Perſe - - 415
Chap. III.—L'armée marche vers l'Indoſtan, & prend Gaznin & Cabul - - - 418
Chap. IV.—Le prince Riza Kuli eſt fait vice-roi de Perſe - - - - 430
Chap. V.—Priſe de Pichaver - - - 433
Chap. VI.—Deſcription de la bataille entre Nader Chah & Mohammed Chah, empereur de l'Inde. Priſe de Delhi - - - 439
Chap. VII.—Evénemens de l'année 1738 - 452
Chap. VIII.—L'armée marche vers Sind. Khodaïar Khan eſt fait priſonnier - - 468

CONTENTS OF THE TWELFTH VOLUME.

Livre VI.

Depuis le Retour de Nader Chah de l'Expédition des Indes, juſqu'à ſa Mort avec les Règnes de ſes Neveux & de ſon Petit-fils.

Chap. I.—Sommaire allégorique des événemens arrivés dans les années 1739 & 1740 - 1

PAGE
Chap. II.—L'armée retourne en Perſe, & s'empare de Bokhara & du Turkeſtan - - 6
Chap. III.—Conquête du royaume de Kharezme 19
Chap. IV.—L'armée s'achemine du côté du Dagheſtan - - - 32
Chap. V.—Evénemens de l'année 1741 - 34
Chap. VI.—Tranſactions de l'année 1742 - 52
Chap. VII.—Affaires de Balkhe - - 58
Chap. VIII.—Deſcription allégorique du printemps pour l'année 1743 - - 62
Chap. IX.—Nader Chah marche contre Mouſſel, & l'aſſiége - - - 67
Chap. X.—L'armée avance vers Kerbelaï & Bagdad - - - 81
Chap. XI.—Troubles dans le Chirvan - 83
Chap. XII.—Rebellion de Mohammed Taki Khan 87
Chap. XIII.—Troubles de Aſterabad - 89
Chap. XIV.—Tranſactions de l'année 1744 - 91
Chap. XV.—Commencement de l'année 1745 - 98
Chap. XVI.—Défaite & mort de Mohammed Pacha - - - 99
Chap. XVII.—Tranſactions de l'année 1746 - 108
Chap. XVIII.—Ouverture de l'année 1747 - 118
Chap. XIX.—Meurtre de Nader Chah - 120
Chap. XX.—Règnes d'Ali Chah, d'Ibrahim Chah, & Chahrokh Chah - - - 127
Traduction littérale des vers contenus dans la ſeconde partie - - - 138

NOTES A L'HISTOIRE DE NADER CHAH.

Sur l'année Mahométane - - 141
Sur l'hiſtoire de Perſe - - 144
Sur la geographie du royaume de Perſe - 147

A GENERAL TABLE OF CONTENTS.

TRAITE SUR LA POESIE ORIENTALE.

PAGE
SECT. I.—De la poëſie Orientale en général - 173
SECT. II.—Sur la poëſie héroïque des nations Orientales - - - 194
SECT. III.—De leurs poëſies amoureuſes, & de leurs odes - - - 208
SECT. IV. De leurs élégies - - 233
SECT. V.—De leurs poëſies morales - 236
SECT. VI.—De leurs ſatires - - 238
SECT. VII.—De leurs panégyriques - - 246
Odes d'Hafiz en vers - - 251, &c.

INTRODUCTION TO THE HISTORY OF THE LIFE OF NADER SHAH.

PART I. *A Deſcription of Aſia.*

CHAP. I.—The Perſian Empire - - 357
CHAP. II.—The Tartarian Kingdoms - 381
CHAP. III.—The Indian Empire - 387
CHAP. IV.—The Turkiſh Empire - 391

PART II. *A Short Hiſtory of Perſia.*

CHAP. I.—The Piſhdadian Family - 399
CHAP. II.—The Caianian Family - - 407
CHAP. III.—The Saſſanian Family - 420
CHAP. IV.—The Mahomedan Dynaſties - 431

CONTENTS OF THE THIRTEENTH VOLUME.

HITOPADESA OF VISHNUSARMAN.

The Introduction - - - -
BOOK I.—Mitralaba, or the Acquiſition of Friends 6

A GENERAL TABLE OF CONTENTS.

PAGE

Book II.—Suhridbheda, or the Breach of Friendship 62
Book III.—On War - - - - 118
Book IV.—On Peace - - - - 170

The Enchanted Fruit; or, The Hindu Wife: an Antediluvian Tale - - - - 211
A Hymn to Camdeo - - - - 234

TWO HYMNS TO PRACRITI.

The Argument - - - - - 242
The Hymn to Durgá - - - - 250
The Hymn to Bhavání - - - - 261
A Hymn to Indra - - - - - 267
A Hymn to Surya - - - - 277
A Hymn to Lecshmi - - - - 289
A Hymn to Náráyena - - - - 293
A Hymn to Sereswaty - - - - 311
A Hymn to Gangá - - - - 321
The First Nemean Ode of Pindar - - - 335
An Extract from the Bhúshandá Rámáyan - - 343

EXTRACTS FROM THE VEDAS.

Extract from a Dissertation on the Primitive Religion of the Hindus - - - - - 365
The Gayatria, or Holiest Verse of the Vedas - 367
I'sávásyam; or, an Upanishad from the Yajur Vedas - - - - - - 374
From the Yajur Veda - - - - 378
A Hymn to the Night - - - - 380
Fragment from a Sanscrit Work, entitled, The Ignorant Instructed - - - - - 382

A GENERAL TABLE OF CONTENTS.

PAGE

The Seasons; a Descriptive Poem - - - 385

Laili Majnún, a Persian Poem - - - 387

A Catalogue of Sanscrit Manuscripts presented to the Royal Society by Sir William and Lady Jones. - - - - - - 401

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